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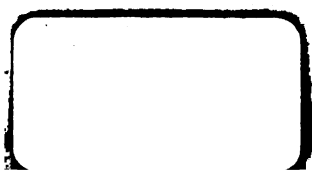
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BIZARRE,

For Fireside and Wayside.

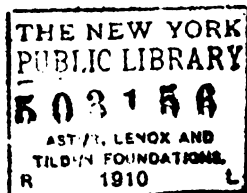
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VOL. III.

APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1853.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADGAP?"—*Farquhar.*

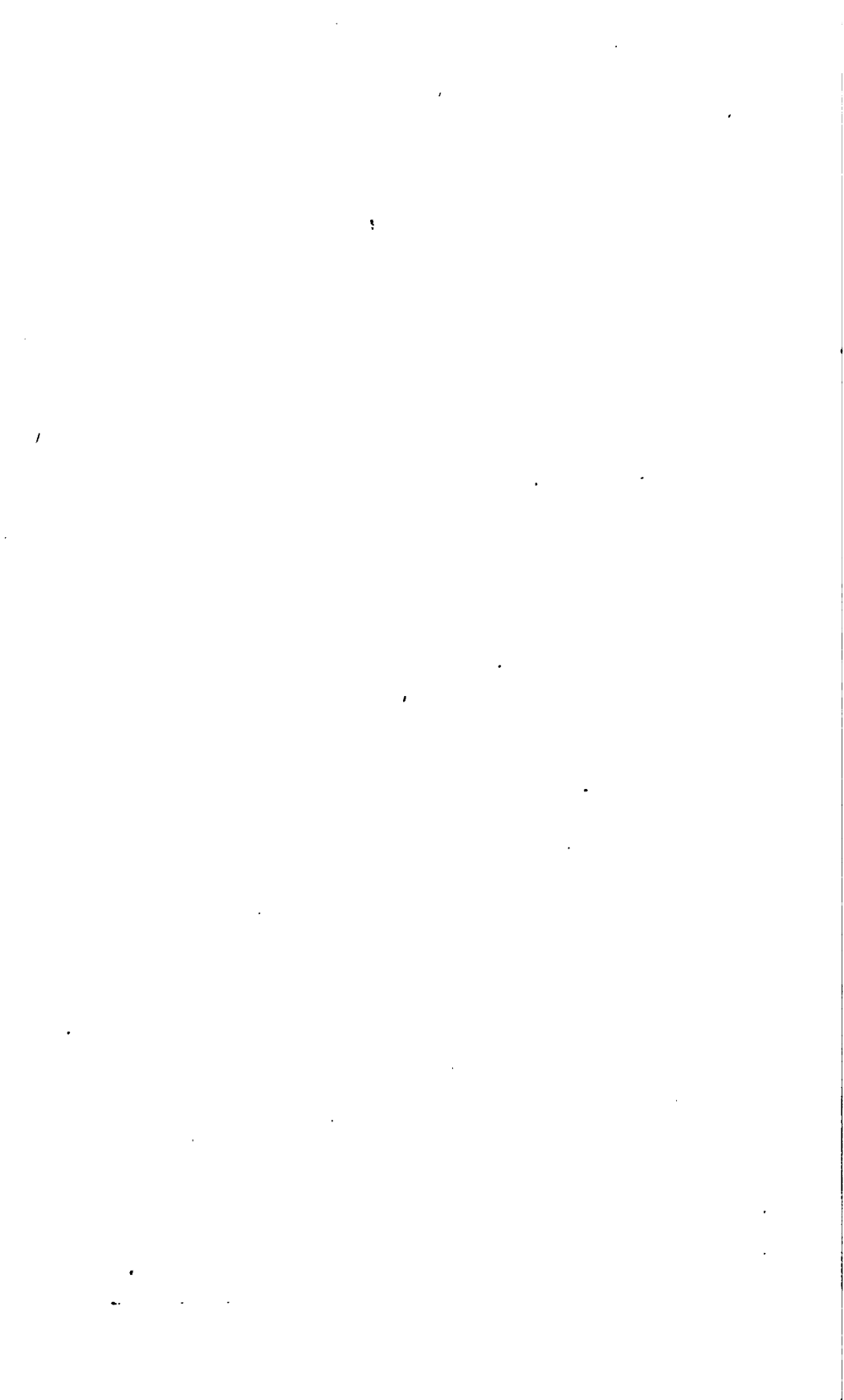
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1853.



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INDEX.

	Page		Page
A.			
Autographs,	1	Life, The Price of,	49
A Fragment—from the French,	149	Leisure, Moments of,	55
Alpine Surprise, the	353	Longbowisms,	183
An Autumn Morning,	263	Life Moments,	322
B.		M.	
Blackley, Romance of,	2, 23, 35	Motherwell, and his Poetry,	17
Blair Among the New Books, 12, 24, 42, 53, 71, 88, 121,		Mont Blanc,	327
133, 150, 169, 185, 201, 219, 235, 250, 307, 356, 379		Misuse of Leisure,	345
Boarding School Reminiscences,	285	Musical Bizarre,	365, 381, 397
C.		O.	
Church Troubles, Singular, in Albany, in 1630,	120	Old Times,	328
Clister's Life of Charles V.	301	P.	
Clister's Daughter Charlotte,	374	Pennsylvania Scenery,	275
College Commencements,	262	Pay of Authors,	302
College Life,	268	Panorama of New York,	339
D.		Philadelphia Celebration of the Peace of 1783,	354
Dialogues, Spiritual,	5, 36, 65	Poems by "Meditatus,"	369
Dog Days,	285	R.	
De Quincey, Sketches,	375	Res Curious,	217, 261, 282, 328, 348, 360, 263, 376, 393
E.		Romance of Toile, the,	241, 247, 297
Evils of Society, the,	151, 165, 197, 257	S.	
Range for Summer Hours,	267	Sans-Souci, Editor's, 15, 23, 44, 62, 75, 94, 127, 141, 154, 175,	
F.		190, 207, 223, 239, 255, 271, 287, 303, 318, 332, 350,	
Fargy, the Successful,	21, 33	365, 382, 389.	
Festival of the Ass, the,	198	Shakespeare, Complete Concordance of,	69
Folan Brand, the,	369	Syrian Tale, A, (from the German,)	273, 289
G.		Salad for the Solitary,	279
Gossime, (a Fable)	70	Six Months in Italy,	397
Georgia, Sketches of, 167, 181, 199, 214, 226, 244, 250, 292,		T.	
306, 341		The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe,	9
Griswold, Rev. R. W., D. D.	296	The Innkeeper and the Skull,	129
Guinevere Horatio,	337	Table Moving,	284
H.		Thoughts on an Album,	331
Hedonistic, The—A Thrilling Tale,	87, 97, 113	U.	
I.		Uncle Tom Reviewed,	283, 299
Industrial Education,	372	V.	
J.		Vernon, or the Drama of Life, a Tale of Philadelphia, 154	
Jaguet, Have you Dined? (From the French,)	295	161, 177, 198, 209	
L.		W.	
Literary and other Gossip,	270	Wib's Devotion, A,	184
Literary and Scientific Gossip, 12, 27, 41, 61, 74, 93, 125,		Wild Oats Sown Abroad,	296
134, 154, 173, 189, 231, 234, 253, 266, 303, 316, 332, 350,		POETRY.	
352, 373.		Spring Whispers,	53
		To Ellen,	307
		The Yo-co-moco,	328



"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Ferguson*.

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1853.

AUTOGRAPHS.

THIRD PAPER.

Among modern curious assemblages of autographs, must be mentioned that confided by the Emperor Napoleon to his brother Joseph; containing all the confidential letters that had been addressed to him by the various sovereigns of Europe. This precious *depot* was stolen during the passage of the Channel, and the letters were afterwards disposed of separately, in London, to the ministers and ambassadors of the respective European powers, for an aggregate sum 700,000 francs, according to Mr. O'Meara. The Russian ambassador paid 250,000 francs for the letters of the Emperor, his master.

An analogous event of more recent occurrence may aptly be recorded here. A very large collection of dangerous political and personal documents has, within a few months, been missed by the present Emperor, Napoleon III., the importance of which may be estimated by the large reward offered for their restoration. Their abstraction has been charged to Mrs. Howard, an American lady who, it is well known, has cohabited for many years with Louis Napoleon, but whose separation from him recent important interests rendered unavoidable.

One of the autographic monuments of our epoch will be the famous copy of Ronsard, given by M. Sainte-Beuve to M. Victor Hugo, of which the latter, in imitation of the *savans* of the Sixteenth Century, made an *album amicorum*, in which all the cotemporary poets of France have inscribed something.

The Duchess of Orleans composed a celebrated *album* of the most celebrated names. It escaped the notice of the mob, and having been found at the Tuileries some days after the 24th of February, it was unhesitatingly restored to the Duchess.

But of all the collections of signatures ever made, the most important, the most precious, the richest, was lately exposed at the Great Exhibition at London by the "*Société des Gens de Lettres Français*." This priceless *album*, in illustration of which concurred all the French writers—whether members of the *Société* or not—all the members of the five classes of the *Institut*, the first of French artists, painters, designers, engravers, composers, musicians, etc., forms two enormous volumes

of the largest oblong form of books. A detailed description of it was given in the *Siecle*.

The taste for autographs has been greatly developed during the last few years. There are many very important collections now in Europe, and a few in this country. It will, perhaps, be interesting to give here a list of the principal collections known.

And first, the ladies may be pleased to learn that Queen Victoria is one of the principal collectors of the present day. The cabinet, however, of M. Feuillet de Conches passes as the richest in the world. M. Feuillet is not, as many others, a *specialist*. His cabinet, which he has been thirty years in forming, and to which he consecrates a large part of his fortune, absorbs each year all the variety of the most important and precious matter which every sale offers.

The principal French Collectors after M. Feuillet are MM. Boutron, d'Hauterive, d'Auffay, Chateaugiron, Lacarelle, Denis, Naudet, Martin, d'Hunolstien, de Biencourt, de Fitzjames, de Flers, Granger de la Marinière, Chambry, Boilly, Omant, and the Baroness James de Rothschild and Mdle. d'Henin.

In London the important collectors next to the Queen are Mr. Rey, Mr. O'Callaghan, and Mr. Hervey.

At Brussels, Baron Stassart.

At Berlin, General Radowitz.

At Madrid, Count Esterhazy, Austrian Ambassador.

At Turin resides the celebrated collector, Count Giberto Borromeo.

At Munich, the King of Bavaria. King Maximilian, we have been informed, takes a lively interest in the collection of American autographs.

To come to our own country; the finest collection, perhaps, is that of the Rev. W. B. Sprague, of Albany. It is of very great extent, and contains, among other matter of great value, a complete series of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Generals of the American Revolution, the latter series having been completed a few months ago, by the acquisition, in this city, of a letter of General de Haas, which is extremely rare.

Another collection of the first importance is that of Mr. J. R. Teft, of Savannah, which is equally rich in American historical papers, and general autographic varieties.

At Boston are the collections of Mr. Mellen Chamberlain and Mr. James T. Fields.

Mr. Chamberlain's (entirely American,) is particularly interesting in such names as Winthrop, Bradford, and others connected with the early history of Massachusetts. He has also complete sets of the "Signers of the Declaration," "Generals of the Revolution," Members of the Confederation, Members of the Convention which framed the Constitu-

tion of the United States, etc. Mr. Field's consists chiefly of autographs of literary men.

At New York is the collection of Mr. Lennox, containing the original manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address.

Some of the finest collections are to be found in Philadelphia. Mr. F. J. Dreer's comprises, in addition to his own varied acquisitions, all the material industriously gathered during many years by the late Mr. Robert Gilmer, of Baltimore. This compilation is particularly rich in foreign autographs, comprising numbers of the most celebrated sovereigns of Europe, and of all most distinguished generals, statesmen, naval commanders, writers, and artists. In addition to these, his series of specimens of General Washington's writing, from the earliest date to the time of his death, is remarkably complete and interesting.

Mr. Henry C. Baird's collection is very full, in almost all the different classifications, of American names. His series of the officers of the General Government, comprising the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and the several cabinets from the Administration of Washington to the present day, lacks but half a dozen names of completion. His American military and naval series, is also extremely valuable, embracing a majority of the leading names of the Revolution, of the Last War with Great Britain, and of the war with Mexico. Of the naval men of the present century he possesses many letters, nearly all of which are addressed to the late Commodore Bainbridge. In addition to his regular collection of autographs, he possesses the correspondence of two officers of the army nearly entire; one of the Revolution, the other of the Last War with Great Britain,—which papers cover almost the entire period from 1768 to 1828, and which, in connection with his more orderly port-folios, constitute a *corpus* of the most formidable magnitude.

Dr. L. R. Koecker's *porte-feuille* is remarkable for its elegant and perfect specimens of autographic letters of distinguished Americans. This nice collector is content only to add to his stock letters as perfect in their appearance as upon the day when written; and the soiled, torn, or rumpled leaf is subjected by him to every conceivable mechanical and chemical process to restore it to its original beauty. What adds greatly to the interest of this unique and coquettish collection is its characteristic arrangement, not to mention the elegant mechanism, and artistic workmanship displayed upon the binding of the volumes embalming these precious *reliquia* of the preceding generation: (Dr. Koecker is himself the finest *relieur amateur* in the country,) all the letters are faced by portraits of the writers, some of which are exceedingly scarce. These engravings are also

frequently earliest proof impressions, and thus are combined in one assemblage many varieties of two *passions*.

Besides these, in Philadelphia, are the collections of Messrs. E. D. Ingraham, Wm. Schott, J. H. Hedges, J. L. Mickley, and S. A. Allibone.

At Baltimore, Dr. J. C. Cohen.

At Washington, Messrs. James C. M'Guire, James H. Causten, jr., and Peter Force.

Mr. McGuire's American papers are, perhaps more valuable than those in any other autograph collection in the country. He possesses an immense mass of the papers left by Mr. Madison, together with much that is of great value from the correspondence of General Knox.

The remaining distinguished collections in America are those of Miss Arnold, of New Bedford, Mr. W. Mackenzie, of Toronto, Mr. John R. Thomson, of Richmond, and Capt. Furman Seymour, of West Point. The latter is a specialist, confining himself to American autographs. His *sous-specialite* of names connected with the Mexican war has nothing left for his further exertion.

In conclusion—to analyse writings, to study their physiognomy and character,—such, we take it, is the *true* mission of the autographic science—will it be feared that this leaves not open a field sufficiently vast? Let us suppose, (and in our age of mechanical miracles this supposition is not chimerical,) that within a given time writing will be replaced by some mechanical accelerative process—may not electricity, photography, etc., afford some such result? would not an art, which would enable us to authenticate writings by assigning to them a date and an author, be of the greatest service to the future historian?

ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.

THE WORKSHOPS — THE WASHHOUSE — BARBERSHOP — LOCK-UP.

NUMBER NINE.

There is a vast amount of talent among the population of the Blockley Almshouse. Many able workman may be found here, who in mechanical skill will bear comparison with the ablest and most successful artisans, the products of whose ingenuity add so much to our domestic conveniences and household advantages. Some indeed, possess unquestionable genius. If the reader should ever visit Blockley, he will find upon entering the Steward's office, which is located in the centre of the building, a beautiful model of a ship which was executed years ago by one of the inmates since deceased. It is a perfect gem of workmanship. No sailor could fasten his eyes on it, or "clap his peepers on it," to appropriate the nautical phrase without giv-

ing orders to furl sail or feeling disposed to cry out in mellow accents, "Yo-Heave-oh." A similar exemplification of genius could be found in the exact model of the entire Alms-house, which was executed about two years ago by another inmate. With the plain and unpretending materials of glass, paste-board, &c., he constructed a fac-simile of the whole establishment. It was a complete specimen of native ingenuity, for the trade of the man who thus evinced a taste so correct, was that of a house-painter.

It is not to be presumed that the large amount of artistic endowment existing in the White house should be laid aside as unavailable. Neither reason, nor prudence would dictate the rejection of so effective and potent a corps of laborers. And hence the estimable board of managers have turned into a productive channel the agencies which are furnished all around them. Not far from the Wash-house the visitor detects a low range of buildings, constituting a little emporium of Art. You enter one of them over whose door the words "Tailors' department" gleams out in old-fashioned capitals, and you see an extensive shop-board constituting an area, "not to be sneezed at," as Jack Downing has it, upon which twenty or thirty knights of the needle are exhibiting their skill in basting, sewing, ironing, &c., while the major-domo stands at the huge counter with a roll of coarse blue ware before him, which he is expeditiously manipulating with the shears. Here are made up the clothes for the inhabitants of the building. You step into another room and witness the operations of the tinsmiths. You pass thence into the region of the carpenters, and find yourself at once surrounded by a pile of plain pine coffins of all possible dimensions. Emerging from this quarter which may be supposed to be the least congenial to your feelings, you come among the sons of St. Crispin, whose musical instruments are the awl, the last, and the wax-end; puissant media for imparting physical strength to leather and buckskin. Adjoining this you espy the painters and glaziers. Contiguous to them are the Weavers. Thus in a small space are concentrated all the sons of mechanic skill. When the horn blows for labor, they all repair to their appropriate departments, with alacrity the most commendable, and with spirits as buoyant as the air. At a given signal in the evening, labor suspends its operations, and all hands "knock off" to the tune of "Coming through the Rye," "Hail Columbia," or the "Bay of Biscay, oh." It is indeed a jovial adjournment to a cup of tea.

How lamentable the reflection that men who might each be carrying on an independent business, or occupying an honorable subordinate capacity, should thus be enrolled

among the members of an alms-house. This sad result has been brought about by Intemperance. To that fell tyrant may be attributed the prostration of two-thirds of the entire population. True it is, that adverse fortune or improvident management, has reduced to this pitiable level not a few who in this spot pass their entire life. But in the great majority of instances, it is the Bowl of the Enchantress which has eclipsed the prospects of some of the brightest minds. As we have watched the army of workmen filing off at the sound of the dinner horn, and noticed the muscles and athletic power of nearly all of them, we have thought of the force of that moral obliquity which not even self-interest could rectify or neutralize. Poor, helpless man, driven o'er the billows of passion, and wrecked upon the shoals of carnal inclination! We can but sympathize with thine unenviable fate, while we take warning from thy demolition to restrain our impulses of wrong, and cultivate the heaven-descended virtues of prudence, temperance and fortitude.

Next in importance to the Workshops stands that redoubtable citadel, the Wash-house. In this province feminine skill is laid under requisition to renovate the garments of the multitude by the process of the laundry. On the capacious green which skirts the environs of the spot, you may on a pleasant sunshiny-day, descry, without the aid of a telescope, a thousand articles spread out to catch the solar ray, and attest the value of its drying attributes. Scores of busy women are hurrying to and fro; some rinsing, others belaboring at the washing-board with soapsuds spouting up into their faces like billows of the deep; a group at one point sending the flat-iron with its capacious disk, across the continent of an ample blue shirt, while a host of talkative old grannies with sleeves rolled up, are espied retailing the newest dish of Alms-house gossip, which monopolizes all their fancy. Draw near and listen. See the vivacity of that antiquated dame, as she whispers in the ear of her co-patriot an unmentionable item of intelligence, and catch the response from the other, as with eyes half closed and elevated hands she says, "Well now, you don't say that indeed!" or some other stereotyped expression which belongs as naturally to the old granny vocabulary, as nitric acid or hydrogen enter into the nomenclature of the practical chemist. If there is anything which exhibits strength and life it is the clandestine colloquies of a bevy of old ladies on a washing-day. A Representative Assembly possesses not to a quarter degree the elements of force and grace and energy. Women are always eloquent. But as they grow older their stump-speeches have a pith and whim about them which often carry off the palm

from Demosthenes himself. The antiquated form becomes erect, the lustreless eye beams out like a star in its brightness, and the withered arm waves in the air with a gyration which is absolutely terrific. And the more deeply spiced with scandal is the topic under immediate review, the greater is the quota of eloquence employed in its enforcement. The love of the marvellous increases as women increase in age. Perhaps we should not be too severe on the other sex; but to tell the truth, their instinctive curiosity goes on from strength to strength, till they have no news to communicate, and no physical power to give utterance to their burning thoughts. At least, it is so with the Almshouse women.

Suppose we step across to the Barber Shop. As you enter the door which opens into the capacious ward where a thousand beards are mutilated, and a thousand heads denuded of their superfluous herbage, you are struck with a number of fancy pictures which are pasted up against the wall without any particular reference to gracefulness of position. Look at this one which attracts your gaze at the very entrance. It is a comical delineation of a thin and cadaverous fellow in the act of being shaved. The barber is represented as a fine, fat, burly inquisitor in his shirt sleeves, who uses his impliment, the razor, as though he was mowing down grass in summer time. A little further on you perceive the likeness of the Prince of the establishment. He is depicted as a grave old Frenchman with his head encased in a night-cap, and an eye as sleepy as that of a lobster. The rotundity of his paunch evidences the fact that he knows how to make good use of his grinders, and can speak from experience of the juicy beef which gives his soup a flavor. The worthy old fellow whom the picture represents, is quite a character. He is "boss" of the lodge, and no mistake. Vivacious, fidgety and always on an edge, he is at all points of the compass with his hone and scissors. The shop whose interest he studies, is the head-quarters for the men. There assemble the old inhabitants, who have no hard manual labor to perform, and who love to talk about political questions whose merits they no more comprehend than they do the climate of Hershell. Yonder old man who is hard of hearing, and whose words reverberate like the gong of a hotel, fought under Zabulon Montgomery Pike. That other thin specimen of humanity, stood side by side with Scott in his campaigns. He who is asleep before the fire like a self-complacent descendant of Grimalkin, was once a respectable merchant in the oyster line. A worthy company indeed! But each has his own deeply marked page of personal history, which is calculated to interest and please the philosophic mind. We believe that a number of Revolutionary inci-

dents could be gathered from some of the veterans of the barber shop. Many interesting facts connected with the late War with Great Britain, and the recent Mexican campaign, as well as numerous Indian adventures, could be garnered here if a faithful chronicler could be found who would cheerfully undertake the task. Often has the writer seen the old man eloquent, as he shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won. Yes, that badged pauper felt all the American stirring in his soul, as he descanted on the tale of English domination, and portrayed the contest which was nobly carried on beneath the broad folds of the glorious banner, whose stars and stripes looked out like angels visitants in the dust and din of war. As the merits of an American General are discussed, and his chivalric bearing and affable intercourse are dwelt upon, how the bosom has heaved with emotion, and the eye filled with tears of genuine devotion. The tie between a subaltern and a gentlemanly superior in the battle field, is enduring and tender. Common dangers and privations blend their hearts in one. The camp-fire and the bivouac, the hard-earned victory and the meed of glory, fuse together and assimilate the polished and the unlettered, and identify their interests and their hopes. And till the latest hour of his probation, the old soldier will cherish the memory of him who spoke to him kindly in the day of battle, and cheered him forward in the noble cause of freedom by words and looks of genuine sympathy. Such is the fellowship which is engendered between the lowly and the chivalrous.

Reader, we have advanced to the Lock-up. The Lock-up? say you. What! have you a jail within the precincts of the white house? Yes, friend; but it is a very comfortable affair we assure you. It is nothing but a darkened room, plainly fitted up, and a padlock on the door, to keep delinquents in close custody. There are no manacles whatever, no irons to enter into the soul, no little packages of straw to answer the purpose of both bed and chair. No appliances of the room indicate a desire to torture the poor rascal who has been caught in some act which militates against the salutary regulations of the Establishment. The culprit is simply confined a brief period, and comes down to a low diet of bread and water, and is further deprived of the invigorating light of the sun. Four and twenty hours may terminate his incarceration, and then he will come out like a butterfly, cheerful and renovated. If he has sore eyes, the absence of light has had a sanative influence; if laboring under an attack of dyspepsia, the low diet has materially assisted his digestive functions; if he is naturally possessed of an indolent temperament, he has had a glorious respite from the toils of office; and if, finally,

he inclines to an ascetic course, and loves Quaker contemplation, he has had a fine chance to chew the cud of reflection, and revolve afresh his learned speculations. Now, is not the Lock-up a glorious spot, when you take into consideration the bland results which it *may* produce? Of course it does not always produce these results. Many an irascible biped, comes out of the black hole of Calcutta, vowing vengeance against the powers that be, and threatening to crack the scull of the redoubtable Spencer who has the power of the keys, and is Sergeant-at-Arms with an emphasis the most appalling. Spencer does his duty, however, with the most unshrinking fidelity. You could not deter him from prosecuting the straight line of duty, though he knew he were to be burned in effigy, or have his ears cropped in the pillory. Honest old fellow with his little dog at his heels, ready to second his commands by a consecutive series of barks and sundry snaps at the nether limbs of the delinquent who is being marched off to the receptacle of the villainous and the irregular, Guardian of order, I truly respect thee! Thou bindest over the ruffian crew to keep the peace with majesterial gravity. Thou enforcest the blue laws with an emphasis. And when thou art gone to the Lock-up of the grave, we will cut thy image out of granite, and represent thee as turning the key of the padlock upon some of the motley crew who came beneath thy legal jurisdiction. Thus, so far as the record of thy government is concerned—*Esto perpetua!*

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

—
DIALOGUE XIII.
—

BEN JONSON.—SAM JOHNSON.

W. the Elder. Well, well, doctor, notwithstanding this long dissertation of yours, I don't see why the word *pattern* is just as good, in this connexion, as the word *model*.

John. Just as you please, old gentleman. It is not very civil, however, after invoking a learned shade, and extracting a couple of guineas' worth of valuable information out of him, to turn round and dismiss his remarks in this off-hand style. If these are your American manners, all I can say is, I don't like 'em.

W. the Elder, (aside.) The same domineering, oracular old fellow as ever!

John. What are you muttering about? Speak out.

W. the Elder. Well, if I *must* say it, I don't think your own breeding is of the highest order of excellence. Besides, the authorities are against you. Crabb says—

John. Hang Crabb! What do I care for Crabb?

W. the Elder. Webster, too—

John. Bah! How dare you speak of Webster before me? That rascally little, dried-up New Englander; not satisfied with stealing my thunder, he must needs walk off with my laurels, too. He be hanged, and his new-fangled spelling with him!

W. the Elder. Jealousy, Doctor, sheer jealousy.

John. Jealous? The idea of my being jealous of such a creature; ay, or of any Yankee varlet of you all! A vile crew of rebels; why an't you all colonists this very hour?

W. the Elder. Fie, fie, Doctor! Hasn't death cured you of your tory prejudices yet?

John. Don't talk to me. Out upon you all, I say again, for a miserable pack of democrats! Ye whittlers! Ye tobacco-chewers! Ye flint-skinners! Ye surgar-sanders! Ye rum-waterers! Ye wooden-nutmeg-makers! Ye manufacturers of worthless clocks and suspicious sausages! Ye turners of shoe-pegs into oats! Ye venders of bass-wood cucumber seeds! Ye—

W. the Elder. Doctor, doctor, doctor, what are you about? Piling up abusive epithets here, faster and higher than old Jack Falstaff himself ever did! You must have been having a talk with Mother Trollope lately.

John. Don't speak disrespectfully of that worthy old soul, if you please.

W. the Elder. Worthy old soul? lying old hussy! The thermometer must be pretty high, I should say, where *she* is.

John. You'll find it higher, when your turn comes, you—you—you—

W. the Elder. Why, what an infernal temper you are showing, to be sure! But I'll find a sedative for these irritable nerves of yours. Let me see—ah! yes, yes; just the thing. (*Goes to the library and gets down the volume of the Doctor's works that has the tragedy of Irene in it.*) There, my old boy, there's an A, number one, soothing syrup for you. If a scene or two of that don't tranquillize you, I don't know what on earth will.

John. Why, you impertinent old jackanapes, to insult a ghost of my standing in this way! Under your own roof, too. (*Throws the book at his head.*)

W. the Elder, (dodging the same.) Well, I declare! That I should have lived to see the author of the Rambler making such a disgraceful exhibition of himself! Dear, dear, dear!

John, (after a pause.) I ask ten thousand pardons, my old friend, for this most unbecoming display of temper.

W. the Elder. Don't mention it, Doctor, don't mention it.

John. To think that I should have given way to my feelings in this abominable style! But if you knew, old gentleman, what a sufferer I have been: yes, yes, both sides of the grave. Oh! Lord, what with pneumonia, strangury, dyspepsia, and every now and then a touch of my old trouble, the St. Vitus, I have a pretty exciting time of it, I tell you. Do you wonder, my friend, that I growl somewhat?

W. the Elder. Why, under heaven, didn't you tell me so, before? To think that I, too, should have been so disrespectful to a ghost for whose genius and goodness I have so profound an admiration! But, Doctor, you certainly *did* throw about the old Saxon words, for a moment or two, in a style hardly to have been expected from one who makes so little use of them in his writings.

John. Well, don't say any more about it. We are a poor set, the best of us, ghosts as well as bodies; a poor set, a poor set.

W. the Elder. One thing however, that you said just now Doctor, supprizes and annoys me beyond measure. I certainly *did* have a foolish kind of a notion that when the body died, these same disorders took a lasting farewell with it.

John. A most terrible blunder indeed! But mortal, these themes are strictly tabooed to us spirits, as you ought to know by this time, so change the subject instantly if you please.

W. the Elder. Most cheerfully. I wonder where your name sake is, though, all this time?

John. What name sake?

W. the Elder. Ah, speak of Beelzebub, and—(enter Ben Jonson.) And so you have come at last my dear ghost, have you?

Jon. So it seems my old boy, so it seems; after a world of blunders and inquiries though. Why! God bless me, Doctor, is that you? How are you, how are you?

John. Benjamin my boy, I am delighted to see you.

Jon. But what brings you to earth, Samuel? What's the best word, anyhow?

John. The best word, say you? Sure enough, what is it? That's the very point that our old host here and I have been squabbling about for the last half hour. Best word indeed!

Jon. You talk in riddles, Doctor. Pray what is the meaning of all this grinning and winking? Take me with you lads. Propound, Rasselas, propound.

W. the Elder. Oh, no matter, Doctor, no matter.

John. I beg you pardon; a thing that is worth sending for me about, half a cross the Universe too at that, is surely worth telling Brother Ben.

Jon. What is it, what is it?

John. Well, you must know that our friend here, (old enough, certainly, to know better,)

has been investing no small portion of the evening of his days, in the composition of a tragedy, which he has just completed, and about the fate of which, he is evidently very anxious. Indeed, he says in his note to me on the subject that he has strong hopes of astonishing not only all America and Europe but Asia and Africa likewise, in certain passages of it. Some few little matters of verbal criticism bothering him somewhat, he thought best to secure my assistance, as being of course, the great authority of the system, on those points. We had not been very long employed on our task when you entered. But what brings you here Ben? Is it the mere feeling of *suld lang syne*, or an idle curiosity to see the improvements these Yankees are making in the Western Hemisphere of the planet? Or is it that old Inter-Planetary Copy Right business again? Are you as copious and eloquent as ever on that theme, eh, Ben?

Jon. Nothing of the sort. I am here simply in compliance with the electric invitation of this old gentlemen and like yourself, as it seems on dramatic business. In his dispatch he requests me to come and look over the plot of a forth coming tragedy of his, and to make such suggestions as might present themselves: the identical work no doubt on which he has seen fit to consult you also.

John. Why, bless me, my old host, why didn't you mention this before? We might have waited then for brother Benjamin, and have had the benefit of his criticisms. He is a better Latinist than I am you know, and out of sight of me as a Hellenist.

Jon. But why is it old gentleman that you can't bring out a play without disturbing all Ghostdom on the occasion? I never had any such supernatural aid when I composed my master pieces, nor had brother Samuel here either. By the way, Sam, it is but yesterday, that I heard Will himself, blowing you up in good round terms for what he was pleased to call your most pompous and shallow criticisms on some of his performances.

John. Rather strong language for him; all the more unbecoming too, seeing that I have more than once acknowledged their worthlessness, and apologized to him about them in person.

W. the Elder. You haven't happened to hear what he thinks about brother Coleridge's notes, have you?

Jon. Oh yes, yes. He was perfectly chamed with them: he found them a little too idolatrous to besure, in certain passages, not to wound his modesty; and here and there a slight propensity to mysticism; but on the whole, (I give you his own words,) he considered them the most subtle, searching, delicious specimens of criticisms that ever came from earth. The exposition of Hamlet especially delight-

ed him; far, far ahead of Schlegel, he said, and worth ten thousand garrets full of such lumber as Richardson and Company.

W. the Elder. Has he seen sister Jamieson's *Characteristics*?

Jon. To besure he has.

W. the Elder. He liked them I hope.

Jon. Could he help liking them my old boy? I've cried over them, myself, I know, more than once.

W. the Elder. Indeed! You don't look much like a crying ghost.

Jon. A trifle too ruddy and rotund for sentiment, you think, eh? I wouldn't give much, though, for the eyes, that her sketch of Ophelia wouldn't bring the pearls to. Ah, dear, when she comes to spirit-land, Will has got a glorious reception in preparation for her. But I forgot; that was confidential.

W. the Elder. By the way, my dear ghost, before you take your flight, I've got a little work here, that I should dearly love to have you present to the bard with my reverential regards.

Jon. And what may it be?

W. the Elder. Sister Clarke's *Concordance*. I can't help thinking that he'll be more tickled with it, after all, than with even brother Coleridge's *Notes*. Here it is on the table. Just cast your learned eye over it a moment.

Jon. Why, what a labor of love, to be sure. This makes up for a whole ship-load of impudent commentators. No offence meant, Sam.

Jon. She'd much better have been searching the Scriptures, all this while.

Jon. Oh, don't be crusty now. Ain't there a hundred Concordances, more or less, to the Scriptures, already? And do you begrudge poor Will his little one? Will, the great lay-preacher of humanity? For shame! I shall be delighted, my old host, to be the bearer of your gift. But where on earth is my Concordance? I might as well take that with me, too, and make one job of it.

W. the Elder. I know of no such work, I am sorry to say, either in esse, or in contemplation.

Jon. I suppose not.

W. the Elder. You deserve one, undoubtedly, glorious old poet that you are. But I don't think the world has fairly waked up yet to a sense of your genius. Your day will come, though, don't doubt it, and the Concordance with it. Some future Malone.

Jon. Malone be—

John. Ben, Ben, Ben, don't be profane. Malone was a pretty decent sort of a fellow, after all.

W. the Elder. An infernal old humbug, Doctor, begging your pardon. The idea of his whitewashing that dear old bust! He ought to have had a coat of tar and feathers, himself, for his pains.

Both Jonsons. Tar and Feathers? What do you mean by that?

W. the Elder. Ah! I see; the custom has sprung up since your day.

Jon. What is it, what is it? A summer or a winter garment?

W. the Elder. It is a playful manifestation of popular regard, and worn in all weathers; but never mind it now. One remark, my dear dramatist, you must allow me to make, while I think of it, and that is to express my delight, not altogether unmixed, I confess, with surprise, at the hearty way in which you have spoken of our big brother, Shakespeare. There have been unpleasant rumors current on earth, Ben, that you were very envious and jealous of him, and that you were always glad of an opportunity of under-rating, nay, back-biting him.

Jon. I know there are, I know there are. And let me tell you, once for all, my old friend, that more arrant and preposterous lies were never hatched in—

John. Oh, don't get so excited.

Jon. But isn't it so?

John. It is indeed. Ben has been most foully and abominably belied in the premises.

Jon. The idea of my slandering my constant friend and benefactor; the man who brought out my first play; nay, who condescended to take a subordinate part in it, busy as he was at the time, and having a severe attack of Influenza, into the bargain; the man in whose mahogany I have seen my old phiz, a thousand times; nay, whose pall I helped bear, when they laid him in the earth; the idea, I say, of my slandering his memory—isn't it too absurd?

W. the Elder. I was never willing to believe it, I assure you; especially, too, when I thought of those elaborate and stately verses of yours, in his honor.

Jon. I have been called a bully, too, and an habitual sot.

W. the Elder. That is too ridiculous, that last charge. The ghost who can point to ten such massive volumes as those on yonder shelf, all filled with tip-top reading, needn't trouble himself much about such an absurd fib as that. Still, to be candid, you don't look like an habitual tectotaler, even now.

John. No, indeed, Ben.

Jon. Don't you talk, Doctor. You yourself, if I am not mistaken, have been accused of punishing the port pretty extensively while here below.

John. Too true, too true. Yes, I am ashamed to confess it, I was quite too much in the habit while in the body, of running away from my troubles and pains, and taking refuge in the bottle, instead of standing up and facing them like a Christian.

W. the Elder. (*Impulsively.*) You are a glorious old fellow, doctor, and deserve the

best glass of wine on the planet, for that speech. I ask your pardon, though. I am always making a fool of myself.

Jon. You certainly are a queer customer, my old bachelor friend.

W. the Elder. Widower, if you please. But come, spectres, what say you to stopping and taking pot-luck with me? There are a few Yankee notions in this town of ours that I should really like to have you see, and in the evening we'll to business.

John. Well, really, my time is so very valuable at this particular juncture that—

W. the Elder. Why, what makes you so busy?

John. I am getting out the 34th edition of my Polyglott Plutarch.

W. the Elder. Whereabouts?

John. In Georgium Sidus.

W. the Elder. The deuce you are! How is King George about these times, if I may be so bold?

John. Rather poorly, I am sorry to say.

Jon. Come, come, doctor, I don't see why you can't take a day's recreation as well as any other ghost. I shall stay and dine with the old gentleman, anyhow.

John. Well, Ben, if you say so,—

Jon. I do say so, Sam, most decidedly.

John. So be it, then. But where are you going, landlord?

W. the Elder. Only to make a suggestion or two to the cook. I'll be back presently. Meanwhile amuse yourself with that, (*hands him a morning paper, Ben. Jonson loses himself at the same time in the pages of Doggett's Directory.*)

W. the Elder. (Re-entering.) Well, friends, I have not kept you waiting long, I hope. Ah, Ben, what poetry have you got there?

Jon. Poetry?

W. the Elder. Oh, I beg your pardon, I see; hunting up your namesakes, eh? You find a pretty large home circle there, do you not?

Jon. Yes, indeed. Here are at least a score of Benjamin Jonsons, all in a row. They seem to be mostly men of color, however, and in the white-washing line.

John. What a state of things, to be sure. Such unblushing impudence, too!

Jon. Halloo, doctor, what are you getting so excited about?

John. If this is your democracy, these the results of Independence, God save the King, say I, to all eternity.

Jon. What are you grunting about, eh?

John. Why the scoundrel editor here, actually congratulates the country on the election of a *Barn-burner* to the gubernatorial chair. Think of that, Ben: a barn-burner,—a wretch that in our time would have dangled at Tyburn, made governor! There's Republicanism for you.

Jon. Yes, and of a pretty rosy tint, I should say.

W. the Elder. Poh, poh, doctor; what affectation! You must have seen at once that that is a mere nickname.

John. Well, well, that alters the case. He goes on to say 'The Lieutenant Governor on the other hand, is a *Hard-Shell Hunker*, of the worst kind.' What, in the name of wonder, is a *Hard-Shell Hunker*?

Jon. Why don't you look it out? There's your own dictionary, there right under your nose.

John. Pshaw! Come, old gentleman, throw a little light on this subject, if you please.

W. the Elder. Well, doctor, a hard shell hunker means a thorough going old tory, and enemy of progress,—just what you would have been, asking your pardon this very moment, had you been a live yankee and voter in the empire State here, and not an English ghost.

John. But why hard-shell?—why hard-shell?

W. the Elder. Well, I was about to add that the terms Hunker and Barnburner relate to State questions, while the distinctions of soft and hard shell have reference to Federal difficulties, and more especially, to the famous Compromise measure of 1850.

Jon. Oh, confound your yankee politics! Sam, how the deuce does this interest us?

W. the Elder. So I say, besides it would take at least a century to explain the thing properly.

John. Well, well, hang the newspaper! But have you a monthly among you?

W. the Elder. Have we a monthly among us? To be sure we have; half a dozen tip-top ones. Here are some of them on the table, now; there's old Knick to begin with—the oldest and best of them all; full of his fun, I can tell you, (*hands him the Knickerbocker.*)

John. Ah, that print is too fine for my old eyes. But what's that pleasant looking document in green?

W. the Elder. Putnum. Its inside is quite as pleasant too, I assure you.

John. It has a far more cheerful, sprightly look to me than the other. What superb cuts, too!

W. the Elder. But here's the boy. (*hands him Harper.*) What do you suppose now, doctor, is the circulation of this world-searcher?

John. Oh, how should I know? Some six or seven thousand, perhaps.

W. the Elder. 120,000.

John. You amaze me! Why that's at least a hundred and fifteen thousand more subscribers than brother Cave ever had in his palmest days.

W. the Elder. By the way, what did brother Cave charge a number?

John. Why a crown; of course; the old price.

W. the Elder. And Harper only charges a quarter.

John. Hang your yankee currency! How much sterling?

W. the Elder. A shilling.

John. Whew! what, all this for a shilling? It looks like real good stuff, too. (*Runs his eye over the contents.*) *Napoleon Buonaparte—Money a Mote—My Novel—The Last of the Bourbons—Homes of American Publishers—Nero a Gentleman and a Scholar—Editor's Drawer—Books of the Month.* By the way, how are criticisms a bushel, now?

W. the Elder. What is it?

John. I asked you how much criticisms were a bushel?

W. the Elder. I don't understand you Doctor.

John. Poh, poh! none of your nonsense. You a literary man, and not know the market-rates? Come, show us a few of your samples. What do you expect to give now for a dozen first-rate puffs for your forth-coming opiate,—I ask your pardon,—tragedy, I meant to say? What ought I to pay an acre, for Musical Notices? sound orthodox Sermons, too; what are they worth a barrel? Why, what's the matter with the man? Come, come, haven't you a tariff of prices to show a ghost?

W. the Elder. Doctor Johnson!

John. Well, what is it?

W. the Elder. I am perfectly thunderstruck at the tone of your remark. Do you dare to insinuate that criticism has become an article of merchandise among us? Fie, fie, for shame! Let me tell you, once for all, that however much you old Englanders of the 18th century may have disgraced yourselves in this way, we New Englanders of the 19th century have a perfect scorn for all such transactions.

John. Well, well, well; no offence meant; let's change the subject. It won't do for us to be wasting the day, either, in chattering. What are these same lions that you proposed to show us?

W. the Elder. First and foremost, there's the Crystal Palace; then the Hippodrome; the Academy of Design; the Egyptian Antiquities; in fact a score of things that I think would interest you. By the way, what beated you so, Ben? I was afraid you were not going to respond to my invocation at first.

Jon. Well, the truth is, somehow or other, I took the wrong parallel, and so, instead of striking Gotham, I came plump into Portland.

W. the Elder. Indeed! You might have got to a worse place. A fine, sprightly little city; you were charmed with it, I dare say.

Jon. I beg your pardon, I was never more inhospitably treated in all my experience.

W. the Elder. How so?

Jon. Well, you must know, that being somewhat exhausted, after my long serial jaunt, presently after alighting at the hotel, I called for a little brandy and water; and what do you think the landlord told me? Such a landlord too; a long, lean, melancholy looking person in purple spectacles; the very opposite in all respects, of my host of the Mermaid. 'Individual,' said he, with marked solemnity of manner, and with a singularly nasal twang, 'Are you not aware that it is contrary to law?' 'What?' said I. 'Why,' said he, 'dealing in ardent spirits.' 'What,' said I, 'Do you really mean to tell me, that a respectable foreigner can't mix a little weak grog here in a gentlemanly way, without running against the statute-book?' 'I do,' said he, 'most distinctly.' 'Off I go, then,' said I, 'posthaste.' 'Stop,' said he, 'if you are positively unwell and under medical advice, follow me, without further remarks.' I did so. He straightway conducted me through a long, narrow passage, into a room with closed shutters, where, by gas-light, he administered unto me, under a name as long as himself, which I cannot now recall, some of the fieriest Hollands I ever encountered.

John. That was no place for you, Ben, evidently.

Jon. No, indeed, I was right glad to get into another jurisdiction, I assure you.

W. the Elder. Well, they are a pretty queer set up that way. Their intentions are good, I dare say; but I've no great faith in such legislation, myself. But come spirits, let's be off while daylight lasts. (*Exeunt.*)

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

Few of our readers, we opine, but have attained to the traditionary knowledge of the

—“old woman who lived in a shoe,
And had so many children, she did'n't know what to do,”

We ourselves possess a faint impression we have had the acquaintance of the old lady, and if never installed into her ancient habitation, have descried her in a little red cloak, walking about in the cool of the evening. The fanciful impressions of childhood are in after years like realities.

“The truth that is and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife.”

But to pass from one allegory to another, we have encountered a foreign literary importation, rare in itself and from a rare source, by which it would appear that in this day of railroads and steamboats, of caloric engines and universal suffrage, the old woman cannot be left in peace, but must be submitted to all the tortures springing from public curiosity that will not be satiated. Her whole internal

economy is interfered with. Political Surveyors, and Architects, social Masons and Carpenters, all must have their say. If

"Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,"

she at least needs, it would seem, the officious interference of "the next of kin." A learned and noble author it may be, and a learned and noble author we think it is, who has here donned the reverent garb of an apostolical adviser; the speech is at once so crude and the words so heavily labored. Like Mark Brutus on the accusation preferred against him on the death of Cæsar, we may say,

—"It is a grievous charge, and grievously,"

because so laboriously and painfully hath this noble and learned author (in a few copies made to circulate amidst his friends) set it forth. Now, first, of the old woman, particularly:

"And for ages, ere St. Augustine's foot had pressed the Kentish beach, bound on a Christian mission to King Ethelbert who dwelt in a near valley, where the rude gateway of the royal Saxon's palace now serves as entrance to a yeoman's farm—ere this Churchman had converted Britannia's early-born to profess the Christian faith—Britannia had shown herself a partial mother. In short, since the ancient date of her first-born's birth-day infant she has had her children elect. And the elect have ever fared at the expense of their despised brothers and sisters, and the latter, till within the last twenty years, have suffered their wrongs with enduring patience."

But all power involves resistance; every depression, political, physical or moral, has its corresponding elevation, and action is followed by reaction. So listen:

"But of late the snubbed of Britannia have raised a clamor in the shoe, which alarms her, and the prolific mother asks counsel of her elect in vain. Not knowing what to do with so many starving brats, yet anxious to quell their rioting, she has locked up a few of the most turbulent and threatened to visit with the severest punishment all who may misbehave themselves for the future. She has crowded all her offspring into one shoe, and though she has many capacious shoes, almost empty, she whines, and tells you that she can't afford to remove any of her progeny thither. Meanwhile the family lie huddled together, miserably clad and starving: and now and then you may hear oaths muttered against her who brought them forth to linger out a wretched life. And within hearing of these heart-broken murmurs Belgravia rides magnificently attended."

But of the size, make and shape of the shoe? Anticipating this astute question, the

author replies, "It is exactly in breadth and length, of the measurement of great Britain: in shape, most irregular; in make, though the blind old woman asserts the contrary, how far off perfection! as to fashion, remarkable. The French shoe, she will tell you, and the Prussian and Austrian shoes cannot be borne after hers; foreign shoes, she tells you, with a toss of her head, are always bursting; whilst hers may be worn by the most sensitive with the most perfect ease and freedom."

Whilst the author protests against the dame's swagger, and allows that it has many and great advantages over those fashioned by the Napoleons and Metternichs of the day; that it is a stupendous manufacture; magnificent as regards material, he at the same time urges that it is of unequal workmanship, and though a shoe that looks marvellously well it is calculated to remind one of the giant Wellingtons, of wondrous polish, wherewith plebeian snobs are wont to decorate their shop-fronts. "Its exterior is without flaw or blemish, viewed from a distance, but it will not bear examination."

Out on a walk with the old lady, on which she led the author through streets and squares where every house was fit for an empress, and in which she curtsied to a lump of bronze—a huge horse and a hooked nosed rider, he gathered this truth:

"That in Britannia's shoe,—as with the Amakosas and Amapondas of Kaffirland—the warrior ranks before the statesmen and the philosopher—the art of wounding receiving more homage than the art of healing. With no wish to depreciate the great services of F. M., the Duke, it simply occurred to us that statesmen were at least as worthy of their country's admiration, as successful generals. However we suppressed our thoughts on the matter, and with depressed spirits trudged onward in the steps of our matronly guide. We presently came up with Britannia in a fine park, where we stayed some time to rest ourselves. With an air of triumph she pointed towards a palace of ugly exterior, built in a hollow; then, as with a fairy's wand, she made the stuccoed walls as transparent as glass—revealing the most sumptuous magnificence. We saw men and women imbedded in their wealth—literally buried in jewels and gold and costliest clothes: and we beheld galleries brilliantly lighted and furnished, as Britannia's playhouse managers have it, regardless of expense. We were dazzled by this display, and in our abstraction showed our weakness, by muttering within the hearing of Britannia. Magnificent!"

For the contrast:

"We had been watching some thousands of crouching creatures stalking in the narrow

by-ways of a less merry part of the city, when the dame addressed us, and we had not paid due attention to her words; and when she noticed our abstraction, and more particularly the objects of our scrutiny, she became uneasy, and sought again to direct our attention to the palaces in the west."

The old lady never had such a rating as on this occasion—a severe castigation intermixed with some of the sagest advice on the general subject of shoes, blacking and polish. As our readers, stout and numberless as they are, would not be likely to survive any more, we will conclude therewith:

"You must not give them up to men who don't know how to polish them. Each shoe must be allowed to appoint its own 'boots.' Your Canadian, Cape, Port, Natal, and Australian shoes must be well made and well polished—that they may be both creditable and comfortable to the wearers. As it is, they are untidy, neglected places, where men repair as gamblers, and whence they generally return as soon as possible, large gainers. Madam, believe us, it is not by casting your most depraved, and your most wretched children upon luxuriant lands, without guidance and without help, that you will rear abroad families as great as that which remains at home. As the Greeks did of old so must you be prepared to do. You must depart to your immense territories, organize colonies comprehending all the elements of your home society. In Australia, in Canadian backwoods, and in New Zealand, the intellectual vigor as well as the iron muscle of your children are wanted. At present emigration is regarded by your children as the desperate alternative of starving men; whereas, if promoted in a spirit worthy of your name, it would be looked upon as the wholesome result of that indomitable spirit of enterprise said to be the characteristic of your race. Many among your well-fed children declare emigration to be an unnecessary and unconstitutional means of relieving your crowded family; besides, they, say, no Englishman will leave his country while he can keep body and soul in her; and an Irishman would rather exist in Ireland on potatoes than in exile on the daintiest food. And we believe, to a certain extent, that this is the feeling of your children: but pray, recollect that this love of motherland and averseness to seek abroad the comforts denied at home, is the result of colonial mis-government. The colonial subject should be in all respects the equal of the subject resident in England. If it be your wish (as it is that of every sensible person) that the tide of emigration flow copiously to your distant and empty shoes, you must so regulate and furnish them that they may give to your children who repair to them all the political advantages of the shoe from

which they have emigrated. But so long as your distant shoes are at the mercy of 'boots' who have never seen them, but who, ensconced in Downing-street, give ignorant orders respecting them, so long will your children of substance turn a mistrustful eye towards colonial shoes, and carefully buttoning their pockets, remain content with the three per cents. You would do well to treat your colonial family as independent, rather than dependent children. Give them full freedom to make the best of their natural resources, and cease to leave them at the mercy of theorists at home. Your boy, Stanley, gets into your Colonial-office, and forthwith proceeds to test the soundness of his theories at the expense of New South Wales, when presently he is ousted by Grey, who does not happen to think with his predecessor, and so countermands his orders. This system must no longer be practised. It appears to us, in fact, that your expensive colonial office might be partially done away with if you were prepared to give up all interference in your colonial shoes, except in any case where the constitution of either country was threatened. Why not allow your colonies to be entirely self-governing, reserving to yourself (that is to say, to Parliament) the right of interfering if a colonial legislature pass any measure infringing upon the principles of your common constitution? Why not adopt the system of representing yourself in the person of a consul or ambassador, directing your colonies to send their respective representatives to their mother country? Treat your colonial children as men, not as so many puppets made to move at your beck. Give them a fair independence, and you will give them energy: make them self-supporting, and you do justice to your children at home. You cannot in fairness to those who remain with you burden them with an annual payment of four millions of money. If you are prepared to treat your colonial children as becomes a mother, you may make an annual saving of three millions sterling, and for the next ten years you might with advantage, both to your colonial and home families spend two millions annually of the money saved in the promotion of a system of colonization founded on sound, and economic principles."

"Treat them as becomes a mother! How you talk;" remonstrated Lady Britannia.

"Madam," we answered apologetically, "we do not accuse you of wilful cruelty, but we certainly do hold you guilty of persevering in a policy dictated in a spirit of feudalism, and adhered to with remorseless severity. Will no examples warn you from your perilous course? Can you calmly contemplate the mutual animosity of your children? Can you contentedly look forward to the day when your children in

your Canadian, Cape, and Australian shoes, will struggle to rid themselves of your maternal rule; for, believe us, if you do not train yourself to treat your adult children as equals, they will rebel and disown their mother. Taught by the high spirited example of that poor child, you must confess, you ill-treated sorely, they will disown you, and assert their perfect independence of your rule. If you are prepared to persevere doggedly in your present course, we would warn you to be also prepared for a decay and an old age of sorrow and loneliness. You have now the richest family and the finest shoes in the world; and while you loudly vaunt your pre-eminence, learn to act so that you may not forfeit that which is your boast. Your shoes include an area of between 4,000, 000 and 5,000,000 of square miles, independent of your own insular shoe; and on this vast expanse lie scattered the scanty population of 5,000,000 of people; whereas in your own home, which is scarcely 40,000 square miles in extent, you jam some 28,000,000 of souls. Does not your own sense tell you that this unequal distribution of your family, is preposterous and absurd! Well, on these colonial shoes, you expend annually upwards of £4,000,000 sterling, while your exports to them average but £9,000,000 sterling. Is this fact evidence of sound statesmanship?"

Bizarre among the New Books.

NIGHT WATCHES, OR THE PEACE OF THE CROSS—BY E. L.

—This collection of sacred lyrics, evinces poetic talent of extraordinary character. For sweetness of diction, beauty of verse, terseness of thought, and exuberance of fancy, they are little behind, if not equal to, the most admired pieces of Keble. A vein of quiet pathos is detected throughout. Among the gems of the volume we notice "Flower Thoughts," "The Pastor's Blessing," "St. Peter's Bells," "The Mourner," "Why am I Sick?" &c. A striking feature of the book is the unique and novel application of Scripture passages to particular subjects. Many verses are thus transfigured into sparkling jewels. The estimable and learned Rector of St. James' Church tells us in the neat introduction with which he presents the work to the favorable notice of the public that "these poems were written during the progress of a nervous disease so distressing in its symptoms that the maintenance of a connected train of thought seemed wonderful, and its expression in writing a physical impossibility." We cordially commend these productions of a young and gifted female sufferer to the notice and regard of the literary public. The work is published by Hazard of our city.

HARRY MUIR.

—This is a story of a Scottish life of decided power and interest; one which portrays in striking relief the weakness of man, and the gentle, tender devotion of woman. We see much to commend in a novel when it carries with it so good a moral as does, "Harry Muir." Young men who are coming into the world may then read it, and pause at the threshold of sense-gratification even long enough to conclude to turn back. We question whether a work of more power has emanated from Scotia since the days of the Wizard himself. We know the reading of it sent the old-fashioned thrill through us. The author unquestionably demands a high position among her sister novelists; indeed, taking the average of Miss Bronte, from "Jane Eyre" to "Vilette," she is in no way inferior to that successful writer.

NICK OF THE WOODS.

—A new and very beautiful edition of this story has just been published by Redfield, of New York. The author, we presume, has now but little time, and less inclination, to devote himself to novel-writing; being, as is known, the editor of the "North American" newspaper, and the mouth-piece of a political party, whose principles require an immense deal of labor and talent to define and sustain. He can, however, beguile an hour or so, now and then, by trimming up old works, and sending them forth with fresh-washed faces and new coats and pantaloons. The novels of Dr. Bird are all of a high order. It is a pity that he ever abandoned the field of literature. If the truth were known, we doubt not he would gladly say adieu to the fetid atmosphere of partizanship in which he is now immersed; for such an atmosphere must be wholly uncongenial to him; while it is plainly one in which he was never made to shine.

PETER FLODDY.

—Messrs. Getz, Buck & Co. have got out a neat edition of this work which embraces a number of the best sketches of the late lamented Joseph C. Neal. The embellishments in the volume are numerous and well executed; indeed, the *ensemble* of the regenerated Ploddy is of the most attractive character. Neal, in his peculiar style as a writer, stands alone. His works, will, we think, grow more and more valuable the older they grow. They contain not merely the excitements for laughter; but also food for profitable reflection. They are, indeed, as was their brilliant author—we knew him well—the drollest compound of humor and philosophy, fun and earnest, imaginable.

BRASS FOUNDER'S GUIDE.

—A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, has just published a very useful little work with this title. It is from the pen of James Larkin, conductor of the Brass Foundry department in the Penn Works of this city, and is designed to furnish a concise treatise of the art of Brass Founding, Moulding, &c., with practical Rules, Tables, and Receipts for Gold, Silver, Tin and Copper Founding, Plumbers, Bronze and Bell-founders, Jewellers, &c.

THE MONARCHIST.

—We presented an extract from this spirited American novel while it was passing through the press of Mr. A. Hart of our city; and, doubtless, much to the gratification of our readers. Mr. J. B. Jones, the author, has reason to feel proud of the "Monarchist." It is truly one of the best revolutionary stories we have read for many a day. The public like it too; for one edition is already exhausted, and another will shortly be issued. Mr. Jones has a fine reputation as a romance writer. He gathers it, too, from a large number of works, among which his "Wild Western Scenes" stand prominent. He enters into a subject like the revolution, quite *con amore*. The characters in the "Monarchist" are all realities of the "times that tried men's souls," and not creatures of the fancy. In other words, they flourished in Virginia, where the scene is laid.

A STRAY YANKEE IN TEXAS.

—This work is made up of a variety of sketches, some of which have appeared in newspapers and other "ephemeralitys." They are of the Davy Crockett school, and we confess not entirely according to refined taste. That they possess humor, and that the author is a right comical chap, no one can for a moment deny. He writes, too, after a fashion highly popular with the rather unscrupulous million, and hence his works must sell. Redfield, of New York is the publisher.

ELEMENTS OF THE LAWS.

—This is a work just published by Lippincott, Grambo and Co. of our city, and embraces elements or outlines of the system of civil and criminal laws now in force throughout the United States. The author is Thomas L. Smith, late one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana. Legal rights and privileges in all parts of the Union may be gathered from the volume. It has been introduced into the public schools of Indiana.

UNNOTICED BOOKS.

—The following new books are on our table awaiting notice:—From the Harpers, New York, De Beauchene's "History of the Dauphin of France;" "Ellen Linn," a Franconian

Story, by J. Abbott; "Coleridge's Works," third and fourth volumes; "Yusef, a Crusade in the East," by J. Ross Browne. From Crosby, Nichols, & Co., Boston—"Reason and Faith, and Essays," by Rogers. From Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston,— "Lectures on Life and Health," by Alcott.

Literary and Scientific Gossip.

—The April number of "Harper" is capital. A work so admirably sustained as is this magazine, well deserves the brilliant favor which it receives.

—The "American Law Register" for April, has just been issued by the publishers, D. B. Canfield & Co., No. 9 Mercantile Library Building. It is filled with valuable decisions, as well as much other material calculated to attract the attention of legal gentlemen. The publishers are full of enterprise, and have our best wishes for success.

—Mr. Thackeray has finished his Southern tour, and has announced his speedy return to England. It is not unlikely that he will pay us a second visit before many years have rolled away.

—Rev. J. H. Ingraham, author of "Robert Kyd," and other blood-and-thunder novels, originally printed ten or twelve years ago, in a letter to the "Churchman" disclaims all share in their recent republication.

Professor Ingraham is now an Episcopal clergyman, and may well be ashamed of such boyish emanations as the works in notice. He has talent, very decided talent, and had he been contented, as a literary man, to rest upon his "South-West, by a Yankee," he would have been saved much annoyance, and the shedding of much ink. The "Home Journal," we note, by the way, makes Prof. I. the author of "Nick of the Woods," a mistake, of course, as Dr. Bird will testify.

—The London "Daily News" states, that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has agreed to allow himself to be put in nomination for the office of Honorary President of the University of Edinburgh. Lord Campbell, Mr. Macaulay, and Mr. D'Israeli had previously declined the honor.

—The Paris *Charivari*, the London *Athenæum* informs us, has been formally excluded from the States of Austria,—laughter being a political offence in the new military codes of the continent—the more dangerous from its vagueness and mobility. The French humorists have not, however, lost much by the bann: for it is reported of them that they had only eleven subscribers in the Austrian empire, and one of these is Francis-Joseph himself.

— The London papers inform us that among the coming auctions of interest to literary men and collectors generally, may be mentioned the sale of the very fine library of Dr. Hawtrey, of Eton, which will shortly come off. Mr. Hawtrey has long been known as a well-read and liberal collector of books, studious about editions and condition of books as well. We presume Mr. Pennington of our city has catalogues of the collection.

— The centenary of the birth of the elder Roscoe was celebrated in Liverpool by a public breakfast. A son of the historian was present, and a paper was read on the style and literary character of the most celebrated of Liverpool authors.

— The English papers announce the death, on the 5th ult., of Mr. Frederick Shoberl, senior, a German by birth, and in conjunction with old Mr. Ackermann, of London, the first to introduce the class of illustrated books called "Annals."

— The London Times says, "It has long been known to physiologists that certain coloring matters administered to animals along with their food, possess the property of entering into the system and tinging the bones. In this way the bones of swine have been tinged purple by madder, and instances are on record of other animals being similarly affected. No attempt, however, was made to turn this beautiful discovery to account until lately, when M. Boulin speculated on what might have been the consequences of administering colored articles of food to silkworms just before spinning their cocoons. His first experiments were conducted with indigo, which he mixed in certain proportions with the mulberry leaves serving the worms for food. The result of this treatment was successful,—he obtained blue cocoons. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red coloring matter capable of being eaten by the silkworms, without injury resulting. He had some difficulty to find such a coloring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia chica*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry leaves, the silkworms consumed the mixture, and produced red-colored silk. In this manner the experimenter, who is still prosecuting his researches, hopes to obtain silk as secreted by the worm of many other colors."

— The London *Athenæum* has notices of Lowell and Reed—two popular American poets. The former it thinks has an "earnest spirit of love," and a "passionate sense of wrong," is "skillful of hand," but "deficient in tone." The "Summer Shower" of the latter, it asserts, contains "graphic music," a "rain measure," &c. The *Athenæum* in the course of its introductory remarks to these notices of Lowell and Reed, talks, and

with reason, of the "foreign tone" which has too much pervaded American poetry heretofore. Now and then, it says, at long intervals, the sound of the "true harp, struck by a mature and skillful hand, did come wafted to us over the Atlantic wave,—but it had for the most part a tone foreign to the scenes in which it played, and fell familiarly on the English ear like a music uttered beside our own streams." It adds: "The causes for this are easily traced,—and resolve themselves, in fact, into so many reasons, explaining why the American muse was foreign-taught. But gradually she has been learning to walk her native hills,—to sit by American rivers, and hang her harp upon American trees to catch the touches of the free western breeze. This has for some time been very observable—though not perhaps in the more eminent American examples—even under the continued existence of some of those fetters which most restrained her home wing. But circumstances are combining for her emancipation: and the prospect before us, under the new law of international copyright, of a rapid growth for America, and a rich harvest in all her fields, attracts attention to this department of our theme when we pass an hour or two with the Poets." We certainly have subjects enough for poetry. Indeed, never did a land offer a history fuller fraught with incidents of romantic caste.

— The large and valuable library of the late Baron Walackenauer is announced for sale in Paris on the 12th of next month, and forty-eight following days.

— A new grave-stone has been recently placed over the grave of Chatterton and his family in the churchyard of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol, (Eng.), on which is the following inscription:

In Memory of

Thomas Chatterton, Schoolmaster, who died
7th August, 1752, aged 39 years.

Also Thomas Newton, Son-in-law of the above,
who died 29th September, 1785, aged
40 years.

Also 2 of his Sons and 1 Daughter.

Also Sarah Chatterton, Widow of the above
Thomas Chatterton, who died 25th
December, 1791, aged 60 years.

Also Mary Newton, Widow of the above Thomas
Newton, who died 23rd February,
1804, aged 53 years.

Also Mary Ann Newton, Spinster, Daughter
of the above Thomas and Mary Newton,
who died 7th September, 1807, aged
24 years.

The old Tombstone having fallen into decay was thus replaced

Anno Domini MDCCCLIII.

SOLTO VERE HARE,

WILLIAM HENRY EDWARDS,

Churchwardens.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

DEAD-HEAD.

—The etymology of this word we do not precisely know. It is one, however, which is applied to those who enjoy the privilege of free tickets to entertainments of all kinds, whether having claim or not to a gratuity of the kind. We understand that the list of dead-heads in our city is so considerable that managers groan at the very thought of its pendorosity; particularly, too, as it is every day growing. Formerly the honor of dead-headism was confined to the press; now, however, it embraces, in addition to these, managers of literary, musical, philosophical and other societies, hotel keepers and their assistants, captains of steamboats, and officials of all kinds, from mayor down to the tip-stave in an alderman's office, hangers-on of the press, or gentlemen outsiders, who now and then are permitted to write an editorial paragraph, &c. When, indeed, one contemplates the length of the dead-head list; when one regards its specialities, item by item, class by class; one is puzzled to know how any money at all, is gathered at theatres and concerts. The receipts are very considerable, however; so much so, that several artistes have already acquired fortunes among us, while others are rapidly following suit. How is this? We reply:—Those who do pay, pay exorbitantly. Two, three, five, and seven dollars have been readily given for a single ticket to a concert; and even now, two dollars are required to hear Madam Sontag, Signor Badiali, and Signor Pozzolini; for when we have mentioned these very superior artistes, we have sounded the whole depths of the present operatic troupe at the National. Two dollars! An amount which supports many a family a week, and by no means meanly either; an amount, to earn which we are obliged to labor for many an hour.

We do think it the duty of the press to aid in abolishing these high prices—they are anti-republican, and degrade us in the very eyes of those for whose benefit we are so anxious to disburse our cash. With few exceptions, the only result is to support the *attachés* and relations of the hard-working performers in a life of inordinate luxury, if not debauchery, and often to supply their reckless losses at the gaming-table. Music, though the sweetest of the gifts of the gods, should not be bought by us, though rich, when its purchase induces so pernicious a license.

On the score of unprecedented attractions, the Sontag troupe cannot claim the exorbitant prices they charge. It contains three or four superior artistes we will allow; among them, of course, the beautiful Countess herself, and Signors Badiali and Pozzolini. But what does

the aggregate amount to, when compared with the late magnificent Havana troupe, who sang for us, with Bosio, Steffanone, Vietti, Salvi, Badiali, Marini, and Beneventano, to say nothing of an orchestra containing Botessini and Arditi, and yet charged only one dollar the ticket?

How are these exorbitant prices to be reformed away? We answer by refusing to pay them. If managers continue to tax such rates, keep away from their shows. It is wrong for citizens who are without the bounds of dead-headery to pay for those who are within them. Let your Prima Donnas sing for a fair price, and look to the *whole* public to sustain them. Make every body pay who goes to an opera or other amusement; editors and all. When any thing is wanted of newspapers, let it be paid for specifically, unless for the entertainment of his readers an editor chooses to notice a performance.

Some editors have told us that they counted themselves under no obligations to managers for tickets: that they gave through their columns more than they received. This may, or may not be the fact. One thing we do know: those gentlemen of the press, who really can do least, always think they can do the most; they hence are most importunate in the demand for free-tickets. So far as "BIZARRE" is concerned it probably has as high a class of readers as any other paper in the city; indeed our lists are made up mainly of educated accomplished people, and especially those who patronize the Opera. What might be done by our pages, hence, to benefit such an entertainment, will be seen at once.

THE OPERA

—The great musical and operatic sensation that prevailed quarter of a century ago in Europe, has been revived in this age, in Philadelphia, and by the same instrument, Madam Sontag. It is difficult for one who saw her during the period first mentioned, to credit his own advance in years, as he now beholds her again at the foot-lights, radiant with beauty, youthfulness and humor. This remarkable preservation of appearance, however, is not more the theme of general observation than the equally wonderful conservation of that voice which, syren-like, enchants all who have once listened to its notes.

It is difficult to make any distinction either in her delightful vocalization, or her superb acting, in any of the operas in which she has now appeared, *La Sonnambula*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, or *Don Pasquale*. Perhaps she looked the most charming as the mendacious little Rosina, but her voice has preserved its uniform freshness and melody throughout the whole series. We were particularly struck with her graceful rendering in

La Figlia di Quando in mezzo, &c.; though, strange to say, it was received without a particle of emotion on the part of the audience.

It is the fashion to abuse the opera of Linda, but in our opinion it abounds with more pretty isolated pieces of music than any other opera we can call to mind. The grand duet is itself sufficient to establish the character of the opera. Nothing could have been more effective, in stage representation, than the scene in which Linda's wandering reason is restored, upon hearing the well-known music of her mountain-home, breathed, too, by Pozzolini with a tender sweetness, that we believe to be unsurpassable. The voice of this tenor, though not powerful, we think is capable of producing a stronger effect upon the feelings than any other we have ever heard. A plaintive tenderness pervades it, that, if united with a sympathetic subject, we think might provoke an audience to tears. The effect is increased, too, by a face of the greatest refinement and beauty. Still, in fancy, we hear the softly swelling strains of his voice.

Il Barbiere drew a tremendous house, and it can't be denied that the public, even the pick of it who attend these operas, prefer a large admixture of stage buffoonery with their music, to pure, unadulterated draughts of melody. *The Barber*, however, is full of capital music, in which is always conspicuous *Una Voce*; in this, as given to us by Madam Sontag, a world of new beauties and hidden meanings were revealed.

The magnificent lyrical drama of *Lucrezia* was repeated a second time, although we think the character little fitted for the sparkling face of our charming prima donna; but, as in *Rosina*, she shone again in all her characteristic *espieglerie* in the part of *Norina* in *Don Pasquale*.

Badiali is a baritone singer, and an actor of established reputation; no fault can be found with him, except that his efforts at acting are too apparent: of course good acting is impossible without effort, but it is always the actor's business to conceal it.

GRANT THORBURN ON AUTOGRAPHS.

—We have received another letter from our old friend Grant Thorburn—extracts from which we give in the following:

"Your very entertaining and very amusing chapter on autographs, in a late '*BIZARRE*,' (Busy-Bee, I think, would sound better,) brought to mind the following incident.—About twenty years ago, I received a letter from a gentleman in Philadelphia, requesting my autograph. I wrote by return of mail the following:

"Sir—Yours of the 10th is at hand. If you are a bachelor, and your circumstances easy, pay over to a poor widow, having two young

orphans, two dollars—a dollar on your account by way of remembrance—that when you ask a favor by letter, you may be sure to *pay postage*; and a dollar on my account for reminding thee of thy duty. No doubt the recording angel will give us the proper credit. Yours,

[No name.]

"P. S. As soon as informed of your compliance with my request, I will comply with thine."

"In a few days I received an answer full of apologies. He had done as he was told. He requested a *sentiment* over my name: said he was a bachelor of thirty, and rich. I gave him a sentiment from brother Paul's letter to the Hebrews, viz: 'marriage is honorable in all,' and added, it is cheaper to live with an honest wife, than to buy play tickets, and sit staring at some French or Italian *Nymph de Pave*, with a frock of about the same longitude as that she wore when in her twelfth year. He wrote me a few months thereafter that he was married, and found it more profitable, more comfortable, and more honorable to walk with a wife than to sit in a theatre."

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR, &c.

—A Sketch of Mr. Waterman, a member of the Philadelphia Select Council, appeared a short time since in the Sunday Mercury. It does justice to the subject in all points,—a very worthy gentleman, and one to whom we are indebted for much kindness. Long may he flourish.

NEW YORK EXHIBITION

—The Chrystal Palace will, it is said, not be ready for an opening until June next. Prince Albert is among the contributors of works of art. The portraits of Victoria, himself, and of the late Duke of Wellington, forming the picture painted by Winterhalter, is his contribution. We learn also, that the Baron Marochetti has completed a colossal equestrian statue of General Washington, which is about to be embarked for the exhibition. Mr. Carow has executed a colossal statue of the late Daniel Webster, for the same place. It represents the American statesman in the act of addressing the Senate. The State of Missouri has appropriated \$4,000 for its proper representation at the opening of the exhibition; and Congress on the 26th of February last, voted \$20,000 to defray the expenses of the Turkish steam frigate during her visit to the New York World's Fair.

LETTERS FROM GEORGIA.

—We are promised a series of letters, embracing incidents of travel in Georgia and other Southern States, wherein certain matters will be treated of, which cannot fail to interest our readers.

"REMARK, REMARK, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Fergusson*.

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853.

MOTHERWELL AND HIS POETRY.

William Motherwell was born in the city of Glasgow, in the year 1797. At an early age he entered upon the study of law, and so rapid was his progress, such the stability of his character, and so great was the confidence reposed in him, that he was, when only twenty-one years old, appointed to fill the office of deputy to the sheriff of Paisley, at that time a highly respectable situation. His love for poetry would not, however, suffer him thus to devote his attention exclusively to the pursuit of a science which is at once arduous and almost entirely practical. The gay queen of fancy and of art, had marked him for one of her most willing and happy subjects—and now claimed his allegiance. A taste for poetry he had early evinced, and he accordingly engaged in a calling more congenial to his disposition than the present one which he was then pursuing. In 1819 we find him editing a miscellany, known as the "Harp of Renfrewshire," which all agree in representing as having been conducted with much taste and judgment. A relish for antiquarian research led him to investigate the subject of ballad poetry in Scotland, and the happy result of these labors he has given us in two volumes, entitled "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." The field was new, the task adapted to his capacities, and the harvest plentiful. With careful hand he has culled the choicest fruits, rescuing from oblivion many noble ballads, which, handed down from sire to son, existed only in the memories of the oldest inhabitants—songs which told of that bold spirit which the sons of Caledonia have ever delighted to cherish—legends which will forever commemorate the spots and personages of whom they treat. This was certainly a valuable addition to Scottish literature. Some of these, although grotesque in style and singularly original in conception, are deeply interesting, because thoroughly imbued with the character and feelings of the times in which they appeared. The introduction to these volumes has been highly esteemed, and justly pronounced of a distinguished nature; both on account of the purity of style, and the suggestions contained, which must ever prove a directory to every one who anticipates

laboring in a similar field. He was subsequently engaged in editing a weekly journal and magazine in Paisley, to which he contributed many of his finest pieces. But we now find him entering upon a more extended field of influence, displaying his talents in a more remarkable manner, and that under circumstances at once exciting and trying. In 1830, he was invited to accept the editor's chair of the "Glasgow Courier," "a journal of long standing, of respectable circulation, and of the ultra tory school of politics."—His pen, so long used to converse only of the beautiful, was now called upon to engage in graver matters. The fever of party politics raged high in the veins of society, and, as a prominent member and exponent of his party, he was bound openly to sustain and defend his views. Admirably did he discharge this responsibility, entering upon his new avocation with zeal and power. Such was the sincerity of his actions, and the generosity of his intercourse with his fellows, that even from those opposed to him, he elicited spontaneous tributes of personal regard, and esteem for his talents. Five years did he fulfil the duties of the station to the entire satisfaction of all. But the shaft of the Destroyer was already fitted to the bow, and he was soon to leave his earthly avocations. The account of his last moments is, briefly, as follows: Accompanied by a friend, in November, 1835, he had been dining in the country near Glasgow; and on his return home, feeling indisposed, he retired to his room at an early hour. Waking a few hours after, he complained of a pain in the head, which increased to so alarming an extent, that he was rendered completely speechless. Medical assistance proved of no avail. The apoplectic stroke had fallen, and the curtain descended over the life and fortunes of Wm. Motherwell. One universal feeling of sympathy pervaded the breasts of all the members of the community in which he lived, when the news of the unexpected and premature decease of the able writer and accomplished poet reached their ears. The good and the great, the learned and the peasant—persons of every shade of political sentiment, all united in paying their willing tributes to his memory, and in accompanying his remains to their last long home in the Necropolis of Glasgow. The place of his sepulture is described as well fitted for the grave of a poet. Bold masses of rocks, covered with moss, and crowned with shrubbery, rise around it. Below, the broken ground, richly wooded, with its monumental columns scattered here and there, slopes gently downward to the edge of a beautiful lake, whose waters are forever rippling in sweet accents along the shore. The wild-wood tree gracefully overspreads his tomb, the native flower

blooms around his grave, while the plaintive carol of the forest songster is ever heard mingling with the gentle sighs of the winds, and the murmurs of the lake. Thus the poet calmly sleeps upon the soil which his own verses have hallowed, surrounded with all that his soul loved and admired—the beauties of nature.

"The dead cannot grieve.

Oh! sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear:
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here."

Motherwell was emphatically the poet of feeling. As such he spoke, wrote and acted. He communed from the secret workings of his own bosom, and presented every emotion with such freshness, such simplicity, such fervency, that it immediately lodged in the mind of the hearer, winning his admiration, while it secured his sympathy. The measure is entirely free from constraint, and adapted to the thought. The idea itself is chaste, the language consistent, and the verse harmonious. Few poets understood so well how to vary his theme and style, proving himself equally at home whether he sang of love, or the storms of battle, of the prattle of the rivulet or the roar of ocean; and few are the hearts that are as susceptible as his was to the finer emotions, tenderer passions and purer feelings of the soul. At one time his strains fall upon the ear like the plaintive and pensive notes of an æolian harp, finely strung and played upon by the mild vespers of evening; again they cause the manly spirit to leap with pride at the recital of some ballad of stirring tone; and again in notes of love, they warm the heart into a pure flame of affection.

He was also a national poet. Scotland was his home—her honor his heritage,—her beauties, her enjoyments, her prowess, his themes. Like Burns, he seeks no other fame than the honor of having sung her praises, commemorated her brave deeds, and wreathed garlands of poesy around her natural objects and scenes. There is no mystery, no love for the marvelous, no search after strange passions, artificial emotions and foreign glories: but all is just as a son would give vent to an expression of his sincere regard for the memory of his mother-land, and sing in tenderest lines of her loveliness. In the "Battle Flag of Sigurd," we find an example of his bolder and more heroic strains. It has been aptly remarked, that the notes here are not those of a soft lute, from silken string or silver wire, but are tones wrung from one of the Norseman's own rude harps, sinew-strung, whose measures are marked by the sword-struck shield, and whose pauses are filled by the shout of the warriors or the roar of the keel-cleft wave. The poem commences thus:

"The eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land!
Again their long keels sheer the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again, the reckless and the brave,
Ride lords of weltering seas."

As it proceeds, we mark a nervous energy appearing in every line, a reckless daring characterizing this adventurous land, an impetuosity which nerves the aim of every Sociald, and infuses an uncommon vehemence into his voice and action, as in view of the approaching contest he eagerly inquires,

"Who shoreward, [through the swelling surge,
Shall bear the scroll of doom?"

Young Harald, silent and self-devoted, stood leaning upon his gleaming axe. His fearless soul was preparing for the post, and it wavered not in the trying hour. Lifting his giant form, planting his foot firmly upon the prow of his dashing bark, and tossing back the "yellow storm of hair" which gathered thickly upon his broad brow,

"The lips of song burst open, and
The words of fire rush out,
And thundering through that martial crew
Pealed Harald's battle shout."

Seldom is it that we find the stern picture of a warrior so powerfully presented. We can hear young Harald's voice mingling with, and rising superior to the dashing waves; see his proud form as it stands exultingly forth, and feel the pulsations of that heart which beats with undiminished courage despite the death-rune and the presaged downfall. Follow that fleet as nearer and nearer it bears down to the shore. At length upon those low-lying fields, hear the defying shout and the clash of steel. See young Harald, how he wields his ponderous axe, dealing death at every blow, and at last falls beside that fatal scroll which he had sworn to defend. This poem is consonant from beginning to end, and Scandinavian in all its features. The doctrine of relentless fate is advanced, its potent influence exemplified, and a character produced, which cares neither for the hazards of battle nor impending death. His arm is still powerful, and while across that gory field of strife, the "Shadowy Three" like meteors passed, while they sung the war deeds of his sires and pointed also to their tombs. While in that trying hour his heart turned to his betrothed Brynhilda, who soon in vain will wring her milk-white hands above the salt-sea foam, still high amid the flashing storm he rears the flag of doom,

"Till fell the young Harald, as of old fell his sires
And the bright hall of heroes, bade hall to his spirit."

This piece is remarkably consistent. It un-

folds the influence of mythology, presents us with a complete triumph of unflinching valor over the severest of all trials, the doom of fate. How exultingly does the hero in the "Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi," grasp his trusty weapon, and pointing east, west, north and south, exclaim, "there am I Lord!" In the "Woeful song of Jail Egill Skallagrim," we find no sickly sentimentality. The Scandinavian Sea King comes not with unmeaning blushes and flattering tongue, with puling compliments and senseless flattery, but in the true manly spirit of the Norse Warrior, he speaks the real virtue of her whom he would wed, and thus seeks her hand,

"Tis a Vikingir asks thee,
Land maklen, to wed:
He seeks not to woo thee
In trembling and fear:
* * * * *
The cradle he rocked in
So sound and so long,
Hath framed him a heart
And a hand that are strong.
He comes, then, as Jall should,
Sword belted to aide,
To win thee, and wear thee,
With glory and pride."

These and other pieces of a similar character, are remarkable for their propriety of language, and the nice attention paid to the peculiar circumstances of time, place, and personage. The distinctive features of national character are clearly and forcibly embodied; so that in the perusal of them, we at once see the bold, fearless, and steel clad warrior in every line. The words are his, the manner, that of one who bears life and honor in his hand, the deeds such as he would perform, who is jealous for the glory of his race, and the distinction of that profession of which he is a member. Jeanie Morrison has justly been regarded as one of the most touching effusions of the Scottish muse. We have here presented an instance of ardent and lasting devotion, of melting tenderness, and of the warmest love which the human breast is capable of cherishing. The gentle attachment of childhood is seen mildly, yet firmly ripening into the constant affection of riper years. The pleasures of that morning life, and morning love, of those long and joyous days,

"When hinned hopes around their hearts,
Like summer blossoms spring."

The thousand objects which charm the eye of the innocent child, the flowers blooming in sweetness around, the rustle of the summer leaves in the grove, the playing of the waters in the brook, the mirth and freedom of the Saturday holiday, are all beautifully described while over them all is thrown a veil of love, a unity of heart and affection, which renders the entire scene one of the most exquisite love-

liness and attractiveness. When these two fair friends are parted, the tenderness of the feelings they express, of the reminiscences upon which they delight to dwell, and the professions of esteem for each other, are so earnest and affectionate, that you might well conceive that their hearts were united by some golden chain, whose links were wrought in Heaven. Yes, with them, separation causes no diminution of the most sincere regard.

"The fount that first burst free this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it runs,
The love o' life's young day."

Truly in view of this picture, we may unhesitatingly adopt the language of Schiller, "Seas and hills, and horizons are between us, but souls escape from their clay prisons and meet in the paradise of love." In connection with Jeanie Morrison, we may appropriately introduce another of Motherwell's pathetic effusions, which appeal to the heart of every reader in strains so touching, that the effect is irresistible and overpowering. If he had penned no other lines than those contained in "My heid is like to rend Willie," he would have distinguished himself as a true Poet, and enshrined his memory as well in the bosom of the Scottish peasant, as in the affections of all who are capable of appreciating expressions of the tenderest love. Few readers can even now calmly consider these lines and mark their excellencies, without weeping. There is in every sentence such an abundant flow of true feeling, so much of refined sensibility, such an outgushing of emotions of the purest character, such a knitting of heart to heart by the most delicate and yet the most powerful chords of love, that his breast must indeed be stony which beats not in sympathy with that heaving bosom: his eye must surely be dry, which weeps not at the warm tears that are coursing down that pallid cheek. It is a pleasant and agreeable thought, that love like this, exists on earth, as is here represented, and that we have Poets who are able to embody the same in such appropriate terms. Isolated passages will convey no adequate conception of the harmony and excellence of the poem, yet we cannot forbear extracting the following lines, which may be regarded as a specimen of the tender strain in which the whole is composed.

"A stoun gaes through my heid Willie,
A sair stoun through my heart—
O! haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow, ere we twa part!
Anither, and anither yet!
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! Through yon kirk-yard
Step lightly for my sake.

* * * * *
But O! remember me Willie,
On land wher'er ye be.

And O! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit aye but thee!
And O! think on the cauld, cauld moals,
That file my yellow hair;
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sail kiss mair!"

Can any thing be more touching than this scene of parting? Let him who cavils with this world as a home for man devoid of life, love, and affection, read this poem and learn, that he need seek no Utopian realm to find the heart in the happy exercise of those noble and pure sensibilities which the God of all has so kindly implanted within us.

Who that has perused the "Madman's love," has not felt a chill of horror creep through his veins at the delineation therein presented, of those fearful notions, unnatural desires, and imaginings, which plainly and mournfully indicate that reason, that faculty which characterizes man as the noblest of all sublunary beings, has forever taken flight and left but a wreck behind of all that was harmonious, a chaos of clouds and darkness, where once smiled peace and joy. How vivid the poetic portrayal of the "Demon Lady," with that passionless hand, whiter than the foam of the sea, and like the finger of death falling upon the heart of the living "dull, clammy and cold." Motherwell's descriptive powers are certainly as superior as his imaginative. Take for example, his "Sabbath Summer Noon." Here we find combined both grace of diction, deep toned melody of verse, and high devotional feeling. Beautifully indeed are the calmness of this noon tide hour, and the sacred silence of earth and all created beings delineated, as they then unite in "felt but voiceless prayer." In "Midnight and Moonshine," vividly is pictured forth the heavenly influence of the season. The pale moon, "journeying high in mid air on seraphic wing," the melody of the brook far down the dell, the weary soldier slumbering away his battle toils, the sleeplocked city, the echoless hall, the long shadows chasing each other over the fields, the disembodied spirits with pale, cold and mournful faces wandering by old walls, by ancient tomb and wizard oak, and above all, the unseen arm of the Almighty, protecting a defenceless world, are all presented with so much power, that we can feel ourselves surrounded on every side by their influence.

There is no feigned cry, but the genuine groan of a deeply wounded spirit that we hear in "O, agony, keen agony." The afflicted soul knows its depths, and responds to its sentiments. Who has not felt the truth of the thoughts embodied in "Mournfully! O, mournfully this midnight wind doth sigh." Yes it is then that each breath stirs some cord of memory, awakens the remembrance of departed friends, of neglected opportunities, of hopes that "bloomed to die." In "What

is Glory," and "What is Fame," we see exemplified those, who with disappointed ambition, try to buoy themselves up by depreciating that which they most of all covet. How does the heart fail, and the spirits pall before the chilling view which the Poet has given of "The darkness of a nameless tomb." In truly poetic and affecting language, has he depicted the march of time, in "Change sweepeth over all." The leaves fall from the tall forest tree, day hurries to its close, the firmamental cresset lights droop on their thrones, dumb creatures graze over the ruins of ancient cities, and the sky-searching tower is levelled with the plain from whence it arose, "oceans their wide-stretched beds are ever shifting," the man of renown dies, and his name lies in dim forgetfulness.

"Naught lacketh here a close,
Save human woes.
Yet, they too have an end,—
Death is man's friend:
Doomed for awhile, his heart must go on breaking
Day after day,
But light, love, life—all, all at last forsaking,
Clay claspeth clay."

While the lingering tones of these and other strains of a similar character are still falling sadly upon the ear, the poet, as if unwilling that the mind should long dwell upon subjects so sad, suddenly enchains the attention with happier scenes, causing the eye to kindle, and the spirits to flow joyfully at the pleasant picture presented in "They come, the merry Summer months,"—touching the lively cords in the bosom of the young maiden, by his professions of love in "Certain pleasant verses to the lady of my heart," or amusing the fancy by his "Facts from Fairy-land." The effects produced by such changes of scenery and combination, is truly agreeable, and we may thus in his productions, find a verification of that well-known sentence of the distinguished Roman, "Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci."

It is needless to dwell longer upon the attractions of Motherwell's poetry, or to attempt a recital of its beauties. His works, to be appreciated, should only be perused, and then their excellencies will be the more apparent, the more carefully they are examined. Fine gold is never dimmed by age, nor does the diamond ever lose its lustre.

Upon the desk of the Poet, just after his death, a touching piece was found. It appeared to have been recently composed, and commenced thus:

"When I beneath the cold-red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory steeping
Of heretofore!"

Doubtless in this, his last poem, he had been communing with the past, and looking anxiously towards the future. No wonder then, that as his eye rested upon that great event, which is to call the living from time into eternity, that the interesting question should have presented itself—whether his memory would be cherished by his friends, and he, rescued from the “Darkness of a nameless tomb.” Were not that ear now dull and heavy, it would hear the willing praises of many, and find that his fame was not confined within that grave in the Necropolis of Glasgow, but was spoken in far distant climes. Yes, his name is linked with the honor of Scotland, and is associated with all those scenes and characters upon which his pen delighted to dwell. The lovers of poetry will ever esteem it a privilege to pay their homage at his tomb, and that sacred spot will be blessed with the smiles of her whose beauties he lived to commemorate.

THE SUCCESSFUL FORGERY.

PART FIRST.

Works upon Shakspeare have multiplied to so great an extent, that a library might almost be formed of these alone. Their variety extends from *Boydell's Illustrations*, or *Drake's* large volumes, to the humblest selection of “*Shakspearian Maxims*,” or “*Beauties of Shakspeare*.” Every thing relating to the immortal bard is received with interest: and we need not wonder at the number of authors who have sought to gain money or fame by bringing forth all their available materials to swell the collection. We have thought that an entertaining article for “*Bizarre*” might be written on this fertile subject, by giving an account of one of the most remarkable literary forgeries ever executed: we refer to *IRELAND'S SHAKSPEARE PAPERS*.

William Henry Ireland was, in very early life, articulated to a practitioner of the law in London. His father was a most ardent and enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare; and the son imbibed a similar veneration for every thing that bore a reference to the great bard. He was also a lover of antiquities of every kind, particularly old books, rare pamphlets, tracts, &c. The fate of Chatterton interested young Ireland to such a degree, that he even ardently desired to terminate his existence in a similar manner! About six months previous to his attempting the Shaksperian papers, and before he had even thought of such a project, he bought a small tract, written by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, and dedicated by him to Queen Elizabeth. It was bound in vellum, with various ornaments, and the borders of the pages were beautifully illuminated. He

immediately determined to make it appear to be the presentation copy from the author; and for this purpose he wrote a letter to Her Majesty, requesting her acceptance of the book, and placed it between the cover and the inside paper. Before giving this to his father, he took it to a Mr. Laurie, a bookseller, and showed it to him, in the presence of two journeymen; confessing the intended imposition. One of these men gave him a mixture, resembling old ink much more nearly than that he had used; and with this composition the manuscripts were afterwards written. Mr. Ireland received the book without a doubt with regard to its authenticity.

After a tour through Warwickshire, this gentleman returned with, if possible, a still stronger predilection for every thing connected with Shakspeare: and he frequently asserted that he would gladly give half his library for his signature. This coveted treasure his son attempted to find, by frequenting the stalls of venders of old parchments, and by searching old deeds to which he had access. Not being successful, the idea occurred to him of attempting an imitation of Shakspear's writing. In accordance with this design, he carefully traced the name from the will in the Commons, and placing a deed before him of the time of James I. he proceeded to imitate its penmanship. He then wrote a lease between William Shakspeare and John Heminge, with one Michael Frazer and Elizabeth, his wife. The preparation of the seals to this document, was a work of much care and thought, as they had to be formed from old wax. At last every thing was complete, and the reception of the paper by his father equalled his most sanguine anticipations. To evince his gratitude for the same, Mr. Ireland gave the keys of his library into his son's hand, with permission to select whatever he pleased. Crowds flocked to inspect this wonderful deed, and all believed its genuineness; suggesting at the same time, that perhaps other papers might be found, by further investigation. These hints determined the young forger to produce a document written in the language of Shakspeare; and he forthwith produced a “*Profession of Faith*,” penned by the immortal poet! We will quote the first sentence from this paper, that our readers may have an idea of its style:

“I beyng nowe offe sounde Minde doe hope thatte thys mye wyshe wille atte mye deathe bee accceeded toe as I nowelyve in Londonne ande as mye soule maye perchance soone quitte thys poore Bodye it is mye desyre thatte inne suche case I maye bee carryed toe mye natyve place and thatte mye Bodye bee there quyetlye interred wythe as lyttle pompe as canne bee, ande I doe nowe inne these mye seyriouse moments make thys mye professione of fayth and which I doe moste solemnylye believe.”

After the production of this manuscript, many questions were naturally asked regarding the source whence these papers had been drawn; and it became absolutely necessary to compose a story for the satisfaction of these inquiries.

The following narrative was framed and invariably related to all who questioned Mr. Ireland as to the origin of the manuscripts. He informed them that he one day met a gentleman at a coffee-house, who, during the conversation, perceiving his antiquarian taste, invited him to visit him; saying that he had many old papers, descended from his ancestors; and promised to give Mr. Ireland any of these he might find of value. The latter complied with this kind invitation; and on examining the papers, to his great astonishment discovered the deed before mentioned. He showed it to his friend, who was equally surprised at the existence of such a document; but said that he would be as good as his word and allow young Ireland to keep the deed, if he would first make him a copy of it. As the manuscripts became voluminous, it was thought very strange that any man should give away such treasures. In order to account for this, it was stated that Mr. Ireland found among his friend's papers, one which established his right to a property which had long been disputed; and on this account he considered the Shaksperian manuscripts only a proper compensation for the service thus rendered. The name of this mysterious friend was of course anxiously sought for; and another lie was invented, to the effect that the old gentleman did not wish to be troubled by inquiries and impertinent questions, and had enjoined perfect secrecy on Mr. Ireland. Drs. Wharton and Parr were among those who at first credited these manuscripts, and their opinion could not fail to excite the vanity of a lad scarcely seventeen and a half years old. It is also stated that James Boswell, Esq., kissed the valuable relics, and said that "he should die contented since he had lived to witness that day!" Happy would it have been for young Ireland had his forgery been at once discovered; for the success he met with only incited him to further acts of duplicity.

He purchased the fly-leaves of old folio and quarto volumes from a bookseller, for five shillings. Having ascertained that a "jug" was a common water mark, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he produced succeeding manuscripts on paper with this mark. His next attempts were, a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Shakspeare, a copy of a letter sent by the poet to Lord Southampton, and a love letter and verses to Anne Hathaway, with a braid of his hair. Numerous play-house receipts were also brought forward, tied with string unravelled from a piece of

old tapestry. A bold effort was then determined upon: which was the re-writing of one of Shakspeare's plays, with alterations. He transcribed King Lear from a rare quarto copy in the possession of his father, and made various interpolations; avoiding also the insertion of the ribaldry so frequent in Shakspeare's works. It was immediately conceded that these objectionable passages must have been introduced by the players of the day, and being inserted in their copies, were afterwards given to the world. About this time the whole deception might readily have been exposed, for a Mr. Montague Talbot, an acquaintance of Ireland's, became accidentally informed of the true state of affairs. He had suspected the facts from various reasons; but one day he entered the room quietly, and suddenly arrested Mr. Ireland's arm while engaged in writing one of the manuscripts, so that further concealment was impossible. He was, therefore, taken into his confidence, and induced to pledge himself never to divulge the truth. Mr. Talbot even went so far as to write a letter to Mr. Samuel Ireland, stating that he was present on the discovery of the papers by his son.

"VORTIGERN AND ROWENA," a drama of unusual length was next written, and purchased by the managers of Drury Lane Theatre. After having perused it, Mr. Sheridan remarked, "There are certainly some bold ideas, but they are crude and undigested. It is very odd: one would be led to think that Shakspeare must have been very young when he wrote the play. As to the doubting whether it is really his or not, who can possibly look at the papers and not believe them ancient?" For some weeks previous to the performance, Mr. Malone had frequently intimated that his inquiry into the validity of the papers attributed to Shakspeare, would immediately be published; and it was said that he intended to have handbills circulated, proving the whole a forgery. Mr. Samuel Ireland had some cards printed, begging the public to lay aside all prejudice, and suffer the piece to speak for itself. The theatre was crowded in every part; the seats in the boxes having been all taken previously, and numbers paid box prices for a seat in the pit. Mr. Kemble personated "Vortigern," and Mrs. Jordan was one of the *dramatis personæ*. Mrs. Siddons was requested to take one of the characters, but declined on account of a cold. There were various obstacles which combined to prevent the success of this play. First, a Mr. Dignum had certain laughable peculiarities which unfitted him entirely from appearing in tragedy. In a speech of his, when he gave the order for the trumpets to sound—"let them bellow on,"—his guttural tones produced uncontrolled merriment in the audience. Mr. Phillimore, a Saxon gen-

eral, who was killed in a combat, on receiving his mortal wound, fell with one half of his body towards the spectators and the other half behind the scenes. The wooden roller at the bottom of the curtain, pressing rather heavily, Mr. Phillimore extricated himself from his uncomfortable position; which was a remarkable feat for a *dead man*. Mr. Kemble's conduct was obviously intended to excite suspicion. When the following words occurred in his speech, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," he uttered the line in sepulchral tones; and with such peculiar emphasis that the pit sent forth a discordant howl. After the noise subsided, instead of proceeding, he repeated the same words, still more pointedly. It is said that Mr. Sheridan was much displeased with Mr. Kemble for thus evincing his private opinions on the stage. The morning after the fate of the play had been decided, Mr. Samuel Ireland was told that two hundred and six pounds remained in the treasury, exclusive of all expenses. One half of this sum was given to the manager of the theatre, and but thirty pounds to young Ireland, who had received sixty when the manuscripts were delivered. Had VORTIGERN and ROWENA been published immediately, instead of waiting until the author confessed having written it, a large sum might have been realized. A bookseller in Russel St. said that ten days previous to its performance, he would have paid 1000 guineas for the copyright. We find, however, that we must defer the conclusion of this subject until a future number of "Bizarre."

ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.
THE TRUE YOKÉ-FELLOWS; OR, BILL AND JOSEY,
THE RUNNERS.

NUMBER TEN.

We have heard of persons in England who drew their first breath in a coal mine, and, after toiling for a succession of years in their subterranean workshops, died and were sepulchred under ground. To such, how narrow and circumscribed is the sphere of existence; how limited their mental resources—brought up, as they have been, in ignorance the most inveterate. To them the very light of heaven, genial and garish, is a non-existence. Earth is but a tomb, unlit by one beam of radiance, one ray of vital hope.

Our heroes, named in the title, Josey and Bill, though they have basked in the sunlight for thirty odd years respectively, and plucked the marigolds once in a while in the garden of the building, have still been confined to those little spots; the one, the ancient Almshouse, located in Spruce street, in by-gone days,—the other, the present more commodious building, erected some seventeen years

ago,—since they were ushered into the whirl and bustle of practical life.

Bill and Josey are each on the wrong side of thirty. They look upon the two Almshouses as the embodiment of all that is sub-lunary. They have no conception of Geographical limits, except as they are indicated by various points of the building. The ice-house is to them the north pole, and the surgical ward the equator; the four divisions of the building are the only continents of which they have the slightest knowledge, and the basin whence the water is sent through the Institution, peers up before them with its green summit in all the dignity of Mount Blanch from the vale of Chamouni. To them the bustling Almshouse is the great world of commerce, and agriculture, and manufacture. They have never, like the mouse in the fable, ventured out to the chest-lid, to take a hasty peep at the limitless expanse which lies beyond their little stopping place. Happy, however, in their ignorance, resigned to their fate, (we should not use the word in this connection, for Josey and Bill know no such word as fate, and rather magnify their office than depreciate it,) and sedulously occupied from the break of day till the sun goes down in his pavillion of purple and gold, their months and years roll on calmly, tranquilly, usefully. They are respected by the old, revered by the young, and laughed at, so far as their whimsical oddities are concerned, by those who love them most. Look out into the long hall. Bill is standing there with an old flageolet in his hand, a finger on the key, and his mouth expanding, as if hoarding up a volume of air to create a blast. When he brings the instrument within range of the wind, Josey, with spectacles on his nose, and maintaining the gravity of a tip-staff in a court of judicature, stands at his elbow, as if to sanction the anticipated musical overture. Now comes the tune—no, it is not a tune; it is a species of irregular and fantastic notes, which would seem to jump out of the old flageolet as if they had taken lessons from a mountebank; and as the sounds grow more hideous and nondescript, Josey rubs his spectacles, puts them on again, strains his gaze in the direction of the hall-door, and at last gives utterance to his excited feelings by exclaiming vociferously, "You have brought them, Bill!" Simultaneously with this ambiguous intimation, a throng of little ones, with their check aprons and neat little garments, come bounding pell-mell out of the extensive play-ground, and file off with the decorum of orderly sergeants, with their hands systematically tucked up behind their backs, to the large dining-room on the left hand. Now you see the logical connection between the mellifluous notes of the flageolet and the sudden egress of the army of juve-

nile rascals, who are bent upon despatching their meal in the most approved style, beneath the eye of that guardian of order, the estimable Matron. Bill formerly blew a fine large tin horn, to summon the youthful troop to their fodder; but his ideas becoming more classical, he repudiated an instrument which seemed to put his excellency into the same catalogue with Jimmy Charcoal, and betook himself to an approved flageolet, which, although partially dilapidated, was, in his eye, equal to the reed of Pan. The writer will never forget the day when Joe walked within the manager's parlor, and asked him whether he had heard the flute? "Certainly!" said we, "and the notes were quite ravishing." "And do you know," said he, briskly continuing the conversation, "do you know who taught Bill how to set forth his music?" "Well, no," said we, feigning a little surprise, for we anticipated the reply of the Knight of the Specs. Putting his hand through his hair and assuming an attitude which we may suppose old Cavendish took when he made his brilliant discoveries in relation to the elemental principles of water, poor Joe assured us in vehement syllables, as though he thought we might be tempted not to accord to Bill so great an allowance of original genius. "It was his own prevention, Chaplain, altogether his own prevention!"

Josey is somewhat superstitious. This of course is attributable to his ignorance, the poor fellow not knowing even how to read. One Sunday morning we had preached from the text, "And Satan answered, 'From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.'" It was a plain and familiar exhibition of the cardinal doctrine of Satanic agency. Josey was an attentive listener. His occasional grimace and sudden twitch of the shoulder indicated the fact that we were portraying a character not very congenial to the feelings of our humble friend. Weeks revolved and one Sunday morning Josey told us in the most lugubrious strain, that the Devil had been walking the whole blessed night up and down in the boys' dormitory where he always lodged, as the Supervisor general. "Did you hear him, Joe?" "Palpably I heard him; he stepped along as if he was lame." "Did he approach your bed?" "Palpably he did, and rapped on the head-board with his sulphur knuckles." "And were you not dreadfully alarmed at this unexpected visit from his sable majesty?" "Yes, I labored for breath and cried mightily for deliverance. He stayed so long rapping that it seemed to be too contedious for my poor week nerves." "And how did you get rid of him, Joe?" "Why I began to be frightened about the children, and thinks I to myself, I'll jump out of bed and see if they are all safe and sound in their little beds. I

pitched out of the blankets, and went from one to another, and sure enough he had 'nt taken any of them yet. So thinks I, I guess the Devil intends taking me off first and foremost, because I am the biggest; and with that I runs to the bureau, and gets my little new testament from the top of it; for I knowed exactly where I had positioned it the day before. So I grabs it and thinks to myself, if I hold up this ere gospel in his face, it will be exactly like a scare-crow in a corn field. So I goes to bed, gets under the blankets, and the next noise I hears I outs with my testament and holds it clean up afore the villian's ternal physimognomy, and he walked down stairs as soft as a mouse treading on velvet."

Such was Joe's adventure with the Devil: an adventure which in the simplicity of his heart he regarded as equal, doubtless, to the romantic exploit of Luther in the Castle of Warburgh. We now transfer the story to the page of recorded history, and bespeak for it the attention of the philosophical.

Bizarre among the New Books.

JEAMES'S DIARY.

— The Appletons have issued another volume of their "Popular Library," containing "James's Diary, a Tale of the Panic of 1845," "A Legend of the Rhine," and "Rebecca and Rowena;" all from the pen of Thackeray, and of course good in the most emphatic sense. The first appeared in "Punch," and is a satire on those people who, humble in life and of vulgar minds, suddenly acquire a fortune; while it preaches sound sermons on the follies of wild speculations. James Plush has been a footman in a gentleman's family, but a happy turn of good luck in the investment of a small sum of money, loaned him by a fellow-servant, makes him a millionaire. Like the majority of ignorant and vulgar people who become suddenly rich, James apes fashion; deserts the companions of his humble life, and makes himself supremely ridiculous. How many such does one encounter in a large city, on the street, and at public places! We know several Jameses in Philadelphia, and have been often times at public amusements more entertained with them than with actors or singers. Cannot our readers find parallels to James, as he appears in the following extract given in his diary touching a visit to the "Hopra." Hear him:

"28th.—Been to the Hopra. Music tol lod. That LABLASH is a wopper at singing. I coodn make out why some people called out 'Bravo,' some 'Brava,' and some 'Bravee.' 'Bravee, LABLASH,' says I, at which hevery body laft. 'I'm in my new stall. I've add new

cushings put in, and harms in goold on the back. I'm dressed hall in black, excep a gold waistcoat and dimind studds in the sm-bridder busom of my shameese. I wear a Camallia Jiponiky in my button ole, and have a double-barreld opera glas, so big, that I make Timmis, my secnod man, bring it in the other Cabb.

"What an igstronry exhabishn that Pawdy Carter is! If those four gals are faries, TEL-LIONT is sutnly the fairy Queend. She can do all they can do, and somethink they can't. There's an indiscrible grace about her, and CARLOTTY, my sweet CARLOTTY, she sets my art in flams."

Hear Jeames, too, on the scene of his riding on horse-back, and readily you may make up your parallel from Philadelphia snobdom.

"2d. July. Rode my bay oss Desperation in the park. There was me, LORD GEORGE RINGWOOD (LORD CINQBAR'S son), LORD BALLYBUNNION, HONORABLE CAPTING TRAP, and sevrul bother young swells. SIR JOHN'S car-ridge there in coarse. MISS HEMLY lets fall her booky as I pass, and I'm obliged to get hoff and pick it hup, and get splashed up to the his. The gettin on hoss back agin is hal-ways the juice and hall. Just as I was hon, Desperation begins a porring the hafr with 4 feet, and sinks down so on his anches, that I'm blest if I didn't slipp hoff again over his tail: at which BALLYBUNNION & the other chaps rodd with lafter."

Jeames did not enter his race after fashion, without making a dash for a coat of arms. He says in a letter to "Punch,"

"I have ad my podigree maid out at the Erald Hoffis (I don't mean the *Morning Erald*), and have took for my arms a Stag. You are corriect in stating that I am of hancient Norm-in family. This is more than PEAL can say, to whom I applied for a barnetcy; but the primmier being of low igstraction, natrally stickles for his horder. Conservative though I be, I may change my opinions before the next Election, when I intend to hoffer myself as a Candydick for Parlymint.

"Meanwild, I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your most obeajnt Survnt,

"FITZ-JAMES DE LA PLUCHIE."

One more extract as to Jeames's household arrangements, so easily paralleled, too, in our great cities, and we have done:—

"July 24.—My first floor apartmince in the Halbyn is now kimpetely and chasely furn-nished—the droring-room with yellow satting and silver for the chairs and sophies—hemrall green tabbnet curtngs with pink velvet & goold borders & fringes; a light blue Hax-minster Carpit, emboydered with talups; tables, secritaries, consules, &c., as handsome as goold can make them, and candlesticks and shandelers of the purest Hormolew.

"The Dining-room funniture is all *hook*, British Hoak: round igspanding table, like a trick in a Pantimime, iccommadating an number from 8 to 24—to which it is my wish to restrict my parties—Curtngs Crimsing damask, Chairs crimsing myrocky. Portricks of my favorite great men decorats the wall—namely, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. There's four of his Grace. For Ive remaked that if you wish to pass for a man of weight & consid-ration you should holways praise and quote him—I have a valluble one lickwise of my QUEEND, and 2 of PRINCE HALBERT—as a Field Martial and halso as a privat Gent. I despise the vulgar *sneers* that are daily hull-ered aginst that Igsolted Pottentat. Betwixt the Prins & the Duke hangs me, in the Uniform of the Cinqbar Malitia, of which Cinqbars has made me Capting.

"The Libery is not yet done.

"But the Bedd-roomb is the Jem of the whole—if you could but see it! such a Bed-worr! Ive a Shyval Dressing Glass festooned with Walanseens Lace, and lighted up of even-ings with rose coloured tapers. Goold dress-ing case and twilet of Dressing Cheny—My bed white and gold with curtains of pink and silver brocayd held up at top by a goold Qpid who seems always a smiling angliilly hon me, has lay with my Ed on my pillar hall sarounded with the finst Mechlin. I have a own man, a yuth under him, 2 groombs, and a fimmale for the House—I've 7 osses: in cors if I hunt this winter I must increase my ixtablishment."

Some of our readers have doubtless read "Jeames's Diary," but a large number will unquestionably enjoy it in this pretty little book from the Appletons for the first time. As we have hinted, it may be read not only with pleasure, but with the extraction of a capital moral. Many among us, too, as we have also hinted, will find it an excellent mirror in which to see ourselves at full length, and happily become as much disgusted with our own folly as with that of our silly neighbors.

MICHAUD'S HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.

—Three elegant volumes, with this title, have been sent to us by Redfield, of New York. They embrace a most admirable history of the Crusades; emanating, as they do, from the pen of an author who devoted twenty laborious years to the subject. Michaud was a regular "workie," engaged in his labors heart and soul, and did many things at once with remarkable readiness. Thus, while he was prosecuting his historical researches, and writing poetry, he also managed "La Quoti dienne," a paper which was prominent in Paris, in the early part of the present century; but which, during the reign of Napo-leon—Michaud having fled—degenerated into the "Fueille du Jour," or, as a wag said, the "Fueille de la Ville," (last night's Journal,)

from the fact of it's being edited entirely by that supple tool of tyranny, arrant coward, and dull dolt—Monsieur Scissors. The "Quotidienne" was subsequently revived under its original brilliant editor, and resumed its prominence as an organ of government. Michaud, while editor, during his last administration, held the office of reader to the King, at a salary of 3000 francs per annum: and it is said, one of the stipulations he made on accepting this office was, that he should not be called upon to perform its duties.

Michaud commenced the history in notice, during the reign of Charles X., who bestowed upon him 25,000 francs, in order that he might visit the Holy Land; but he had hardly arrived in Palestine before the reverses of his King reached him: at the same time he got news of the loss of 200,000 francs—it having been confided to unsafe hands at home. Michaud, like many other literary men, was fond of the glass,—not the looking-glass,—and drank deeply at times. Still he was a scholar and a poet, blessed with warm friends while living, who mourned his death. His "History of the Crusades" is unquestionably one of the finest of its class, and has been translated in admirable style. Michaud, in addition to writing this elaborate work, was the founder of, and a considerable contributor to "La Biographie Universelle," a splendid conception, splendidly executed. We have heard that this immensely valuable production of labor and talent, was being translated for a large publishing house in this country: but if commenced, we suspect it has stopped on the way.

The History before us covers the entire story of the Crusades, from the earliest to the last pilgrimages to the Holy Land. It embraces the greatest feature of the middle ages: a feature involving a desperate struggle for mastery between Europe and Asia; the Cross and the Crescent; a feature which has whetted up the energy of the gospel defender, imparted fresh fire to poetry and romance, and established a precedent of perseverance, in battling for religion and right, which have unquestionably been attended with beneficial influences upon the world. True, as our author intimates, in these battles of the cross, on the soil where the cross was reared, the sublimest virtues were mixed with all the disorders of the wildest passions; but the end sought was a noble one.

We have read this work with the most decided pleasure, and we doubt not, it will at once find a place on the library shelves of Americans.

CLARA MORELAND.—BY EMERSON BENNETT.

—This is a newspaper story, which Mr. T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chestnut street, has published in fine style, certainly as to

engravings and typography. It embraces a vast amount of stirring adventure,—some probable, and some ridiculously improbable. Its industrious, and, in his way, clever author, has never written a better romance, to cause quick-breathing excitement in the bosoms of the million; and we suspect both himself and his enterprising publisher, will greatly profit by this crowning success in wild storytelling. Whether "Clara Moreland" is destined to take its place by the side of the "Ivanhoe," the "Spy" and "Bracebridge Hall," remains to be seen. Mr. Bennett, the author, if he writes not for the future, certainly does for the present: and let us add, he comes most fully up to the requirements of popular marvellousness. He reasons well, too: he says posthumous fame is well enough, but present dollars are a good deal better; for, in the former case, one has a chance of sleeping in a grave, the sod of which is trodden down by pilgrims to the tomb of genius, very pleasant under the circumstances, while in the latter, one stands no chance of being hurried to one's last resting place by starvation.

REASON AND FAITH.

—A very handsome volume with this title, embracing essays from the pen of, Henry Rogers, has lately been published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co., Boston. These essays are extremely able; and commanded great and deserved favor, when originally published in the "Edinburgh Review." The author is well known by his "Eclipse of Faith," a book which, of its kind, is without a superior.

UNCLE TOM AT HOME.

—F. C. Adams, the author of this book, is understood to be a "Britisher," and the supercilious and disdainful temper peculiar to a nation governed like his own is every where sticking out on his pages. He has collected all he could hear and read of wrongs or hardships among the slaves of the South—has commented on these, and on rumors of vice and convictions of crime for the last fifty years, and treats and uses them as indexes of public sentiment and common custom at the South. He has done what a man might do here, who should collect into a book all the instances of crime and vice recorded, or even dreamed of, in Philadelphia, for half a century past, and send it forth as a specimen of the general morality of the city—the true lights and shadows of public sentiment with us.

None but a "Britisher," accustomed either to be despised himself, or to despise others at home—none but one of a people carrying about, in their capacious chests, such swollen disdain for inferior ranks of white men as the privileged orders of England, could have written such a book: a book so unjust, so forgetful of all but the black man, in treating

of the rights of humanity; blackening what is white, and whitening what is black; till the whole mass is rendered unsightly and confused, by a smearing of his own. None but a man accustomed to yield a servile homage to superiors, and to have it enacted from him, could have such a spite at masters, when let loose from the chains of custom, and the bonds of birth and home, as this book betrays. Slavery of whites; disdain of them would not shock him, for both he has seen from his youth up: both are the right and wont of his superiors: born such, and likely to stay such, as much from what he is, as from what they would be. Miss Martinau somewhere remarks, in substance, that nothing astonished her more than seeing how humanity was respected in this country, the dignity to which it attained by birthrights, contrasted with the disdain of Englishmen for inferiors—alms-takers, ready to thank you for the air they breathe, as if it were yours, or you might take it away.

As a literary performance, this work has no decided merits except those of condemnation. Dry, and sometimes vulgar details, make up the sum of it, without any relief-touches of humanity; without any recognition that a white man has any rights, any virtues, any charities, but all as bad as the most perverted specimen of the race. It may suit some people to read it, in the same way that it might suit some to write it, but the *id omne genus*, the *rara aves*, are exceptions; that kind of exceptions, too, which impart a lesson through the perversion of what is good, making that good so much the more admired by contrast of what it is.

Literary and Scientific Gossip.

—The wood engravers for "Harper's Magazine," if they furnish nothing very beautiful, can at least claim the merit of originality. A few months ago they presented the readers of the magazine with a sketch of Moses coming down from Mount Sinai, carrying the tables of the law, and having a post-and-rail fence behind him, which the meek man has just climbed over. It is said that this wood-cut has given some offence to our southern brethren, who contend (with some show of probability) that the Virginia or worm-fence should have been engraved; being prior in date to the post-and-rail variety. In the April number is an article on the Mormons; the cuts of which are taken from an English work lately published. One of them represents Joe Smith, accompanied by his officers and his harem, reviewing the Nauvoo Legion who are drawn up in line, presenting arms. The right hand soldier (the only one seen at full length and breadth) has his musket

turned *with the butt outwards*, and his hand on the wrong part of the gun.

—The Harper's announce the twenty-second thousand of "Villette." It is a pleasant novel. Had it not enjoyed an antecedent like "Jane Eyre," however, we think it could not have so soon attained an edition of twenty thousand copies.

—"Ella Muir, or Love and destiny," lately published in London, has a peculiarity of versification, which, as well as its pathos, to match, may be best indicated by the specimen given by the "Athenæum:"

Here they must sever, tho' linger they may,
As all have linger'd who love and must part;
Yet, oh that moment! it will not delay,
When they must each take their separate way,
From, the fond bosom where dwelleth their heart

—Negro literature is so much in vogue in England, that writers are raking up all the black heroes of history, and giving them the benefit of every particle of romance of which their lives are capable. The last effort of this kind is the "Life of Toussaint L'Overture, the Negro Patriot of Hayti!" Mrs. Stowe must look to her laurels. The work is thus spoken of by the "Athenæum:"

"Careless collection of facts, slovenly treatment, and apparent ignorance of all points of local color, manners, &c., have here spoilt a good subject and deprived a temporary appeal of such powers as it possessed to arrest the attention. 'I am about,' runs the tune of Mr. Beard's pompous prelude, 'to tell a most moving story—to wring the hearts of all and sundry—and to excite the indignation of every one save of those born slaves, the mercenary lovers of slavery!' But though Mr. Beard may have fancied himself about to perform brave enterprises like these, he does not get beyond the merit which belongs to generous purpose in this book. Few persons will be even deeply wrung or made bitterly indignant by his narrative, which is meagre and unreal. Panegyric without evidence, assertion without authentication, digressions which have the air of the sweepings of a sermon portfolio, rhetoric that leaves us cold—are all we find."

—The London "Athenæum" tries to be very severe upon the works of our Spiritual Dialogue correspondent, viz: "Musings of an Invalid," "Fun and Earnest," and "Fancies of a Whimsical Man." The editors are, evidently dull judges of Fun, as most works which amuse greatly with us, are pronounced dull by them. The admirable "Knickerbocker" of Knickerbocker Clarke, they did not fancy; and now our friend of the "Spiritual Dialogues" comes in for a poke of their goose-quills!

—Thirty-three pages of the April number of Brownson's *Quarterly Review* are devoted to a criticism on Theodore Parker.

— T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chestnut street, has lately published "Llorente's History of the Inquisition of Spain;" three volumes of the English edition being compressed into one. It is a record of fearful doings; and will be read with interest. The translator well says: "The curious will be amply gratified by the perusal of the history of this secret tribunal; the man of leisure cannot fail in finding occupation and amusement in the pages of Llorente; and the philosopher will discover in them ample scope for reflection, on the aberrations of human reason, and on the capability of our nature, when under the influence of fanaticism, to inflict, with systematic indifference, death, torture, misery, anxiety, and infamy, on the guilty and the innocent." And all these atrocities were committed under the name of the blessed Saviour! There are people who think they see tendencies abroad leading to renewed persecutions on account of religious opinion. God forbid that these tendencies, if they do exist, should take any decided form or substance.

— Notices of Brown's "Yusef—a Crusade in the East," published by the Harpers,— "Dr. Alcott's Lectures on Life and Health," from Phillips, Sampson & Co.,—"Clara Stanley," by the author of "Aunt Edith," from Robert Carter & Brothers, through Martien, of our city, will appear hereafter. Apropos: we are preparing a notice of "Coleridge's Works," lately published by the Harpers,— will these very liberal gentlemen please send us the second volume?

— The story of the "trunk full of documents," said to be in "the possession of a lady in New Orleans," touching the Dauphin question, as the papers say is "good enough if true." We have a strong suspicion, however, that it is not true.

— The "Home Journal" says of the "Rector of St. Bardolph's," Mr. Shelton's admirable novel, lately published by Charles Scribner, and already in its second edition; "the author has presented us with a vivid picture of the varied annoyances and petty persecutions to which a minister of the gospel is too often subjected in his parochial relations. The narrative is given in an easy, colloquial style, with evidently a thorough knowledge of clerical trials, and a deep well of sympathetic feeling, underlaying a vein of humor and the light language of sprightly description. There is something peculiarly touching in the "Superannuated." The pastor wears out, not with age, but with thankless labor. His imagined life of idleness is one of incessant anxiety and toil; and when strength and spirits fail from over-exertion, he is *superannuated*. There have been many such cases. The Rector of St. Bardolph's is not an isolated example."

— The "Bourbon Prince," lately published by the Harper's, is intensely interesting. We hope to give some extracts from it hereafter.

— The English papers state that "Tennyson has thoroughly revised, considerably added to, and recently republished his 'Ode to Wellington.'" "Considerably added to," and recently republished!" Unmerciful acts, both these, towards the reading public.

— Mr. Geo. H. Boker has a ballad in the April number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, entitled "The Siege of Cabazon."

— A new edition, with improvements, of *Grimshaw's History of the United States*, has been published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia. The additions include the Mexican war, a brief chapter on the Discovery of America by the Northmen, population, titles, &c. This work has been published for thirty years.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

THE OPERA

— Has gone, and has taken heaps of money with it. The prices were high, and, despite an army of dead-heads, Count Rossi and his accomplished lady have added largely to the new fortunes which they are building up in our country, and with which they propose to renew their old-time splendor at the Austrian court. Madam Sontag is, unquestionably, the artiste of all who have visited us,—that is, when we consider her as both singer and actress,—and those who have seen her will ever remember the impression she produced. Second thoughts convince us, that the part to the performance of which we thought her least adapted, is decidedly her greatest—we mean *Lucrezia Borgia*. The effects she produced in this character, especially when aided by the superb Badiali, were oppressively great.

It is said we shall not soon, if ever, have Madam Sontag with us again. Should she return, we hope she will bring along a good company, and put the prices down to a republican standard. If, in order to do this, she destroys dead-headism, editors and all, very well. We can willingly submit to our share of the sacrifice for public good. During the late season, only two or three operas did BIZARRE enjoy, and for these small slices of pleasure, he gave a *quid pro quo*.

Madam Sontag goes to Boston, where she has promise of another brilliant harvest. The Bostonians pay liberally for amusements of all kinds, especially when you coax them into an auction *furor*. Madam Sontag's smart little agent keeps his wits ever whittled off to a keen point, and he will unquestionably there, as elsewhere, avail himself of every in-

fluence calculated to "bring grist to the mill."

MEIGNEN'S MASS.

—This composition was repeated on Sunday evening, at St. Augustine's church, and with increased effect. It is a work indicating a high order of genius, and its author will hereafter be known as a composer claiming a place among the first in our land.

THE BLIND CONCERT.

—A vocal and instrumental concert of blind pupils of the Pennsylvania Hospital, was given, at Musical Fund Hall, on Tuesday evening. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. E. Pfeiffer,—late of the Germanian band, and a very clever artist,—consisted of twenty-five blind pupils; while the programme embraced selections from *Robert le Diable*, *Massaniello*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Ernani*, and other classical compositions. In the course of the evening there was an interesting exhibition of reading the scriptures in raised letters; and, upon the whole, the entertainment was one of peculiar interest. We shall probably recur to it again. Certainly, the impression made upon our mind cannot be easily removed. One does not regret that one lives in an age when even those deprived from birth of the priceless blessing of sight, are still enabled to beguile their dark hours with music, and refresh their souls with draughts fresh from the fountains of the Gospel of the Saviour.

LE PETIT OLE BULL

—This very promising young violinist, the son of Mr. R. L. Goodall, a well-known artist, is giving a sense of concerts at Musical Fund Hall. We heard him, in private, a week or two since, and with unequivocal satisfaction. He comes at a time not altogether favorable for a musician, and a performer on the violin. Still, he will attract gratified, if not full audiences. His father has taken great pains with him; indeed, he shows elements of decided pre-eminence.

WHO IS HE?

—Dr. Moriarty made quite a flowery lecture on Sunday evening last, at St. Augustine's Church, when he did full justice to the genius of Meignen, composer of the new Mass, performed with so much effect on the occasion, and gave a glowing outline of the impressive beauty of some of the chants and hymns by Rossini, Mozart, Beethoven and others, as incorporated in the service of the Roman Church. He did something more: He told the vast congregation, that a Protestant clergyman of our city, who had lately returned from a tour in Europe, visited while on the continent, a celebrated Roman Catholic Cathedral; and he assured Dr. M. that he was so much impressed by the services, the swellings of the organ, the seraphic beauty of the chants, the murmurs of prayer, which arose

from the worshippers, the streams of light gushing in from painted windows, the uprising of incense, the *ensemble*, indeed, of the moment that he prostrated himself in the dust: moreover, that on this occasion, he, for the first time in his life, felt the true inspiration of worship. Dr. Moriarty added, after relating this circumstance, that the reverend gentleman who made the confession to him, was perhaps, while he (Dr. M.) was speaking, telling quite a different story in his own church. Many protestants heard this charge of Dr. M.'s against one of their own clergy, with indignant emotion; and particularly the closing sneer. Who could this Protestant clergyman have been? Will Dr. Moriarty enlighten us?

GOTTSCHALK.

—This Pianist, has had very brilliant success in his native city, New Orleans. The *Picayune* speaks of a sea of upturned heads, all enthusiasm. He was called for after every piece. "At the end of the first part, his father thanked the audience for their kindness, and introduced the son, who, in a few happy words in French, expressed his warm affection for this city (New-Orleans) and his native country, and his gratitude for the warm welcome given to him." The opinion we formed of Gottschalk, on hearing him lately in our city, was unexceptionably good. He will doubtless be hailed, on his return to the North next month, by ardent friends and admirers.

GOOD, IF TRUE.

—The following anecdote of Franklin may or may not be true. We get it from a friend:—Franklin, when he was Ambassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society, and not well understanding the French when declaimed, determined to applaud when he saw a lady of his acquaintance express satisfaction. When they had ceased, a little child, who understood the French, said to him—"But, grandpapa, you always applauded the loudest when they were praising you!" Franklin laughed heartily and explained the matter.

SEALING-WAX.

—Respecting the sealing of letters and documents before the invention of wax, good authority states that impressions in gold, silver and lead, occur in Trajan and other Roman emperors in Ficoni; among the Christian emperors, bishops, &c.; in the East, Spain, Sicily, Italy, and in the south, but not the north of France. The *Terra Sigillaris*, or sealing-earth, which was rather a bitumen, was brought from Asia by the Romans, and was first known, says Beckmann among the Egyptians, and the specimens are seemingly all enclosed in leaden cases. Pipe clay was also used, as well as Maltha—a cement of pitchwax, plaster and fat; applied likewise to make pipes water-

tight. The Etruscans even sealed treaties with blood; and dough, or paste, has been used. It does not appear that sealing-wax, as we know it, was invented earlier than the sixteenth century. 'It has been conjectured,' says Beekmann, "that as the oldest seals came from England and France, and as the invention is called 'Spanish wax,' it originated with the Spaniards; but this is doubted. The first notice of sealing-wax occurs in a work by Garcia ab Orto, or Horto, entitled 'Aromatum et simplicium aliquot Historia,' &c., first printed in 1563, and afterwards at Antwerp in 1574, 8vo., in which latter edition it is mentioned at p. 33. The oldest printed receipt for sealing-wax is in a work entitled 'Nen Tittulerbuch, &c., Durch Samuelen Zimmerman, Burger zu Augspurg, 1579,' 4to p. 112." Gluten is supplanting sealing-wax, and indeed wafers; It is quickly arranged, and hence up to the standard of our business days.

The time will unquestionably soon come when we shall see neither wafers nor wax, unless it be on the desks of maiden ladies and bachelors.

MAZZINI.

— Speaking of MAZZINI and the continental police, the London "Times" says:—"With a price set upon his head in half the kingdoms of Europe, and with a face so remarkable as never to be forgotten when once seen, he, nevertheless, traverses the whole continent, passes in and out of cities under the strictest surveillance of Martial law; visits Milan, Vienna, Naples, Rome, crosses and re-crosses the channel, where spies are always upon the watch, and issues his proclamations fearlessly everywhere."

MR. BENJAMIN MORAN.

— This kind-hearted and talented gentleman, whose travels through England, — entitled "Footpath and Highway," — have been so well received by the reading public, leaves us in a few days for London, where he purposes to settle himself as a correspondent of several American newspapers. We shall miss Mr. M. in the editorial ranks of Philadelphia, to which he has been attached since his return from abroad, and of which he has been a member. He came here, however, tied by heart-cords to Albion; and, returning to her shores, is therefore quite a natural consequence. Apropos: the London *Athenæum* of late date, has a notice of Mr. M.'s "Footpath and Highway," where it says the author "appears to be full of that enthusiastic curiosity concerning the haunts of our authors and poets which so generally distinguishes the American in England. He may well say that few of Shenstone's countrymen have made pilgrimage to the burial-place, in Hales Owen Churchyard, of the author of 'The Schoolmistress,' and the adorer of the Lea-

sowes. But from his boyhood upwards, Mr. Moran appears to have loved the high places as well as the by-paths of British imagination, — since he recalls early years in which he read 'Clarissa' by moonlight. In England, he may be assured, such a feat is not of frequent occurrence. — A further flavor of individuality is given to Mr. Moran's book by the Socialist opinions which, it may be gathered, he entertains. But without any reserve or paltering, the expression of these is kindly, not rabid: — poetical rather than practical. Like other works of the kind, his sketches were originally addressed to a Transatlantic Journal, — and the compensation for them appears to have furnished him with means sufficient for travelling among the people of England in his modest fashion."

DO OYSTERS TURN?

— The *Home Journal* states that when oysters, not interfered with, or transplanted by man, take a natural position, and adhere to rocks and other substances, their deeper shell touches those substances; and the flatter, thinner, or smoother shell, is presented to the water. It adds, however, that "oysters, undetached, and loose at the bottom of the sea, lie with the round shell down, as the tide flows in, but turn themselves on the flat shell on its reflux." Now, we would give something to see an oyster turn, would not you reader? It appeared to be as helpless as a newly-born babe, as we behold it super-sea; but according to the editor of the *Journal* — who dives down to the depths of all subjects which he discusses — it is quite another individual sub-sea, or at home. We have our doubts, nevertheless, on this subject; and being in this state of uncertainty, we would gravely propound a new query, viz: Do OYSTERS TURN?"

MILKBA THS.

— According to the correspondent of a Boston paper, the Empress of Russia, who is now an invalid, and threatened with an attack of paralysis, takes every morning a milk bath. A large number of cows are kept for this purpose; they are all milked at once, as hastily as possible, into warm pails, the milk thrown into a marble tub, heated to a little above blood heat, and in this the royal invalid is placed to lie till it cools. The correspondent adds that her majesty has been a woman of most exemplary character, and is much beloved. Her residence in the summer is at Tsarskoe Selo, a palace some eighteen miles from St. Petersburg. The Emperor has, in many instances, since her long illness, displayed the warmest attachment to her, and is as unremitting in his attentions as the cares of state will permit. He goes to St. Petersburg every day but always returns to spend the night with his family.

"AMENITIES OF LITERATURE."

—We have received from Messrs. Derby & Miller a reply to "Amenities of Literature," which appeared in No. 25 of BIZARRE, and herewith present it to our readers. There are certain reflections on Dr. Schoolcraft, in this communication, which we do not like, and to which we cannot subscribe; but we have given the attack and are bound also to offer the defence. Dr. S. can take care of himself, doubtless. It is proper for us to say here, that we never harbored any ill-feelings towards Messrs. Derby & Miller, as the fact of the ready offer to them of our pages for their defence fully evinces.

Auburn, N. Y., April 5th, 1853.

Messrs. J. M. CHURCH & Co.

Gentlemen:—Our attention has been called to an article in your Magazine (the 'Bizarre,') of March 19th, under the heading of "Amenities of Literature," which bears evidence of a malicious intention to injure us, by exhibiting a business relation with certain parties in a false light. You will oblige us by giving publicity to the following statement of the facts,—after which a disinterested public may draw its own conclusions concerning the grievances of Messrs. Schoolcraft and Jones.

About the first of January, last, we purchased, from the administrator of the estate of the late Geo. H. Derby, the stereotype plates and copyright of a work bearing the title, "American Indians, their Condition and Prospects, by H. R. Schoolcraft; with an Appendix, &c." Having been made aware that this title was obnoxious to Mr. S. and his publishers, Messrs. Lippincott & Co., on account of its similarity to that of the large work in course of publication by them, under authority of Congress: and being desirous of paying due respect to "publishers' rights," as well as authors', we decided to alter the title of our book before issuing a new edition. The new title we thought proper to submit to Mr. S., who had before made public complaint of an alteration of the work by its late owners. In reply to a letter on this subject, from our house at Buffalo, Mr. S. says, in effect, that he will give it a new title, and an introduction, for *four hundred dollars*! Not feeling disposed to accede to this *very modest* demand, and probably not having a just appreciation of the merits of the work, we offered to sell him stereotype plates, copyright, and all, for that sum.

In the meantime we had issued our semi-annual "Trade List," and in it placed the proposed new title, not dreaming that by so doing we were trespassing on the rights of Mr. Jones, or any other party. In fact, if we had ever seen his book at all, it had entirely escaped our recollection, until the receipt of his letter of February 1st.

The letter which Mr. J. furnished you for

publication differs from the one we received; he having omitted publishing the postscript, for reasons which will appear on perusing it.

"P. S.—I have just finished writing a local romance, which will make some 250 pages, 12mo. It has not been as yet offered to any of the publishers. Would you like to treat for it?" (Signed,) J. B. J."

How Mr. Jones can reconcile the above with his implied accusation of literary piracy on our part, is a riddle we are wholly unable to solve. That a person who conceives himself to have been unjustly deprived of his property should make complaint, and seek restitution, is not strange; but it is "passing strange," that, smarting under a sense of injustice, the injured party should offer, voluntarily, to place himself in the power of those whom he professes to believe would willingly do him wrong.

In the letter of Schoolcraft to Jones, under date of February 2, '53, is a charge of "fraud and misrepresentation" demanding, from us, a prompt refutation.

Mr. S. writes,—"*the firm [D. & M.] to whom you [Jones] allude, having purchased the stereotype plates of the 'Indian in his Wigwam' of a person who had no right to dispose of it, procured a copyright by fraud and misrepresentation,*" &c.

This statement contains two deliberate falsehoods, known to be such at the time they were penned. We have already stated the manner in which we came in possession of this work. In the "Literary World," of Sept. 13, 1851, we find a certificate signed by Wm. H. Graham, setting forth that he (Graham) "*being the lawful owner,*" did sell it to Geo. H. Derby & Co. We have ascertained further that Graham purchased of a Mr. Benedict, who first issued portions of it in pamphlet form, *serially*, and, as we are informed and have reason to believe, neglected to secure a copyright for it. Portions of it appeared originally in the columns of some of the New York papers, and *one* article, at least, was contributed by the author to a leading "Monthly Review." The serials, together with these fugitive pieces, were afterwards collected and published under the title of "Oneota." (The author, who has credit for being somewhat versed in Aboriginal literature, can probably see some relation between the *title* and the *subject*.) Bearing this name a single edition was issued, which in course of time found its way to the street stalls and auction rooms, and the work was finally considered *dead*.

At the instance of Mr. Benedict, its author-parent re-baptised it, (for a less sum, we presume, than "*four hundred dollars,*") and the "Indian in his Wigwam" was born of "Oneota."

From this time Mr. Schoolcraft is guilty of the most cruel neglect of an offspring for

which he *now* professes such anxious solicitude. Sold from one party to another, in some cases almost *given away*, made to wear another name, ("The Red Race of America,") the work had finally become as destitute of value as it was originally of merit. In its transfer from one to another, the unfortunate possessor was in each case made aware that it was not originally copyrighted. Had this been otherwise, the author evinced a total disregard of his pecuniary interests, as we cannot ascertain he ever asked for a single cent from either of *three publishers* who issued it prior to its purchase by the late G. H. Derby. In his hands and under *another* title, the work soon reached a *third edition*. Suddenly Mr. Schoolcraft discovers that for this book, whose sale, finally, was owing entirely to the enterprise of its publishers, he had never been paid! Instead of seeking legal redress of Mr. Benedict, the original publisher, or of Mr. Graham, his successor, he comes before the public (vide Lit. World, Aug. 30, '51,) cautioning them against harboring his offspring, evidently because from its respectable appearance, there is room for a doubt as to its being legitimate.

More recently, failing to *sell* another title, he threatens us with a suit for "*larceny*, in altering my (his) title," unless we surrender to him the stereotype plates!

So much for the first specification. In relation to the second, we have only to say—our copyright is not for ownership in any matter of which he (S.) is author, but for our *arrangement* of it;—and had we been disposed to stoop to what he has the meanness to think us capable, there was no *necessity* for it. The title of a work, and the arrangement of its contents, we believe to be as legitimate subject for copyright, as the material of which it is made.

From many parties we should not quietly submit to the libellous accusations contained in Mr. Schoolcraft's letter. He, however, who has spent most of his life in studying the manners, habits, and customs of the savage tribes, may be somewhat excusable if, in the meantime, he has forgotten what pertains to the "amenities" of civilized life. We take the liberty of expressing the hope that the more recent business intercourse with his gentlemanly Philadelphia publishers, may teach him some of the courtesies of *Modern American society*.

In conclusion, we believe that "Western Scenes and Reminiscences," (the title which a new edition of the work referred to bears,) conflicts with no work of Mr. Jones's; and if objectionable to Mr. Schoolcraft, his fame is secure from any damage arising from its circulation, as we have taken his name off the title-page,

Very respectfully,
Yours &c.,
DERBY & MILLER.

FATHER GAVASSI.

—The *Home Journal* editor, has heard Father Gavassi, and describes his harangues as being furious enough. He is "tall, well formed and vigorous, his face not unlike the rounded and jovial one of Mr. Burton, with hair black and glossy as a raven's wing. He wears an ample black gown reaching from his neck to his feet, upon the breast of which is a large red cross, and another smaller one to the left of it. His mode of speaking, as we have intimated, is extremely violent. He ranges freely all over the spacious platform of the Tabernacle:—sometimes rushing forward, like Badiali to the footlights of the theatre, and stretching his long person as far over as the inexorable laws of gravity permit, he ejects a volley of denunciation with more than Badiali's vehemence. Then he will start back a few feet, and, lifting up his hands as high as he can reach, invoke the Diety, or perhaps seize an unoffending chair, and dash it down upon the carpet, as he *would* dash down the poor Pope, if he could as easily be got hold of. His gesticulations are all of the same extreme character. His English is considerably broken, and not always understood; but he occasionally delivers a passage with an approach to eloquence, which is rewarded by long continued applause. He has a singular way of making very little words very prominent, the prepositions for example. We heard him deliver the humble word 'to' as though he were hailing the mast-head in a gale of wind."

UNCLE TOM IN COURT.

—Mrs. Stowe has prosecuted F. W. Thomas for publishing a German translation of her book. The ground taken by her, is that she is the author of the original work, and that she has caused a German translation of it to be prepared and published; with the sale of which, as well as with her essential property in the book, the translation of Mr. Thomas is in conflict.

NEW YORK CITY FATHERS.

—A Boston paper thus stirs up the New York City Fathers, by a parody of the old song, "Gaily the Troubadour:"

Vainly the Alderman
Fumbled his key,
As he was staggering
Home from his—"tea:"
Singing, "from City Hall
Reeling I come;
Good Mrs. Alderman
Let me (*Hic!*) home!"
Poor Mrs. Alderman
Sobbingly prays—
Thinking how sober he
Was in old days:
Ere from the City Hall
Drunk he did come
Hiccoughing, "Dearest (*Hic!*)
Welcome (*Hic!*) home!"

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1853.

THE SUCCESSFUL FORGERY.

—
SECOND PART.

In our first paper we gave some account of the execution and success of the various forgeries of Shaksperian documents, perpetrated by Mr. William Henry Ireland; and we now intend concluding the subject.

After the play of "Vortigern and Rowena" had been condemned, the young author, far from being discouraged, determined to write another drama, entitled "Henry II." Ten weeks were consumed in its composition; but it was never re-written in a disguised hand, on old paper, because circumstances forced a confession from Mr. Ireland, before he had time to copy it. The *original manuscript* of this play is now before us. It belongs to the library of the gentleman who owns the curious Bible, described in "Bizarre" several weeks ago. At the conclusion of the folio, are the words "Huzza, huzza, huzza!" indicating the rascal's exultation at having completed the work. The following lines are supposed to be spoken by the King, when decimating his passion for the fair Rosamond:

"Henry Yes, sweet love! but Venus was too busy;
And whilst she did bedeck thee with her charms,
Was pleased so with the work, that she ne'er thought
How she herself had stripp'd, giving thee all!
As I like thee, methinks, sweet Love himself
Sits on thy front, and waves thy silv'ry hair.
As jealous, he would keep me from the theft."

The speeches put into the mouth of Becket, were much admired by persons who considered themselves competent judges of Shakspeare's style and mode of expression. We will quote a few lines from one of these:

"Becket. Man hath his day of joy and misery.
How short the one! how lasting is the other!
With me, the first is long blown o'er, and now
The second comes, to mock my tortur'd soul
With idiot laughter, ringing to mine ears
My loss of power, my faded glory!"

Tush, tush! the sleep of death will cure all thoughts.
And yet, must this my wholesome goodly flesh
Rot and serve to feed the crawling earth-worm,
Who nothing savours but of dust and clay?
I tremble at the thought! And e'en but now
They wind about my flesh, and to the feel
Are damp and cold as that same humid sweat
Which feds from out the front of dying man!

A passage in the *Biographia Dramatica*, tended greatly to strengthen belief in the originality of the drama. The writer referred to the plays of Henry I. and II., by William

Shakspeare and Robert Davenport, and supposed they were destroyed in the fire at Mr. Warburton's. The scorched appearance of all the manuscripts, caused by drying them in too great haste, was attributed to their having suffered in the same conflagration. The number of visitors to Mr. Ireland's house increased so rapidly, that it became necessary to have printed cards of admission, entitling the bearer to inspect the papers, with either one gentleman, or lady, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, between the hours of twelve and three.

Much anxiety was expressed for the publication of the numerous papers; but against this, young Ireland strongly protested; saying that the unknown donor was unwilling to have them made public. At last, to rid himself of constant importunities, the gentleman's consent was announced as obtained; and the prospectus of the work was printed, Mr. Malone, in the meantime, published a volume of nearly 500 pages, to prove the forgery; and, of course, highly incensed the guilty author, who dreaded the effect of this work. In order to increase the number of papers, young Ireland introduced about 80 tracts, acrostics, &c., with notes in Shakspeare's writing, and with his name on the title-pages. The Prince of Wales was desirous of inspecting the curiosities: and a day was appointed when Mr. Samuel Ireland repaired to Carlton House, in order to give his Highness an opportunity of examining them. He displayed a surprising knowledge of antiquity, and asked numerous questions which evinced a depth of penetration remarkable for one who had not particularly studied the subject. The Prince did not, however, pronounce decidedly upon the authenticity of the papers; but expressed himself gratified at the proposed publication.

The interest felt regarding the mysterious gentleman, increased to such an extent, that attempts were made to discover his residence by following Mr. Ireland when walking in the street. Little did they suspect, that when alone in his chambers, the whole was executed. Ritson, also, examined the manuscripts; his silent scrutiny, piercing gaze, and laconic questions, caused the young impostor to dread his verdict, particularly as he left the house without delivering any opinion. Some of the visitors stated, that if a descendant of Shakspeare could be found, he might claim all the papers. To prevent such a misfortune. Mr. Ireland resorted to a most daring expedient. He composed several documents, proving that Shakspeare had been closely connected with a person of his name, and even of the same Christian names—William Henry. Among these was a deed of gift to this individual, who had saved Shakspeare's life, when almost drowning in the Thames. The unknown gentleman who so generously gave the

papers to Mr. Ireland, had done so, it was now stated, because he was convinced of his being a direct descendant of the man to whom the bequest was made in the deed.

Not long after this a storm arose around the daring impostor, which rendered his situation far from enviable. Mr. Samuel Ireland was regarded, by many, as the fabricator of the manuscripts, and much odium was thus unjustly heaped upon his character. Deeply mortified at such suspicions, he constantly entreated his son to reveal all that he knew of the concealed donor, who was called Mr. H.

A committee of gentlemen was, at last, assembled, in order to investigate the matter thoroughly, and to demand answers to certain interrogatories. Mr. S. Ireland also wrote to Mr. Talbot, requesting him to communicate all his information on the subject; but his letter met with no response.

At the first meeting of the committee, young Ireland was asked, if he would take his oath that he believed the papers to be genuine productions of Shakespeare. He replied, that as it was their business to investigate his father's concern in the affair, he would swear that he knew nothing whatever of their origin. A list of names was then made out, from which Mr. H. was to select two persons, to whom he would confide every fact respecting the manuscripts; and these individuals could then declare their opinion to the world, without revealing his name. This was agreed too by young Ireland; and as his mind was now in a dreadful state of anxiety and perplexity, he resolved to make a full confession to two gentlemen from whom he anticipated leniency. When the list was returned to the committee, however, these persons declined receiving the important secret. Mr. Ireland then informed the company, that he thought he could prevail on Mr. H. to confide it to Mr. Albany Wallis, who was then present. This gentleman acceded to the proposal; and a day was appointed for the disclosure so ardently desired. After summoning sufficient courage, Mr. Ireland detailed to Mr. Wallis every circumstance connected with his forgeries; and was heard, as we may suppose, with the greatest astonishment. He also delivered into his hands, the remainder of the ink, some unfinished manuscripts, and the plans of several plays, which showed the identity of the hand-writing. Mr. Wallis recommended perfect silence, as before; and promised that he would answer no questions as to the validity of the papers.

Paragraphs soon appeared in the daily prints, bitterly censuring the impostor for allowing his father to appear in such a disgraceful light before the world: and this gentleman himself wrote a most touching letter, entreating his son to clear up the mystery.

Rather than make such a disclosure, young Ireland determined to quit his home forever; which he did before his father's return to London. This conduct did not mend the matter; and Mr. Samuel Ireland continued so distressed, that his son wrote to him acknowledging himself as the author of the manuscripts, and begging his pardon for having caused him so much trouble. The old gentleman positively refused to credit this statement; saying it was utterly impossible for any set of men to produce the evidence he possessed with regard to their genuineness; and so obstinately did he adhere to this opinion, that Mr. Wallis could not even induce him to examine the papers written in a similar disguised hand. This being the case, Mr. Ireland published a pamphlet of forty-three pages, confessing the truth. Those who had credited the manuscripts, now denied that this volume could be from the same pen; as the style was so totally different. Mr. Ireland replied, that he had only attempted a plain statement of facts, and had written it too when his mind was unusually agitated. The *Morning Chronicle* contained a paragraph nearly to this effect: "W. H. Ireland has come forward, and announced himself author of the papers attributed by him to Shakespeare; which, if true, proves him to be a liar."

His father dreaded lest the world should suppose that he countenanced his son in any way, and he therefore published a statement that he had had no intercourse with the cause of his domestic misfortunes, for nearly three years, except on one occasion, in the presence of Mr. Albany Wallis.

Far from expressing any penitence on account of his guilty conduct, young Ireland considered all who refused to believe the forgeries, as his persecutors; and towards Mr. Malone he showed the most resentful feelings. It was even a matter of self congratulation that he had successfully deceived so many scientific men; and he thought no blame whatever would have attached to him, had not these persons felt irritated at the imposition exercised by a mere boy. He also asserted that, as those who credited the papers were delighted, and those who did not, flattered themselves that they could not be deceived; therefore, in either case, no injury was done!

In a newspaper published at the time of Mr. Ireland's death, we find the following notice of him:

"This strange and unfortunate person died the other day in an obscure lodging in town. in great want and suffering. We do not know that sufficient interest survives about him to warrant even this word of public mention; but his fate has been instructive enough to call for it on other grounds. His ingenuity was considerable, and would unquestionably

have carried him safely and honorably through life, but that its first exhibition was A LIE. The indulgence of such a singular ambition was fatal to every other. May it never be indulged in any walk of life or literature without a result as fatal."

The forgeries were perpetrated in 1795 and 1796, and the guilty author died in 1834.

ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

THE BAKERY.

If there is any biped whose general appearance, when uniformed in his working habiliments, creates pleasurable emotions in the mind of the beholder, that biped is the one venerated baker. We look at the butcher with his shirt, upon which sundry red drops take the place of spangles, and our incipient thought is that of the slaughter-house. Fancy takes to herself wings, and pictures the unoffending ox, or quiet, passive lamb, led from the meadow green by a redoubtable cord, which presses, rather too closely to be comfortable, around the sinews of the neck, and domiciliated, temporarily, in the execution fabric. Then we hear the bleating and the lowing, a blended symphony of sounds which strikes like a death-knell on the tympanum of the ear, and finally, we have a distinct vision of the uplifted knife, rivalling, in sharpness of edge, the Turkish cimeter, as it gleams for an instant in the sunlight, and then comes down like a levin bolt into the vitals of the poor animal. Even the epicure, who dreams of a sirloin, and goes into raptures at the sight of a standing rib, sometimes looks upon our friend—the butcher—as though he were a lineal descendant of Robespierre, Danton, or Marat, and internally sighs that no Charlotte Corday can be found, whose puissant arm, clothed with masculine energy, would despatch the man of blood, and send him headlong into the throng of the shades, where the manes of sheep and cows would haunt him through an interminable duration.

Totally dissimilar are the feelings of the reflecting man, as he turns his gaze upon that other estimable functionary, who converts the flour into the broad wheaten loaf, or luscious roll. Such an one excites only pleasurable emotions. He is a bloodless man. He has never even gone the same length in actual cruelty as the farmer, for the latter has threshed the grain at a most merciless rate, while the former has but metamorphosed the powdery contents of the barrel into symmetrical compounds of yeast, water, and flour. The miller has exceeded him in severity of treatment, for he has put the unoffending grain into the mill, and amid its eternal click-clack

has drowned the cries of his victim, as the Jews did those of their children, when they placed them in the glowing arms of the brazen Moloch, (Tophet, as the Hebrew has it,) and brought out their rascally drums to neutralize the vocal utterances of the youthful crew. He, on the other hand, has merely subjected the lifeless remains of the grain to the action of a temperate fire, which savors no more of cruelty than would the transfer of an Egyptian mummy to the grate, thousands of years after its vitality was extinguished.

We love to look at our alms-house bakery. There they are, a neat, jovial band of fellows, hard at it in the huge cellar immediately beneath the centre building. Descend the stairs and survey them. You perceive that each head is encased in a white paper cap, a little *a la turban*. Let not this, however, lead you to think that they are at all inclined to Islamism. That delicate head-gear is only put on to keep up the analogy which exists between white flour, white aprons, and a snowy coronet. On one side of you can be seen a dozen barrels, perhaps, of the most excellent flour. They stand together with an unanimity which might impart a salutary lesson to a discordant band of politicians. They constitute the tangible exponents of good eating. They whisper in the ear of the sentimentalist a ditty of the staff of life. They assure the grumbler, who would have the world believe that a board of managers have hearts like the upper and the nether millstone, that he is altogether on the wrong scent, so far as our Blockley supervisors are concerned: and they tell the flour-merchant that some brother in his line has had a good pull from the treasury department, in thus catering to the wants of the million. Immediately in front of you can be espied that formidable board, extending from east to west, upon which the dough is kneaded by a dozen of as lusty arms as ever Hercules could boast of. While thus manipulating the dough, their owners sing, in bold and manly accents, of the Faderland. If you look a little closer at the knights of the dough, you will find a few drops of crystal, which well up from that deep fountain of hidden sensibilities, the heart. That stern man, shoulders huge enough to sustain a couple of fifty-sixes, is thinking, perhaps, of his little cottage on the Rhine, as he sings, with faltering accents, the good old ditty—

"Herrn mein herz warum so traurig."

That young fellow who is drawing out a fresh loaf from the oven, and wiping it off with the capacious piece of flannel, to remove any stray ashes which may determine to adhere to its smooth and shining crust, is recalling the home where, in boyish waywardness, he stole from his mother's side and crossed the main, as a sailor, before the mast.

That old man, who has just completed his task of filling a hamper with fine fresh loaves, and is now intent upon perusing the German newspaper, the "Botschafter," which weekly unfolds to him its fund of good religious intelligence, goes back, in memory, to the Wartburg forest, where he rambled on a holiday with his little troupe of younglings, who withered one by one, some in youth and more in manhood, till, scathed and blighted, he owns no kindred here on earth.

But our alms-house friends do not give too free a vent to those softer emotions which bespeak for them the tender interest of the considerate. Look yonder, and you will see a young black rascal, who, because he has nothing else to do, is tumbling into the dough with his Ethiopian digits, as if he was bent upon the task of amalgamation. Pomp, or Pompey, to use his full classical designation, loves to pass a stray hour in the cellar among the worthy functionaries of the yeast. One moment his frizzled head is bobbing so close to the furnace that you anticipate the singeing of his wool; the next, and he has upset a hamper of bread on the floor, and drawn upon his poor trembling heart a profuse shower of the Dutchman's ever-handly, ever-potent, yet harmless malediction of "Donder und Blitzen." Anon, he is half immersed in a keg of water, and assumes the appearance of a drowned rat, while the risible faculties of the German fraternity are in full exercise at his expense. Thus he capers about till some one of the crew, getting a little vexed, helps him up the stairway with a certain application of boots and muscles, which enables the little black fellow to rise without the puissant intervention of yeast or salseratus.

If there is on earth an embodiment of mischief and glee, it is to be found in a young descendant of Canaan. Roll him in the dust, or crack him on the back till he winces, and the next minute, if your back is turned, his comical grimaces and ludicrous gesticulations attest the fact, that although he has been sadly belaboured, you have not yet knocked out of him that fund of drollery upon which he is continually drawing, when others, of a temperament more choleric, are at the lowest point of mental dejection. There is not, however, much affinity between the stern Teutonic characteristics and the buoyant and effervescent gaiety of the young African. They may for a few minutes laugh at his pranks, and even help him on with a few of his hair-brained capers, but it will not be long before the gravity of the Heidelbergers will suggest the cessation of all such Merry-Andrewism.

Now, the bread is being piled upon the wheel-barrow for speedy and sure conveyance to that citadel, the storehouse. Did you ever put your eyes on more capacious loaves? Why, their jovial circumference almost makes

one merry. They are none of your meagre, milk-and-water combinations, which look as starched, and demure, and prim, when they emerge from the oven, as if they were destined for some rascally miser, who would chip them off by the inch, and only cut them when his stomach cried "rations." No, they look like stout honest yeoman; admitting that there is yeomanry among the bread, real solid Dutch Hamburgh burghers. They bring up the shade of old Peter Stuyvesant, when he sat in his porch and ate his bread and molasses, flanked by pork and redoubtable sourcroust; in a word, they call up the recollections of those sunny hours when our grandmothers silenced the clamours of our appetites by cutting us an entire slice across the continent of an eight-cent loaf, and sprinkled it with that blessed quieter of noise—the light brown sugar. Such are our reflections as we watch the bread being wheeled over to the storehouse.

One barrow is being wheeled by our friend Josey—he of the green spectacles—who has figured in a previous paper. He is taking the allowance of the children's asylum to its destination, and many a little hand will soon part the broad sides of those lusty loaves when they reach the kitchen. Nothing so invigorates an urchin as the sight of bread, especially if it be fresh. Its strengthening fragrance is to him like gales from Araby, the blest; and if, by a combination of felicitous events, he can get between his teeth a piece of the smoking hot, he asks no collateral recommendations of butter to make him the happiest of human kind. Oh! for the halcyon hours when the height of the writer's ambition was, like that of the alms-house children, to get a slice of bread, real home-made bread, fresh from the oven! Stern realities of actual life have now usurped the place of innocent enjoyment; and grief and care sit, in a fearful brotherhood, by the portals of a heart once gay and bounding as the birds of spring.

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE XIV.

JULIUS CÆSAR—ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Cæs. I beg your pardon, General, I consider myself the honored party on this occasion.

Tay. No, no, no! don't talk so; the idea of putting an old-fashioned Yankee Soldier, like me, on the same platform with the greatest fighter of all antiquity; I—

Cæs. Your too modest, by half. I tell you again, nothing I ever did in Gaul, or Parthia, or Africa, is to be named in the same century with that affair at Buena Vista.

Tay. Oh, you're joking.

Cæs. I am *not* joking; nor am I alone in the opinion. 'Twas but yesterday that I heard Epaminondas and Marlborough both saying the very same thing. Leonidas, too, who ought to know what good fighting is, expressed himself most emphatically, on the subject: and also concerning the capture of Monterey. He looked upon both performances, he said, as among the very happiest military hits on record.

Tay. Well, well; after such authorities, it would be sheer affectation in me, to say otherwise, I certainly tried to do my duty on that occasion.

Cæs. You *did* it, too, most nobly, gloriously, my old friend: ay, and on all other occasions, civil and military. I have been longing for an opportunity to tell you so. I know all about you, you see.

Tay. Through what channel, may I ask?

Cæs. Well, the military part of your career was recited to me, not long since, and with a delightful enthusiasm, by your gallant brother, WORTH, the American *Murat*, as we all call him; while the civil portion of it, was rendered ample justice to, let me tell you, by that choicest of choice spirits, HENRY CLAY himself.

Tay. Indeed! That was very magnanimous in brother Hal, considering that I, (most innocently, it is true, nay reluctantly,) stood so in the way of his earthly ambition. He alluded then, did he, to the Presidential campaign?

Cæs. He told me the whole story: and so far as I could judge, with perfect frankness and good-humor. He wound up his narrative, I remember, by remarking, with great emphasis, that he would rather be right than President or Emperor of the best star in the universe. A glorious sentiment, Zachary! Ah, dear; I wish I had acted up to it in my little day on earth. I should be in much better spirits this very hour, I assure you. That all-grasping, guilty ambition of mine was a terrible curse, both to me and to Rome. Candidly, now, General, don't you think, it would have been far better for the world, if I had never been born?

Tay. The Lord saw fit to send you here, Julius, and that I consider a sufficient answer to your question.

Cæs. A most soldier-like one, certainly.

Tay. Why he permitted you to raise the old boy, as you did, is another matter. But I've no doubt the mystery will be cleared up all in good time. I'm but a novice yet in things spiritual, and should rather seek light from you on these points, than venture on any opinion of my own. But be that as it may, I can't help liking you, anyhow, Cæsar, with all your imperfections.

Cæs. Ditto, ditto, with all my soul! Yes, I was quite in love with you, Zachary, at the

very first blush. And so I was telling our earthly friend here, before you came, while studying that tip-top bust of yours. Humbug apart, I consider it worth a journey across a score of milky-ways, to shake such an honest old fellow by the hand.

Tay. Well, it certainly is most gratifying to be talked to, in this style, by so illustrious a spectre: so, so,—

Cæs. Brilliant alike in the boudoir and in the cabinet, on the stump and in the field. That's what you were going to say, General, is it not?

Tay. Precisely; only you have put it in as many words as I should have used sentences. I was going to add, however, by one whom I can't help thinking, (asking Plutarch's pardon,) a far greater Commander than Alexander himself.

Cæs. *Inter nos*, Zachary; I don't think much of Plutarch.

Tay. I'm sorry to hear you say that;—Why so?

Cæs. Oh, he's such a superstitious, sentimental old twaddler. And, then, so inaccurate, and, above all, so full of his Grecian prejudices! Confound the fellow: do you know that he actually accuses me, in that lie of a life of his, of cutting a million of men to pieces, in my time? I was bad enough, heaven knows; but not quite such a wretch as that comes to.

Tay. I remember the passage. I dropped a cypher, mentally, when I read it, as being probably nearer the truth: and, as you say, bad enough at that.

Cæs. Too true, too true: and yet I can't help regretting, now and then, General, that I had'n't a little of your flying artillery with me in Gaul. I should have dearly loved to have given Ambiorix, and Vercingetorix, and the rest of those gallic rascals, an occasional shower of that same grape that you threw in, to such purpose, among those trumpet-blowing Mexicans; eh, Zach?

Tay. Fie, fie, Julius; don't talk so.—These are no themes to be trifled with. I say again, you made quite havoc enough, in your day, without resorting to the murderous contrivances of modern times. That one affair with the Nervii, alone; what a terrible, terrible day's work that was! Think of those sixty thousand brave fellows that bit the dust, between sun and sun! Fighting for their own friends, too, at that! Bad, bad business, Cæsar! I almost wished, when I first read about it, that you had shared their fate: but perhaps another cypher ought to be dropped here, too: how is it?

Cæs. No, no; the statement is quite too correct. You'll find the same figures in my Commentaries.

W. the Elder. Here is the volume, right by, if you would like to refer to it.

Cæs. Never mind, never mind, old gentleman. (*After a short pause.*) Yes, yes, take it for all; that was the hardest day's fight, and the narrowest escape, that I ever had. The old *Tenth*, too; Jove bless 'em: how they covered themselves with glory on that day. Your own Kentucky volunteers, General, could'n't have done greater wonders.

Tag. As a mere specimen of pluck, I grant you, it was a brilliant affair; the prettiest thing you did, perhaps, in all your Gallic Campaigns; unless the putting up of that famous bridge—

W. the Elder. Oh, General, don't speak of that infernal bridge, if you please. It recalls altogether too many sound thrashings, I assure you.

Cæs. Thrashings! what does the old gentleman mean by that? You smile, General. What is the mystery? Explain, explain.

Tag. You are not aware then, *Cæsar*, it seems, that these same Commentaries of yours have, for many centuries, been a text-book in our schools?

Cæs. Indeed! You surprise me.

Tag. Even so; and that same passage, wherein the construction of the aforesaid bridge is described, being a right down tough one, has caused a great many lazy boys a great many severe whippings. I've had a taste of the hickory, myself, more than once on that score.

Cæs. Ah! that's it; is it? I am heartily sorry that I should have been the cause of any such suffering on your part, General; or on that of our old friend, here. So much for being a Classic!

Tag. Oh, don't mention it, *Cæsar*. I believe in thrashing, myself. Boys need it as much as grain; depend upon it.

Cæs. (*Aside to Tag.*) But what a queer old customer this seems to be of ours!

Tag. An eccentric person, very. Speak out, landlord; there is evidently something on the tip of your tongue, that you want to get rid of.

W. the Elder. An absurd fancy, nothing more. This old noddle of mine is quite too full of them.

Cæs. Out with it now; out with it.

W. the Elder. Oh, I was only thinking what a tremendous army *Cæsar* would now be commanding, this very day, could he get together all the individuals that have been flogged on his account. All Gaul would hardly hold them. And were he to add thereto, all the negroes, dogs and horses, that have been christened after him, he might prescribe terms to the Holy Alliance itself.

Cæs. Well, this is fame, with a vengeance! But isn't our old friend here quizzing, General?

Tag. Not at all. He speaks within bounds. I myself left at least a score of *Cæsars* in my

service, when I died. Yes, Julius, I have straddled *Cæsars*, hunted with *Cæsars*, been shaved by *Cæsars*. Both you and Pompey have been amazingly useful to me, all my life, in the way of blacking my boots, driving my teams, getting in my sugar-crops, etc., etc. But we are frivolous. To revert to Plutarch. I was right down sorry, my friend, to hear you speak of him in the way you did. He always struck me, as being a most amiable old philosopher and moralist; and I think that's his reputation amongst most readers. At any rate, he has made many a long day seem short to me, in camp and on the frontier, with those lively biographies of his. Common gratitude, therefore, will not allow me to say anything disrespectful to his memory.

Cæs. My dear General, had I known that—

Tag. Never mind, never mind. He certainly has not done you justice, however.

W. the Elder. No, indeed; the theme was altogether beyond his powers. Ah, Your Highness; if we only had your autobiography, now: that *would* have been a volume for the auctioneers to keep knocking down by the tens of thousands! Isn't there such a work somewhere, hid away under one of those seven hills of your's? If so, pray let us into the secret. I should make a fortune by it in less than no time. Are you sure you didn't write such a book, and stow it away in some place that has never been found out?

Cæs. Indeed, indeed, my old friend, I did not. I fully intended to have done so, however, had I lived. Confound those rascally assassins, they caused me a world of disappointments!

Tag. By the way, *Cæsar*, have you seen much of Brutus, since the affair?

Cæs. A good deal.

Tag. And did he explain it at all to your satisfaction?

Cæs. Perfectly, perfectly. A glorious fellow, Zach! No loftier spirit ever breathed on earth. As to the other conspirators, however, they were a miserable set of wretches.

Tag. What, not Cassius?

Cæs. Well, I never had much faith in his integrity. A bitter creature, General, and a frightened mercenary one; and as for the rest, they were little better than mere money-murderers.

Tag. While I think of it, *Cæsar*, I should like to ask you a question or two, on points that somewhat interest me.

Cæs. Name them, name them, my dear friend.

Tag. Well, then; suppose you had lived out your days, and died quietly in your bed, how would things probably have gone? How would your own career, and that of Rome, nay, of the world, have been affected by it? What were your plans and feelings, at the

time that you were thus cruelly taken off? I confess I should like to have some explanations on these points, if agreeable to you.

Cæs. Your questions, General, are certainly somewhat difficult and embarrassing: especially when we reflect how deceitful all hearts, how doubtful all futures, have ever been on earth. I will endeavor to answer them, however, and honestly. That I had a foolish, guilty passion for the name and power of King, I may not pretend to deny. The evidence is overwhelming against me on that point. Yes, I should have left no stone unturned, to have secured the throne. Well, suppose the people had succumbed, the conspirators been thwarted, and the coronation had duly taken place, how would King Julius I, have behaved himself? That's the question. Well, if I know myself at all, Zachary, I should have been guilty of no small acts of meanness or of treachery. Overbearing and imperious I should have been undoubtedly; but as for staining my name with any of those deeds of beastly debauchery and diabolic cruelty, that have made forever infamous, some of my dependants, I am sure, my dear friend, you will believe me, I was utterly incapable of them. That I should have undertaken to enlarge my Parthian and German acquisitions, and have made more Gallic conquests, and invaded Britain again, it is of course unnecessary to add. Nor should I have neglected the gentler arts and employments of peace, nor the strengthening and embellishing of the imperial city. I had already arrangements, indeed, for the erection, on a grand scale, of several buildings, both useful and ornamental; such as a Grain Depot, and Merchants' Exchange, and Custom-House; a new Library on the Esquiline, and a School for Architects, the design of which I furnished myself, and had given to my friend, Servilius, the sedile, the very day before my assassination. A superb theatre, too, hardly inferior in size and elegance, to the Colosseum itself; and a Grecian Opera House; but, above all, a magnificent Observatory, on the Coelain hill. That, my dear General, was quite a hobby of mine—the perfecting of our Roman Astronomy: a subject, indeed, which I had spent a good deal of time and money on, while in Egypt. I had also planned the construction, on improved principles, of several new roads in various parts of the empire: some modification also, in our system of draining and sewerage, a branch of engineering, you know for which we Romans were always famous. The great subject of Rivers and Harbors, too, occupied my thoughts a good deal, at that time: and the founding of a Military Hospital for my brave old legionaries. I actually made arrangements for laying the corner-stone of this last structure, in person, and with appropriate ceremonies, on the very morning of

my taking off. But I must not weary you, General, with all these details.

Tay. Not at all, not at all; go on. I am quite interested, I assure you.

Cæs. Well, I might add, that the subject of the Currency was one, in which I was also deeply interested. Some six months before my Exodus from the flesh, I had drawn up and submitted to my friend, Dolabella, the plan of a grand National Bank, both of circulation and discount, with a capital of twenty-five millions of sesteritia, and branches, of course all over the empire. D. approved of it, I remember, with some slight modifications, and was, in fact, to have been its first President. Anthony, too, liked the idea, and would, no doubt, have been a leading Stockholder. There was another matter, too, Zachary, that I had quite at heart.

Tay. Ah, what was that?

Cæs. The improvement and enlargement of our Common School System.

Tay. The deuce you had! Why, Julius, your brain seems to have been perfectly crowded with grand and noble ideas. What a pity, what a pity, that you had no opportunity to carry them out!

Cæs. Well, I was certain, General, after the above statements that you would give me credit for *some* good intentions, at least. But there was another thought, still grander and nobler, my friend, that crossed my mind occasionally; though, I confess, I doubt whether I should have ever had moral courage enough to have acted up to it; if, indeed it had been at all practicable.

Tay. And what thought may that have been?

Cæs. That of voluntarily resigning, after a few brief years of prosperous rule, the imperial crown and purple, and of recommending to the Senate and People, the re-organization of our glorious republic, on newer and better principles. Yes, Zachary; a republic somewhat like your own, though, of course, far, far inferior to it, as a piece of legislative workmanship.

Tay. What! a federal government, based on representation, and with a written Constitution? You amaze me.

Cæs. Even so; as I said before, however, I fear I should hardly have had magnanimity enough to carry out the idea, when the time came. But suppose it had been so, my friend, and the people had accepted the proposition, and perhaps have chosen me for their first President—wouldn't it have been glorious? How it would have read in history! Julius Cæsar, first President of the United States of Italy! After a term or two, perhaps, of peaceful and beneficent government, under the Constitution, to have retired and spent the evening of my days in quiet, and have died, at last placidly in my bed, and with an approving con-

science, as you did, my friend, and have been followed to the tomb by millions of loving, weeping countrymen! Ah, dear, on how much pleasanter a footing should I have then stood with posterity! How different probably would have been the fate of dear Rome, too; nay, as you said, of the whole world itself.

Tay. Would to heaven that it had been so decreed! But really, Julius, had you matured this same idea of your's, so far, as your remarks would seem to imply? And, pray, how was the Executive Department of your government to have been organized? Would you have had a corps of Constitutional advisers about you, or would you have been your own Cabinet? Between ourselves, my friend, that was altogether the most trying part of my whole public life, the selection of that same Cabinet. I would rather have fought twenty Buena Vistas over again, than to have had a second one to construct.

Cæs. Ah, you were too honest for your own good. That was your trouble. If you had been more of a rogue, Zachary, I have no doubt you'd have been in the body this very hour. But to reply to your question; I should have had a Cabinet, by all means; nay, I had even gone so far as to pitch upon the persons who were to compose it.

Tay. Ah, who were they, who were they?

Cæs. Well, Brutus, of course, would have been Secretary of State, Dolabella, of the Treasury, Sulpitius Rufus, of the Interior, Anthony, dissolute dog that he was, I'm afraid I should have had to have made Secretary of the Navy, while Calenus would have presided over the War Department. As for the Attorney General—but, holloa; what's our old host so busy about?

Tay. Why the old gentleman seems to be taking notes right smart.

W. the Elder. To be sure I am. Do you suppose I am going to let such startling disclosures as these, go unrecorded? No, indeed,—positively must and shall be informed of all these things. But, really, Cæsar, I must say that I have been a good deal startled, I might add bewildered, by some of your statements. I had not the remotest idea, that such things as Banks and Bank Notes, were known to you classical boys, any more than penny papers; or that you were familiar with telescopes, or lorgnettes, or librettos.

Cæs. And yet, my aged friend, I am giving you the naked, unvarnished facts.

Tay. But, come, Julius; if we're going to see that Washington Exhibition, I was speaking to you about, it's high time we were off. Daylight is going fast.

Cæs. True, true; I would'nt miss it for worlds.

Tay. And suppose we get our old friend here to act as cicerone.

W. the Elder. I am quite unworthy of such

an honor. You'll be delighted with the pictures, though, I'm sure.

Tay. I am told that there are no less than a dozen heads of the Pater Patria there, and all by artists of note.

W. the Elder. Even so; heads by Stuart, Pine, Wertmuller, Carrachi, Houdon, Powers, and others, to say nothing of Leutze's magnificent composition, the *Crossing of the Rubicon*.

Tay. What, what, what?

W. the Elder. Pshaw; I'm always making such blunders,—Delaware, I should have said.

Cæs. I'm afraid, my old boy, that was meant for a sly cut at me, if the truth were known.

W. the Elder. Oh, how can you?

Cæs. No matter; I deserve it. In fact, General, I almost shrink from being confronted with the great patriot. The contrast in our careers here below, was so painfully marked, that—

Tay. Oh, don't be so squeamish. Besides, you'll find plenty of other attractions there. Will he not, landlord?

W. the Elder. Yes, indeed; quite an assortment of fancy pieces, and some glorious landscapes. *Gignoux's Seasons*, among the rest; and, above all, the ever-charming *Course of Empire*.

Cæs. Indeed! I was somewhat of a landscape painter myself, in my early days.

Tay. What were you not, Cæsar? Poet, wit, fine gentleman, orator, statesman, warrior; and, moreover, unless Suetonius belies you, a terrible fellow among the girls.

Cæs. Well, I was somewhat of a pet among the petticoats, it must be confessed.

Tay. A sad dog, I fear. Cæsar, allow me to ask you one plain question.

Cæs. Certainly.

Tay. Suppose now, after this same imaginary coronation of yours, that you have had so much to say about, that that wicked and bewitching syren, Cleopatra, had come over to your Courts, would you had have the courage to turn your back on all her fascinations? Would you have been a faithful husband to your loving Queen, Calpurnia? I fear not.

Cæs. Well, well, General, those were wicked times; there's no denying that. I was surrounded by pretty hard characters during most of my stay on earth. But, oh, what a comfort it is to know that all these things have changed, since!

Tay. Rather sarcastic, Cæsar, that last remark. But come, let's be off. I shall insist however, on our old host's accompanying us.

W. the Elder. As you will, Commanders.

Cæs. Bene andiamo.

[Exeunt.]

Literary and Scientific Gossip.

"AMENITIES OF LITERATURE," No. 3.

—A third draught of "Amenities," and as will be seen, a reply on the part of Mr. J. B. Jones, to the letter of Messrs. Derby & Miller, published in our last, has been sent to us, and is as follows:

Messrs. Editors:—Will you permit me to suggest to those who have not seen Nos. 1 and 2 of this correspondence, the necessity of procuring them, if possible, that they may be enabled the more perfectly to comprehend the merits of No. 3?

No. 2 contains a certain P. S. which will be likely to attract the reader's attention; and which, if interpreted as Messrs. Derby & Miller interpreted it, will be apt to make him smile. Let me copy it here:

"P. S. I have just finished writing a local romance, which will make some 250 pages, 12 mo. It has not as yet been offered to any of the publishers. Would you like to treat for it?" (Signed) J. B. J.

And this P. S. Messrs. D. & M. say was omitted in the very remarkable correspondence, designated as No. 1. Admit it. It was foreign to the subject. But since it has been deemed worthy of preservation, it is humbly submitted that a true version ought to be transmitted to posterity. A slight omission must be supplied, for the benefit of the millions unborn. The last sentence of the P. S. must be read as follows: "Would'nt you like to treat for it?"

Mr. J. may safely own to some degree of shame for making use of so vulgar an expression to such grave and high-minded gentlemen; but it is strictly vernacular, and not without signification. It may be presumed that the one uttering it does not look for favors at the hands of the party spoken to. And what are the favors granted by such publishers to authors?

Refer to their statements ("Amenities" No. 2,) in the BIZARRE of last week. A Mr. Benedict collects some of Dr. Schoolcraft's productions, and sells them to a Mr. Graham; Mr. Graham sells them to G. H. Derby; and Derby & Miller purchased them of the administrator of G. H. D. Derby & Miller bestow upon them a new title, make up a table of contents, and procure a copyright. They say in No. 2, "The title of a work, and the arrangement of its contents, we believe to be as legitimate subject of copyright, as the material of which it is made!"

Good. Did Mr. J. reveal his title in the P. S.? And will he not be certain to make an "arrangement of its contents" himself, before Messrs. D. & M. shall set their eyes upon it?

Messrs. D. & M. do not deny that the substance of the book is the production of Dr. S. But *cui bono*? Did they not "arrange its contents," and does not that entitle them to the copyright? They say, further, that the book was "originally destitute of merit." So, then, their new title—which in truth was our's—and "arrangement of its contents," made it what it is, and made it sell; and hence, they have the exclusive right to the profits of it.

The author (say they,) "never asked for a 'single cent'" until his book "reached a third edition." What impudence, then, to ask for a "cent!" Messrs. D. & M. exclaim: "Suddenly Mr. S. discovers that for his book, whose sale, finally, was owing *entirely* to the enterprise of its publishers, he had never been paid!" The admiration mark (!) was placed there by D. & M. Who does not admire it? Is it not admirable?

We cannot too often recommend Nos. 1 and 2 to the reader. They are to be sent to the committee in the Senate having charge of the copyright treaty, and will be preserved forever in the archives of the government. Publishers can frown upon authors during their lives; but when both are dead, and money and bargains are no longer taken into consideration, justice is awarded impartially. There may be those, however, who would prefer an ounce of gold in life, to an eternity of fame after death. But who would be infamous?

The conclusion of Messrs. D. & M.'s candid confession in No. 2, is almost exciting. They say: "In conclusion, we believe that 'Western Scenes, etc.' [the last edition was entitled 'Wild Western Scenes,'] conflicts with no work of Mr. J.'s; and, if objectionable to Mr. S., his fame is secure from any damage arising from its circulation, as we have taken his name off the title page

Yours Respectfully,

DERBY & MILLER."

Very well, and so be it. It is to be hoped Mr. S. will derive comfort from the assurance. He wrote the book. That is not doubted. He did not ask for "a single cent" until a third edition was issued. This is admitted. Alas, it was then too late! And now his name is to be stricken off the title page of his own book!

Is it surprising that Mr. J. wrote that P. S.? Might he not have had a presentiment that the Auburn publishers were destined, "by hook or by crook," to get his local romance. Any deficiency of merit in the work could form no obstacle,—an "arrangement of its contents" would secure the sale of three editions.

Seriously, an humble, dependent, indigent author, must be the most miserable creature in existence! It is to be hoped Dr. S. is comfortably provided for, aside from the pro-

ducts of his labors. For our own part, fortunately for us and for those dear to us, we have no reason to apprehend any evil consequences flowing from the injustice or tyranny of the Auburn publishers.

J. B. J.

— Our New York correspondent thus notices *Graham's Magazine* for May, a copy of which we have received from the publisher :

"*Graham's American Monthly*, for May, has been received here by the enterprising Agents, Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport. The recent improvements made in the general appearance of that popular work, especially in reference to its literary character, is as creditable to the public spirit and taste of the proprietor, as it is acceptable to its numerous friends and patrons. The present number contains many interesting articles, both original and selected, and the illustrations in proper keeping with the spirit and design of this favorite Magazine. We are pleased to learn that the future numbers will be occasionally embellished with a fine Steel Engraving and Mezzotint from the accomplished artist, Sartain. They will be an agreeable aid to the very attractive wood cuts which have become so popular with periodical publishers."

— *Godey*, for May, is on our table, and maintains its well-known character.

— The *Pen and Pencil*, published at Cincinnati, is a handsomely printed and tastefully conducted journal,—the best, decidedly of the kind at the west. We hope it may prosper.

— The *City Item*, conducted by the indefatigable Fitzgerald, is going on swimmingly as usual. The editor has lately installed himself into a new office, where he looks fresher and brighter than ever. He is one of the "handsome," they say, of Philadelphia. Now this "they say" we are not disposed to gainsay. We could'n't do it if we would; for we are no judges of masculine beauty, readily as we think we can appreciate feminine charms

— Mr. Putnam argues in favor of an international copyright with great energy, in a letter published in the last number of *Norton's Literary Gazette*, and addressed to Mr. A. Hart, of this city.

— In *Norton's Literary Gazette* we learn that the World's Fair, in New York, in addition to its display of art, will embrace the establishment of mineralogical and chemical departments: the former intended mainly to illustrate the products of our various mines and quarries, the specimens being geographically arranged, and the other being designated to show to what extent and with what success the preparation of drugs and chemicals are prosecuted in this country. Prof. Silliman, jr., and Mr. Wm. P. Blake, have been appointed to the charge of these departments.

— The London *Literary Gazette*, expresses the opinion that the literary remains of Napoleon Buonaparte, preparing for the Press in Paris, will embrace a large number of literary productions among them: for Napoleon, when young, was not unambitious of a literary reputation, and employed his pen in writing sundry essays and tales, which have been preserved and will now be published.

— A collection of specimens of Book Binding, from the earliest days of the art, is to be formed in the Louvre at Paris. M. Mottley, recently deceased, has started it by bequeathing a large collection which he himself had gathered.

— Grote's eleventh volume is about to appear. The Speeches of Sir. Robert Peel are reprinting from Hansard. Those of the Duke of Wellington are to follow. A Translation of Mr. Macaulay's Essays, etc., in 6 vol., has appeared at Brunswick.

— Wellington Autographs—"original and characteristic"—are advertised in London, at five guineas each. An autograph of Shakspeare is said to have brought, in Paris, at a recent sale, £111, and one of Sir Walter Scott, thirty-five pounds.

— The following new books are on our table, and will be noticed hereafter: From J. S. Redfield, New York, "Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays, by Collier,"—From Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia, "Simon Kenton," an historical novel by James Weir, and "Travels in Egypt and Palestine," by Thomas,—From A. Hart, (late Carey & Hart,) of Philad'a, "The Year Book of Facts for 1853," and "Essays and Miscellanies," by Grace Aguilar,—From Charles Scribner, of New York, "The Old Man's Bride," by T. S. Arthur,—From J. W. Moore, of Philad'a, "Chambers' Repository," (Vol. 2) and "Pictorial Sketch Book of Philadelphia. The last work is published by William Bromwell.

Bizarre among the New Books.

YUSEF-A CRUSADE IN THE EAST.

— Mr. J. Ross Browne, an author who has made himself known by many tales of romantic adventure, among Californians and whalers, as well as among the haunts of the veritable Crusade of De Foe, is the father of this book. He is a daring, aye, and a clever Browne: an honor, in many good points, to the whole family of Brownes. A desire for scenes, and scenes of various latitudes, seems to have taken possession of him a few years ago; and he has gratified that desire, though opposed by obstacles which to most other men would have been insurmountable. He says:

"Ten years ago, after having rambled all

over the United States—six hundred miles of the distance on foot, and sixteen hundred in a flat-boat—I set out from Washington with fifteen dollars, to make a tour of the East. I got as far east as New York, where the last dollar and the prospect of reaching Jerusalem came to a conclusion at the same time. Sooner than return home, after having made a good beginning, I shipped before the mast in a whaler, and did some service, during a voyage to the Indian Ocean, in the way of scrubbing decks and catching whales. A mutiny occurred at the island of Zanzibar, where I sold myself out of the vessel for thirty dollars and a chest of old cloths; and spent three months very pleasantly at the consular residence, in the vicinity of his Highness the Imaum of Muscat. On my return to Washington, I labored hard for four years on Bank statistics and Treasury reports, by which time, in order to take the new administration by the fore-lock, I determined to start for the East again. The only chance I had of getting there was, to accept of an appointment as third lieutenant in the Revenue service, and to go to California, and thence to Oregon, where I was to report for duty. On the voyage to Rio, a difficulty occurred between the captain and the passengers of the vessel, and we were detained there nearly a month. I took part with the rebels, because I believed them to be right. The captain was deposed by the American consul, and the command of the vessel was offered to me; but having taken an active part against the late captain, I could not with propriety accept the offer. A whaling captain who had lost his vessel near Buenos Ayres, was placed in the command, and we proceeded on our voyage round Cape Horn. After a long and dreary passage we made the island of Juan Fernandez. In company with ten of the passengers, I left the ship seventy miles out at sea, and went ashore in a small boat, for the purpose of gathering up some tidings in regard to my old friend Robinson Crusoe. What befell us on that memorable expedition is fully set forth in a narrative recently published in "Harper's Magazine." Subsequently we spent some time in Lima, the "City of the Kings." It was my fortune to arrive penniless in California, and to find, by way of consolation, that a reduction had been made by Congress in the number of revenue vessels, and that my services in that branch of public business were no longer required. While thinking seriously of taking in washing at six dollars a dozen, or devoting the remainder of my days to mule-driving as a profession, I was unexpectedly elevated to the position of post-office agent; and went about the country for the purpose of making post masters. I only made one—the post master of San Jose. After that, the Convention called by General Riley met at Monterey, and I was appointed to report the

debates on the formation of the State Constitution. For this I received a sum that enabled me to return to Washington, and start for the East again. There was luck in the third attempt, for, as may be seen, I got there at last, having thus visited the four continents, and travelled by sea and land a distance of a hundred thous and miles, or more than four times around the world, on the scanty earnings of my own head and hand."

There, you have the whole story of the roving Browne, done up in brevity; or rather an epitome of his desire to see the world, and the struggles he made to accomplish that desire. If you would possess yourself of the details of his Eastern trappings, of course you must appeal to "Yusef," the book in notice. It will well repay you for your trouble, imparting no little information, in a rather loose, but at the same time pleasing, style. Our author travelled with pencil in hand, and gives us drawings of persons and things which are very spirited, and which the publishers, Messrs. Harper, of New York, have presented in a series of very well executed wood-cuts.

Mr. Browne truly says, he has not made a desponding pilgrimage through the Holy Land. Other travellers have gone over the whole road with solemn emotions, probably the most natural for such a journey; but he has tripped along, whistling or humming merry tunes—as it were, determined to laugh and grow fat. He does gloom, a little, as he stands near Jacob's well, and Joseph's tomb; he is serious in the Garden of Gethsemane, where Saviour was agonized, or on the hill of Calvary, where he died.

Touching Jerusalem, he says,—

"It is deplorable and melancholy to see how profaned are the precepts of Him who preached peace and good-will toward all men in this very spot; whose voice still lingers upon Zion and the Mount of Olives; to witness in their worst form envy, hatred, and malice practiced in his name, and the outward worship of God where sin and wickedness reign triumphant. Perhaps upon the whole face of the globe there could not be found a spot less holy than modern Jerusalem. All the fierce bad passions that drive men to crime are let loose here in the struggle for immortality: all the better traits of human nature are buried in fanaticism; all the teachings of wisdom and humanity are violated in brutish battle for spiritual supremacy.

"In the Holy Sepulchre the hatred between the sects is fierce and undying. The Greeks and Roman Catholics, the Copts, Armenians, Maronites, have each a share in it, which they hold by sufferance of the Turkish Government; but this union of proprietorship, instead of producing a corresponding unity of feeling, occasions bitter and constant hostility. The Greeks and Romans, who are the two largest

sects, and in some sort rivals, hate each other with a ferocity unparalleled in the annals of religious intolerance. The less influential sects hate the other because of their power and repeated aggressions; the so-called Frank Catholics hate the Copts and Armenians, whom they regard as mere interlopers, without any right to enjoy the Christian mode of worship; all hate each other for some real or imaginary cause, and each indulges in the self glorification of beliving itself to be the only sect that can find favor in the eyes of the Creator. Such is the bitterness of this sectional hostility that for many years past it has been impossible to keep the building in a state of repair. The roof is dilapidated, and the rain pours in through the windows; yet so it remains. The Latins will not permit the Greeks to undertake the necessary repairs, lest the mere act should give an implied ascendancy of power; the Greeks refuse to give the Latins permission for the same reason; the Copts and Armenians are too feeble to contend with the more powerful sects; and the more powerful sects refuse to grant them the liberty which they do not already hold in despite of them through the Turkish Government. During the ceremony of the Holy Fire, which takes place once a year, the scenes of ferocity and violence that occur are indescribable. Religious insanity, and all the horrors of blood-thirsty fanaticism, destroy many of the devotees. Crimes of the darkest character are committed with impunity. Half-naked men and frantic women struggle madly through the crowd with live coals of fire pressed to their breast; bodies of the stabbed and maimed are dragged out dead; the chanting of priests, the howling of the burnt, the groaning of the crushed, fill the thick and suffocating air; and from the swaying mass arise dying shrieks of Immanuel! Immanuel! Glory to God! Sickened with the disgusting and humiliating spectacle, the beholder turns away with startling words of Ferdinand upon his lips—

‘Hell is empty and all the devils are here.’

Mr. Browne commences his notes in Sicily, and he closes them at Beirut, on the Mediterranean, whence he started for Jerusalem. He has for his chaperon a Syrian dragoman, named Yusef Simon Badra, and it is this very peculiar individual who furnished him with a title for his book, as well as with a large amount of its interesting materiel. Upon Yusef is hung many a good story; whether true or not is quite *un autre chose*. Marvel-seekers are apt to be marvel-makers; and, therefore, if we pronounce as pure romances many of the adventures of our author, we do a most natural thing under the circumstances. His book is, nevertheless, a very pleasant one; making up in cheerfulness and humor what it lacks in profundity. If it were more reliable, it would probably be less engaging; if it were

more scholar-like, it would be less adapted to the million who read in our country. The fact of the author being a contributor to the pictorial department of “Harper’s Magazine,” is an evidence that he knows how to “spin a first rate yarn.” We do believe there is more romance about the biographical, historical, and voyage and travel writers of that very entertaining monthly, than was ever before concentrated in one spot.

CLARA STANLEY.

— Robert Carter and Brother, New York, have just published a prettily bound volume with this title. It is from the pen of “Aunt Edith,” embraces the incidents of a summer among the hills, and contains nothing but what is calculated to improve the mind and heart, while it gratifies the imagination. Such books as “Clara Stanley,” we cannot too highly commend; not as specimens of a high order of literary attainment or striking genius, but as a combination of simple natural incident, bearing in its bosom that which is calculated to develop the better impulses of the human heart. “Aunt Edith” is a lady very much to our taste; good and sensible, full of substantial wisdom, and yet sugaring up the pill of counsel with enough of romance to make it grateful to the palate.

MATRIMONY.—BY MRS. CAUSTIC.

— This is the title of a neatly-printed volume, of 316 pages, which comes to us from M. W. Dodd, New York. It professes to tell of love affairs in the author’s village twenty years ago, which it does well, as a matter of course, or the book would never have passed, as it has done, to a second edition. Matrimony is, Mrs. Caustic informs us, not a novel; but a series of sketches of private life, with just enough fiction to “set them off.” It bears a good moral, certainly, and, call it by what name you may, if read attentively, will be of decided service to all, and especially to such as are entering what is denominated “society;” in nine cases out of ten, an organization fair without, but within, full of dead men’s bones. The writer handles her pen with great adroitness; and the use which she makes of fiction is a most beneficial one. She has figured, heretofore, in good fields as book-maker, and if appreciated, as we incline to think she is, will be encouraged to labour still longer in the useful sphere she has selected.

Editors’ Sans-Souci.

OLD-TIME TRAVELLING

— In the third volume of the “Documentary History of New York,” a work which does honour to the state which planned it, and to

the editor (Dr. O'Callaghan) who executed it, is the following copy of an advertisement, showing the style of travelling between New York and Philadelphia in the year 1776, seeing "the market days" was then one of the objects of a visit to Philadelphia. Elm street was what is now called New street, in that part between Second and Third streets.

"This is to give notice to the Publick, that the Stage Waggon kept by John Burrowhill, in Elm street, in Philadelphia, and John Mersereax, at the Blazing Star, near New York, intend* to perform the journey from Philadelphia to New York in two days, also to continue seven Months, viz: From the 14th of April to the 14th of November and the remaining five months of the Year in three Days—The Waggon to be kept in good order, and good Horses, with sober Drivers. They purpose to set off from Philadelphia on Mondays and Thursdays punctually at sunrise, and to be at Prince-Town the same Nights, and change Passengers, and return to New York and Philadelphia the following days; the Passengers are desired to cross Powlass Hook Ferry the Evening before; the Waggon is not to stay after sunrise; Price each Passenger from Powlass Hook to Prince Town, Ten shillings, from thence to Philadelphia, Ten shillings also; Ferriage free: Three Pence each Mile any Distance between. Any Gentlemen or Ladies that wants to go to Philadelphia can go in the stage and be home in five days and be two Nights and one Day in Philadelphia to do business, or see the Market Days. All Gentlemen and Ladies who are pleased to favour us with their custom, may depend on due Attendance and civil Usage by those Humble Servants

JOHN MERSEREAUX,
JOHN BURROWHILL.

June 23, 1776."

RATHER SEVERE.

— Paul Julien's troupe was to give a second concert in Richmond on Tuesday fortnight. The *Examiner* speaks thus of the professional aid he conveys with him:

"As to the people who are advertised as his assistants—they can neither sing nor play. Valentini has not made her appearance at all; but she is no great loss. Signor Arnoldi rejoices in the voice of a cow and the vocalization of a cow. Herr Charles Becht is equally odious in his grand piano-forte solos and his accompaniments to the boy's violin—around whose neck he hangs like a mill-stone. His trip thus far has proved a failure, owing to the bad management of his father, and will end, we fear, not only disastrously for his pocket, but his reputation."

* The intention of a stage-waggon is something new.

POETICAL OFFERING.

— A friend sends us the following, which he thinks, as do we, contains very simple thoughts. The author is Miss Fanny Johnson.

SUMMER NIGHT.

Calm, beautiful, glorious night,
Quiet and sweet is the still twilight;
Ere the rise of the moon o'er the silvery lake,
Ere the twinkling stars are up and awake.

Lovely and pure is the twilight hour,
When a soft refreshing summer shower,
Has moistened the petals of every flower;
When the blossoms are closed and gone to sleep,
When guardian-angels their vigils keep,
Oh, how sweet is the shadowy light,
Ere the moon has arisen in beauty so bright.

But solemn and deep is the midnight hour!
'Tis then that the fairies exert their power,
'Tis then the elves dance in their airy bower;
Bathed in a flood of the moon's silvery ray,
They revel in joy till the dawn of new day.

How potent the charms of midnight deep,
When thousands are looked in the arms of sleep.
Some peacefully resting in cottage and hall,
Others gaily enjoying the summer night ball.
When sweet, solemn music sounds on the still air,
(Not from the wing'd songsters, who dally are there,)
When lovers proclaim, by their serenade strain,
'Tis the hour their goddess devotion doth claim.

Midnight! Oh, 'tis a magic spell!
What 'tis, let its enchantments tell.
The heavens, the stars, the moon so bright,
Shedding a halo of softened light.
When all save the sphyr is quiet around,
And hearts in sweet union closer are bound—
When the flowers are closed, and the birdlings cower,
These are the spells of the midnight hour.

NEW YORK AS SHE WAS, AND AS SHE IS.

— When Peter Stuyvesant, the renowned Dutch Governor of the colony of New York, left with his army for an encounter with the Swedes, who settled at an early day below us on the Delaware, he bade his subjects an affectionate farewell from the stern of the vessel that bore him off to the wars. He told them "to comport like loyal, peaceable subjects;" to go to church regularly on Sundays, and to mind their business all the week besides. He urged that the women should be dutiful and affectionate to their husbands—looking after nobody's concerns but their own: eschewing all gossiping and morning gaddings—and carrying short tongues. That the men should abstain from intermeddling in public concerns, entrusting the cares of the government to the proper officers—staying at home, like good citizens, making money, and and bringing up numerous families for the benefit of the country. Above all, he exhorted one and all, high and low, rich and

poor, to "conduct themselves as well as they could."

How far this counsel was observed by Peter's subjects we do not know; but judging from present doings in New York, we should think not to any great extent. The people in primitive Knickerbocker times, the times of cocked-hats and swelling short-breeches, had their bouts; their drinks of Schiedam, their boisterous hilarity midst the fumes of many pipes; but then, all was accomplished during daylight and early evening hours. At ten o'clock, P. M., every body was in bed, and nothing could be heard in the streets but the slow, sleepy tread of two or three watchmen, varied, perhaps, now and then, by the crowing of a cock, or the barking of a dog. Nieu Amsterdam was, as it were, drugged, and snored away the whole night long, wrapt in perfect obliviousness.

Come down two hundred years or so, and what a change one encounters! The city has run off north some six or seven miles, while it fills the whole space, east and west, between the two rivers, by which it is flanked. Half a million of inhabitants it now contains instead of a few thousand; and every thing is in keeping. The old, stolid, pipe-smoking Netherlander has become nearly extinct; you rarely see his heavy dull features, among the people who jostle you. The principal expression is that of the cute, calculating Yankee, mingled with a large dash of French, German, and Italian. The Yankee it is, though, who now holds New York between his thumb and finger; he it is, who has imparted to its business the nervous activity which characterizes it. So far as pleasures are concerned, New York is eminently French. There is an intense fondness for fantastic and extravagant dressing, and light, profitless pastime of all kinds. The streets and squares are filled with loungers; the theatres and amusement-halls of all kinds, are amply patronized, and with a people who look as if they had nothing else to do. Restaurants and cafes swarm with both sexes, even to the latest hours of the night. We have seen young and delicate girls, and beardless striplings, partaking of their champagne and oysters together at Thomson and Son's, or Taylor's, and after having eaten and drank to the fruition of desire, we have observed them throw themselves into luxurious carriages—which have been awaiting them—and roll off, in by no means an enviable state of sobriety, where, we will not say. One can readily guess what may be the results where two young people, of opposite sexes, are thrown together, under such circumstances!

We think Peter Stuyvesant, could he rise up and look upon New York, as she now is, would dart back into his grave again as if sent there by a thunder-bolt. "Donder! vat

a shange! vat a peepilish!" he would exclaim, in the successors, too, of good substantial Dutch progenitors such as he governed. Not alone Peter,—some hundreds of years dead—may open his eyes with astonishment, on revisiting the glimpses of the moon, as she throws her rays upon the city of Manhattan. We, who go there as often as once a fortnight, are obliged to stare and exclaim on each successive visit. Some striking changes always confront us. We have, indeed, now begun to say to ourselves, as we sail up the beautiful bay in the John Potter, or dart across the Jersey marshes at the tail of the fire-horse, and the spire of old Trinity tells us that the great Gotham is at hand, "What now?"

REV. JAMES W. COOKE.

—The Rev. James W. Cooke, a native of Providence, R. I., died in New York on the 12th, of disease contracted on his way from Chagres to New York. Mr. Cooke had been to Central America, for the purpose of making investigations in regard to missionary operations. He was Secretary of the Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, and a most efficient laborer in the vineyard of the Saviour.

NOTABLES IN TOWN.

—Hon. Henry B. Anthony, late governor of Rhode Island, and editor of the Providence *Daily Journal*, has, with his accomplished lady, been passing a few days at Jones' Hotel, in our city. The governor never looked better.

Lewis Gaylord Clarke, editor of "Old Knick," has also been with us for a short period, during the past week, stopping at the Washington House. Mr. C. came to our city on the sad errand of attending the funeral of the only child of his lamented poet-brother, the late Willis Gaylord Clarke; and, as might be expected, had not his wonted vivacity and happy-heartedness. Consigning to the cold earth the only survivor of the idolized "Ol-lapod," was well calculated to renew the sorrows which the death of the latter excited.

HOTELS IN NEW YORK.

—Of the many excellent hotels in New York, we think the "Irving," under the direction of Mr. William H. Borroughs, late of the Franklin House in our city, is one of the best. An evidence, too, of its prosperity with the travelling public is, that it is always crowded. Great fuss is made over some of the later built hotels of Gotham, but there is not one of them, which, in all the comforts and elegancies peculiar to public houses of our times, surpasses the "Irving."

"ELLA" AND OTHER CORRESPONDENTS.

—We have another beautiful article from our old and valued correspondent "Ella," which will appear in our next. Other favours, from

various very clever friends, await a place in **BIZARRE**; among them, a tale of decided excellence.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

— There are hundreds of idle young men who expect to keep themselves out of the work-house by marrying a fortune! They don't care for beauty nor mind, but they idolize money. Beauty, mind, and money make a rare combination: yet what are they worth when associated with a small spirit? Very, very seldom is it the case that women have a combination of all. A proposition for you, reader: Men, who are men, will not marry for money, and hence, there being many such men, there are many poor but pretty and intelligent ladies who get husbands, and good husbands. Only think of a man planting himself down, and loafing on a wife's money. What a thing! Are there any in Philadelphia? A few, they say. Note them, as they shuffle along Chestnut street. What is their standard among substantial, true men?

OLE BULL'S COLONY.

— In Potter County, is, we learn, coming on very well. One of these days it may be a great feature in our state. The intention of Ole Bull is to have it embrace two villages, between which there shall be a handsome wide avenue. This avenue was commenced last fall. For a time bears and panthers may occasionally be seen promenading there, but in good season there may be fast horses, driven by fast young men, and all the appointments of advancement in civilization. Ole Bull's concerts throughout the country, we understand, have been very well attended, and he has, by them, added largely to his fortune.

MRS. SWISSELM.

— Of the Pittsburgh *Saturday Visiter*, pays a very pretty compliment to **BIZARRE**. She says it has commenced its new career "with great spirit, and in the best possible manner." Thanks, madam; **BIZARRE** is most happy to return compliment for compliment; indeed, he feels as if he could, in the fullness of his gratitude, pat dear little baby's cheeks, and call it "beautiful," even though it might be—which is not probable—any thing but beautiful. We love babies, particularly good babies. The tender little stranger who gladdens the home of the lady in notice, though, we believe, a late comer, wrought out the most marked good results; not the least of which seems to be the restraining of its mother from those unfeminine displays which clever women, unblesed with young folks, are disposed to make in the world, as moral reformers; and in which, but for the darling little baby, Mrs. Swisselm herself might have indulged. Now, the little charmer occupies the main thought: nay, gives a tone to all the thoughts and acts. It is a chord which binds the mo-

ther to the hearth-stone, a willing prisoner; it is a priceless gem, which lies locked in her heart,

"Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing,
Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends."

GAVAZZI ON TEMPERANCE, &c.

— Father Gavazzi, in a late address to the Italians of New York, at the Tabernacle, declared himself as to the Temperance movement. He also spoke against women-preachers, and gave a side-long hit at politicians.

Hear him on the cause of Temperance:

"Do not take me for a temperance orator; that would be a mistake. [Laugh.] I mean only justice. I do not intend to preach against temperance in America. Total abstinence has the approbation of a large amount of people and some legislatures; and Paul tells us not to take wine if my brother would be scandalized. But now I speak to the Italians, and I do not disapprove of wines and liquors. I must preach the whole Gospel, and not as some do, only those portions which please them. Christ says, it is not what enters into the mouth that defiles a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth. Also, the first miracle he performed was turning water into wine, and not wine into water,—[laughter,]—and it was really good wine. Paul directed wine to be taken as a means to keep out of the doctor's hands. How, then, could I preach the Gospel and prohibit wine."

Now of women-preachers hear the Padre.

"All the texts of Paul are not so rigidly adhered to, for the Apostle wrote some strong remarks respecting women which are not paid great attention to. I would not speak against the women, but they certainly are to be seen here in the present day in situations very different from the position marked out by the Apostle. We have even Curates—a *Reverend Antoinette*. Well, they will doubtless take good care of their flock."

And now mark what he says of politicians:

"In England I was told, politicians preach peace and tolerance. And why? Because they expect the votes from Romanists. This is really strong self-independence! And I also find in America some public writers—some members of the press, some editors and publishers of newspapers, who speak always with great deference for Romanists, but who keep silence upon all Protestant subjects. They are ever anxious to get all the information respecting the consecration of every new Catholic Church. This is great independence! They fear to lose some four or five cents from their avarice. But my dear Americans, why are these editors and politicians so subservient to the Papist system? I do not speak about politicians, because they have not faith or religion at all! [Laughter.] Christians, Turks, and Mohammedans, are all the

same to them. The religion of politicians is only their *place*—\$20,000 if they go on an embassy to London or Paris."

THE LANTERN.

— This very clever American *Punch* comes to us with great regularity. The last number has some very hard digs at Uncle Tom, among which is the following:

"We see announced on some hundreds of booksellers' signboards, 'The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Now all these Keys cannot be real. There must be some false Keys among them. But even allowing that one among them is the real original Key, then is there danger. There have been enough disgusting objects already let out of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and we therefore hope that the holder of this Key, whoever he may be, will lock it up, and throw the Key were Solomon threw the wicked genii—as told in the Arabian Nights."

The following Conundrum should consign its maker to the fate of a man convicted of wilful murder:

"When does a young lady wish to win more than seven beaus at once?—When she tries to fascinate (fasten-eight)." Well may Diogenes exclaim, "Oh, my!"

Another hit, palpable, and we are done for the present, with our lively cotemporary:

"A rumor is in circulation that the Empress Eugenia of France is about introducing Bull Fights into the sports of the Hippodrome, at Paris. This will certainly be a novel entertainment for the denizens of the gayest city in the world; but the *fight*s a Frenchman takes most especial delight in, are the *battles of the barricade*—that is the only *truly* national sport, and perhaps before very long the Empress may have the *pleasure* of seeing them indulge in that time-honored pastime."

FRENCH VIEWS OF OUR GREAT MEN.

—In a late number of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, M. Ampere continues his American "Promenade," having returned from Cincinnati to New York by the Erie Railroad. The *Tribune* translates a few of his rapid sketches of men and things in New York:

"BRYANT.—Mr. Bryant is the Democratic poet of New York, as Mr. Longfellow is the Whig poet, and the poet of Boston. Each of them has his enthusiastic partisans, and are sometimes unjust toward the rival of their favorite. I shall endeavor to avoid these prepossessions, and to remain impartial. Like Longfellow, Bryant is an English poet, born in America. I should say that, in regard to poetic form, Longfellow is the more European, and Bryant the more English. The first has received the imprint of all the literatures of

Europe, and especially of the German literature. The other is more exclusively under the influence of English literature. He has not that kind of originality which gives him rival a familiarity with the most different classes of poetry. Mr. Bryant, although he has translated poems from the Spanish, Portuguese, French and German, has before his eyes only the models of the mother country. It would seem as if he had wished to vie with the cotemporary poets of England, and take his place among them as an American poet. In his poem of *The Ages*, he has employed the old Spenserian stanza, as reproduced by Byron in *Childe Harold*; but if compared with Longfellow, Bryant is the more exclusively English in form, he is perhaps the most American in substance. He oftener treats of national and patriotic themes. * * * *

"I met with Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Bryant under very different circumstances. Longfellow received me with a graceful hospitality, in an elegant abode, in the midst of works of art and souvenirs of every country. I found Mr. Bryant in the office of his newspaper, covered with dust, and with the busy air of a man who is engaged in a struggle. This accidental circumstance describes to destinies and two poetic tendencies—the Whig a professor and a man of the world, preserving in the bosom of a quiet life the serenity which breathes in his verses—the Democrat, an honorable and decided public man, mingling in action, in strife—the one more European, more complete—the other more American, more concentrated: the one original in the diversity of his inspirations, the other powerful by the intensity of a small number of sentiments, thrown into a mould not so new but in fact, perhaps, more individual; the first cosmopolite in some degree like a German, the second national like an Englishman: both Americans at heart and in popularity."

WASHINGTON IRVING.—"I also visited Washington Irving. * * * Like Longfellow he is half American, half cosmopolite. Like him, he represents that alliance with Europe which is the most predominant trait in the manners and the literature of the United States. I found him in a beautiful house which has almost the air of palace. His conversation, like his style, is easy and polished. Already of an advanced age, as have been told, he still appears young, an spoke with animation of his excursion among the prairies which circumstances obliged him to terminate sooner than he had wished. 'Once launched,' said he, 'I should have gone to the end. Thus, excited by the recollection of the desert awoke the adventurous instinct of the American in the writer formed by European culture and the diplomatist accustomed to our manners.'"

"REMARKS, REMARKS, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Furquaker.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1853.

THE PRICE OF LIFE.*

A TALE.

Joseph, opening the door of the saloon, informed us that the post-chaise was ready. My mother and sister threw themselves into my arms. "It is not yet too late," said they; "Oh! do renounce this journey, and remain with us."

"My mother, I am twenty, and born a gentleman: I must win renown—I must gain distinction, either in the army or at court."

"And when thou art gone, Bernard, what will become of me?"

"You will be happy and proud in learning the success of your son."

"But what if thou art slain in some battle?"

"What of that! what is life! who values it? One thinks only of glory when he is twenty, and born a gentleman. Fancy me returned, my dear mother, in a few years, colonel, or lieutenant general, or with a fine charge at Versailles."

"And what will result from that?"

"I shall be esteemed and honored."

"And what then?"

"Every one will take off his hat to me."

"And then—"

"And then I'll marry my lovely Henriette, and make good alliances for my sisters, and we will live with you, tranquil and happy, on my lands in Brittany."

"My son! what hinders thee from commencing now? Has not thy father left thee the finest fortune in the country? Is there in ten leagues around a richer domain or a finer chateau than Roche-Bernard? Art thou not honored by thy vassals? When thou passest through the village, is there one that fails to take off his hat? Do not leave us, my son: remain with thy friends, with thy sisters, with thy old mother whom on thy return thou wouldst perhaps see no more. Do not expend in vain glory, or shorten, by cares and torments of all kinds, the days which fly so swiftly; life is sweet, my son, and the sun of Brittany is so beautiful!"

Saying this she showed me, from the windows of the saloon, the beautiful vistas of my park, the old chesnut trees in blossom, the

lilacs, the honey-suckles, embalming the air with rich perfume, and sparkling in the sun.

In the antechamber was the gardener, with all his family. Sad and silent, they also seemed to say, "Do not depart, my young master; do not leave us." Hortense, my elder sister, pressed me in her arms: and my little Amelie, who had been turning over the engravings of La Fontaine's fables, approached, and presenting the book, "Read, read, my brother," said she, weeping. It was the fable of "The two Pigeons!" I rose abruptly and thrust them aside.

"I am twenty, and born a gentleman, I must win glory, renown,—let me depart;" and I darted into the court.

I was entering the chaise, when a lady appeared in the doorway. It was Henriette; she wept not, she spoke not; pale and trembling, she could scarcely support herself. With her handkerchief she made the last sign of adieu, then fell without consciousness. I ran to her, raised her, pressed her in my arms, vowed love while life lasted, and the moment consciousness was returning left her to the care of my mother and sisters, and ran to my carriage, not daring to turn my head. If I had looked at Henriette I could not have gone. In a few minutes the carriage was rolling over the great road.

Awhile I thought only of Henriette, of my sisters, of my mother, and of all the happiness I was abandoning, but these ideas were effaced in proportion as the turrets of Roche-Bernard faded from my sight, and soon the dreams of ambition and of glory alone had possession of my mind. How many projects were formed! how many castles built in the air! how many fine actions performed in my post-chaise! Riches, honors, dignities, success of all kinds: I denied myself nothing, I merited and accorded all, in fine, elevating myself as I advanced on my route, I was duke, governor of a province, and marshal of France, when I arrived in the evening at my inn.

The voice of my servant, who modestly called me Monsieur le Chevalier, recalled me to myself, and forced me to abdicate; but each day I enjoyed the same dreams, and my journey was long, for I was going to the vicinity of Sedan, to the house of the Duke de C—, an old friend of my father, and patron of my family. He would take me to Paris, where he was expected soon, would present me at Versailles, and obtain for me a company of dragoons. I arrived at Sedan too late in the evening to go to the chateau of my patron; so, deferring my visit till the morrow, I went to the Armes de France, the finest hotel in the place, and rendezvous of all the officers, for Sedan is a garrisoned city, a strong place; the streets have a military aspect, and even the citizens have a martial air

* From the French.

which seems to say, "We are fellow-citizens of the great Turenne."

I supped at the table d'hôte, and asked some questions respecting the road to the Duke de C——'s chateau, three leagues from the city. "Any one can direct you," said they: "it is well known—there died a great warrior, a celebrated man, the Marshal Fabert." And, as among young officers was very natural, the conversation fell upon the Marshal Fabert. They spoke of his battles, of his exploits, of his modesty, which caused him to decline the patent of nobility, and the collar of his order which Louis XIV. offered him. Above all, they spoke of his inconceivable good fortune, that though only a private soldier, he had attained the rank of Marshal of France; he a man of no family.

This, the only example that could then be cited of such success, appeared, even during the life-time of Fabert, so extraordinary, that the vulgar confidently assigned his elevation to supernatural causes. They said he had been occupied, from his infancy, with magic and sorcery, and had made a compact with the devil. Our host, who to the stupidity of a Champenois joined the credulity of our Breton peasants, averred, with the utmost *sang-froid*, that at the chateau of the Duke de C——, where Fabert died, a black man, whom no one knew, had entered his chamber, and disappeared carrying with him the soul of the Marshal, which he had formerly bought, and which therefore belonged to him: and that even yet (in the month of May, the epoch of Fabert's death,) a little light was seen to appear in the evening, carried by the black man. This recital enlivened our dessert, and we drank a bottle of Champagne to the familiar spirit of Fabert, and prayed him to assist us in gaining such battles as Collioure and La Marfee.

I rose early on the morrow—and soon was on the way to the Duke de C——'s chateau, an immense gothic manor, which at another time would perhaps have scarcely attracted my attention, but which I now regarded, I acknowledge, with mingled curiosity and emotion, while recalling the recital that our host of the Armes de France had given us the evening previous.

The valet to whom I addressed myself, replied that he knew not whether his master was at home or would receive visitors. I gave him my name and he went out, leaving me alone in a large hall, decorated with relics of the chase, and family portraits.

I waited some time and no one came. This career of glory and honor, of which I have dreamed, commences then in the antechamber, said I to myself: and, a discontented solicitor, impatience took possession of me. I had already counted, two or three times, all the family portraits, and all the beams in the

ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscot. An unlatched door was blown half open; turning towards it, I saw a very pretty boudoir, lighted by two large windows and a glass door, which overlooked a magnificent park. I took several steps into this apartment, and stopped at sight of a spectacle that at first I had not perceived. A man, whose back was turned towards the door by which I had entered, was lying under a canopy. He rose, without perceiving me, and ran abruptly to the window. Tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks, and a profound despair was imprinted on all his features. He remained some time immovable, with his face buried in his hands, then turned and strode rapidly across the apartment; seeing me, he stood trembling.

Mortified and confused, I attempted to retire, stammering some words of excuse.

"Who art thou? What wishest thou?" said he in a loud tone, holding me by the arm.

"I am le Chevalier Bernard, de la Roche-Bernard, and I have just arrived from Brittany."

"I know, I know," said he, and pressed me in his arms; then, seating himself beside me, talked with animation of my father, and all my family, whom he knew so well that I doubted not he was the master of the chateau.

"You are Monsieur C——," said I.

He rose, and regarding me with deep emotion, replied, "I was; I am no more."

Seeing my astonishment, he cried, "Not a word more, young man! Ask me no questions."

"Having, sir," said I, "unintentionally become the witness of your grief, if my devotion, my friendship, can ameliorate—"

"Yes, yes, you are right; you cannot change my lot, but you can at least receive my last wishes, my last vows, it is the only service you can render me."

He closed the door and resumed his seat. Agitated, and trembling, I listened to his words; they were grave and solemn; his countenance had an expression that I had never seen in any one. His face, which I examined attentively, seemed marked by fatality. It was pale, his dark eyes darted lightning, and, at times, his features, worn by suffering, were contracted by a smile, ironical and infernal.

"What I shall tell you," said he, "will confound your reason. You will doubt; you will not believe. I myself often doubt, at least I wish to, but there are proofs; and there are in all that surrounds us, in our organization even, many other mysteries that we are obliged to acknowledge, though unable to comprehend."

He stopped an instant as if to collect his

ideas, passed his hand over his forehead, and continued, 'I was born in this chateau. I have two brothers, my seniors, to whom would revert the wealth and honors of our house. I had nothing to expect but the gown and bands of an abbe; yet thoughts of ambition and glory fermented in my brain, and made my heart beat faster. Unhappy in my obscurity, eager for renown, I dreamed only of means to acquire it, and thus rendered myself insensible to all the pleasures and sweets of life. The present was nothing to me, I existed only in the future, and the future presented itself to me under the most sombre aspect.'

"I was nearly thirty years old, and had yet done nothing; then, from all sides arose, in the capital, those literary characters, the music of whose fame resounded even through our province. Ah! sighed I often to myself, if I could but win a name in the career of letters, I should at least gain renown, and in it alone is there happiness. The confidant of my grief was an ancient domestic, an old negro, who was in this chateau before my birth; he was certainly the oldest person in the house, for no one could recollect when he came; the people of the neighborhood asserted even that he had known the Marshal Fabert, and had been present at his death."

At this instant, my interlocutor seeing me make a gesture of surprise, stopped, and inquired what was the matter with me.

"Nothing," said I. But involuntarily I thought of the black man of whom our host had spoken the preceding evening.

Monsieur de C—— continued:

"One day before Tago, (this was the name of the negro,) I gave way to despair at my obscurity, and the uselessness of my days, and cried, 'I would give *ten years of my life* to be placed in the first rank of our authors.' 'Ten years,' said he coldly, 'is a great deal, it is paying very dear for a trifle, nevertheless I accept your ten years, I will take them: remember your promise, I will keep mine.' I cannot describe to you my surprise at hearing him speak thus; I thought that years had enfeebled his reason; I shrugged my shoulders and smiled. and some days after I left this and went to Paris. I was introduced into the society of literary men; their example encouraged me, and I published several works. I will not detain you by relating their success. All Paris was eager to see them, the journals resounded my praises, the name I had assumed became celebrated; and even yesterday, young man, you would have admired—"

Here a new gesture of surprise interrupted his recital: "You are not then the Duke de C——?" cried I.

"No," replied he coldly.

And I said to myself, 'A celebrated man

of letters,—Is this Marmontel? is this d'Alembert? is this Voltaire?"

My unknown sighed; a smile of regret and scorn passed over his lips, and he resumed his recital.

"This literary reputation that I had so much desired was soon insufficient for a soul as ardent as mine. I aspired to a more noble success; and I said to Tago, who had followed me to Paris, and who never left me, there is no real glory, no true renown, but that which is acquired in the career of arms. What is a literary man, a poet? He is a nobody. Talk to me of a great captain, of a general of an army; that is the destiny I wish; and for a military reputation I would give *ten of the years which remain to me.*' 'I accept them,' replied Tago; 'I take them, they belong to me; forget it not.'

At this part of the recital the unknown stopped, and seeing wonder and perplexity depicted in my countenance, remarked, "I have told you, young man, that this would seem a dream to you, a chimera—it seems even so to me—and yet the rank, the honors I have obtained, were not an illusion; the soldiers I have led to the combat, the redoubts captured, the colors, the victories with which France has resounded, all this was my work, all this glory was mine."

While he marched back and forth, speaking with warmth, with enthusiasm, surprise seized all my senses. I said, "Who then is he? Is he Coigny? is he Richelieu? is he the Marshal de Saxe?"

From this state of exaltation my unknown had fallen into dejection, and approaching me, said with a sombre air,

"Tago was right; soon disgusted with the vain smoke of military glory, I aspired to what alone is real and positive in this world; and when, at the price of five or six years of existence, I desired riches, he accorded them.—Yes, young man, yes; I have seen fortune second, even surpass, all my wishes: lands, forests, chateau. Even this morning all was in my power, and if you doubt, doubt me, doubt Tago; wait, wait, he is coming and you will see for yourself, with your own eyes, this which confounds your reason and mine, which yet is unhappily but too real."

He approached the chimney, observed the clock, made a gesture of fear, and said, in a low voice,

"This morning, at day-break, I felt so dejected and feeble that I could hardly rise: I rang for my valet, and Tago appeared. 'What is this that I feel?' said I to him. 'Master, nothing except what is very natural; the hour approaches, the moment arrives.' 'What moment?' said I. 'Do you not know?' he replied; 'Heaven had destined to you sixty years of life, you had passed thirty when we made our compact.' 'Tago,' said I in affright,

'dost thou speak seriously?' 'Yes, master, in five years you have expended in glory twenty-five years of existence; you have given them to me, they are mine; and the days of which you are deprived will be added to mine.' 'What! was this the price of thy services?' 'Others have paid dearer for them: witness Fabert, who was also my protegee.' 'Silence, silence,' cried I, 'this is not possible, it is not true.' 'Prepare, without delay, for there remains to you but half an hour of life.' 'Thou sportest with me, Tago, thou deceivest me.' 'Not at all! calculate for yourself: thirty-five years you have actually lived, and twenty-five years you have lost—total, sixty. Am I not correct?' He was going out; I felt my strength diminish. I felt life leaving me. 'Tago! Tago!' I cried, 'give me some hours, some hours yet.' 'No! no!' he replied, 'that would now be to shorten my own account, I know better than you the value of life; no treasure could pay for *two hours* of existence.' I could scarcely speak; my eyes became dim, the coldness of death froze my veins. 'Ah!' said I, making a last effort, 'take back this wealth for which I have sacrificed every thing. Four hours more, and I resign to you my gold, my riches, all this opulence that I have so much desired.' 'Be it so; thou hast been a good master, and I wish to show some favor to thee; I consent to it.'

'I felt my strength return, and I cried,—'Four hours! that is very little! Tago! Tago! four hours more, and I renounce my literary glory; all my works, all this which has placed me so high in the esteem of the world.' 'Four hours for that!' cried the negro with disdain: 'It is a great deal, still I will not refuse thy last request.' 'No, not the last,' said I, joining my hands. 'Tago! Tago! I supplicate thee, give me till this evening, the twelve hours, the entire day, and let my exploits, my victories, my military renown, let all be forever effaced from the memory of man, let naught of them remain. This day, Tago, this entire day, and I will be content.' 'Thou abusest my bounty,' said he, 'and I do a foolish act: yet I will give thee till sunset. Ask me nothing more; this evening I will come to take thee.' He is gone!' cried the unknown in despair, 'and this day is the last which remains to me.'

Approaching the glass door, which was open, and commanded a view of the park, he cried, "I shall see no more these beautiful heavens, this velvet turf, these sparkling waters. I shall breathe no more the balmy air of spring. Fool that I was! These gifts which God has given to all, these blessings to which I was insensible, and of which only now I comprehend the sweetness, I might have enjoyed twenty-five years longer. I have wasted my days, I have sacrificed them

for a barren glory which has not rendered me happy, and which dies with me. See, see," said he, pointing to some peasants who traversed the park, singing as they returned from work, "what would I not give to share their labors and their hardships. But I have nothing more to hope for, not even misfortune."

At this moment a ray of the sun, a sun of the month of May, shone upon his face, pale and haggard. He seized me by the arm with a kind of delirium, and said, "Behold, behold how beautiful is the sun! And must I leave all! At least let me enjoy it yet: let me relish this entire day, so pure and beautiful; for me there will be no morrow."

He darted into the park, and disappeared before I could follow him. In truth, I had no strength; I threw myself into a seat, bewildered, confounded by all I had seen and heard. I rose, I walked to convince myself that I was awake, that I was not under the influence of a dream. At this moment the door of the boudoir opened, and a servant entered.

"My master, sir, the Duke de C——."

A man of sixty, of distinguished physiognomy, advanced; and presenting his hand, asked pardon for having detained me so long.

"I was not in the chateau," said he, "I have just returned from the city, where I have been to consult for the health of the Count de C——, my younger brother."

"Is his life in danger?" said I.

"No, thank heaven," replied the Duke; "but in his youth his imagination was excited by projects of ambition and glory, and a serious illness that he has lately had, in which he came near dying, has affected his mind with a kind of delirium, or alienation, causing him constantly to think he has but one day more to live."

All was explained to me.

"Now," continued the Duke, changing the subject, "I will see, my young man, what I can do for your advancement. We will go, at the end of the month, to Versailles, and I will present you."

"I appreciate your Grace's kindness, and though I must decline it, am most grateful."

"What! will you renounce the advantages you might expect at court?"

"Yes! My views have recently changed. I will live, useful and happy, on my paternal domain."

"But think that, by my assistance, you can rapidly attain distinction; and that, with a little assiduity and patience, you may in ten years—"

"Ten lost years!" cried I.

"Indeed!" replied he with astonishment; "is that paying too dear for glory, fortune, honors? Think again, my young man! Let us be off to Versailles!"

"No, your Grace, I will return to Brittany;

I pray you receive my thanks and those of my family."

"This is folly," cried the Duke.

And I, thinking of what I had just heard, said to myself, "It is wisdom."

The next day I set off, and with what delight I saw again my fine chateau of Roche-Bernard, the old trees of my park, the sun of Brittany. I regained my vassals, my sisters, my mother, and happiness! which since has never left me—for eight days after, I married Henriette.

SPRING WHISPERS FROM ELLA.

"The ocean moans, and from the deep heaven o'er me
The golden star-light streams;
My heart is weary and it pineth for thee,
Thou Holy Land of Dreams."

I often wonder what one class of day-dreams are, and where they come from, and the end of my wondering, generally, is an assurance that they are brought by the dream-angel to the heart ready to receive him. It is he who supplies the heart with the language it has need of: he, who, taking the soul from the visible, and what we call the real, gives it glimpses of the unseen, and of the imaginative. As gentle man is made better by cherishing the dream-angel, though exactly the reverse if he indulges in dreams woven by his own restless mind and over-heated brain; the dream-angel takes us a little while from the practical, to send us back to it strengthened for the conflict. He keeps the heart young, the feelings simple, and when the intellect is soaring above every-day things, and our philosophy is scouring simple things, he tells us of the prime wisdom, while revealing the future to our gaze. he whispers that simple things are the most beautiful—that the childish heart is the purest—while he brings visions of our childhood's home to us, and reminds us of our former happiness.

Blessed dream-angel, who comest to all who will receive thee, and addest a glory to their joy, or pourest a balm on their sorrowing hearts, and pointest to a glorious future: come to us often! Thou who teachest the true value of what the world most prizes—that removest the gilding from base things, and clotheest the simplest things with a garb of beauty: come to us often! Come to us: if we do not always appear to welcome you; bear with us, but, oh, do not desert us. Without thee, bright-eyed visitant, comforter, consoler, what would become of us! Thou art like the flower that gladdens the earth: thy voice is like the sweet singing of birds; thy wings drop light;—surely, surely, He who sent thee is good.

There are times—every one has known them—when we are visited by bright and glorious

visions—visions of angels, tuning their harp-strings to such delicious music, that when it comes floating to our enraptured senses, we die away to all surrounding objects, and are borne away from the earth by a very flood of melody, and then we hear:

"Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringed notes."

And at other times we wander forth into green valleys, and we walk there in "the light of a sunless day," where flowers are, bright and glorious; but these are not of unearthly hue; they are our own sweet flowers we see—the flowers that spangle our fields and beautify our homes; than which, Fancy herself cannot present us with more beautiful. But there they never die. Death, nor decay, approach our dream-flowers; and the songs of the birds are never hushed in those green valleys; nor the tingle of the stream ceaseth: nor the belling dreamy sound of the waterfall: nor the murmuring of the bee; neither do the colors fade from the butterfly's wing. The lark, upspringing from his green embowered home, chants a lay of most unearthly music; and, though the glow-worm's light seems needless, the nightingale still sings her thanks for it. The timid hare fears not to come forth from his form and eat the sweet-scented clover; and the cuckoo builds her own nest, and watches over her young ones. In those valleys many a weary foot has trod and forgotten its fatigue; and many a weary heart has found rest.

At other times, friends we once loved and cherished—friends that we still love, and that love us, although they are dead—come to us: and, of all visions presented to our souls, none are more purifying than those in which departed friends talk with us. In their presence all sorrow passes from our hearts, as a dream passes from the mind: then we feel how utterly vain are all earthly aspirations. Hope and fear cease from their wild combatting—all is calm and holy peace. Over their graves the blue dome of the sky bends lovingly, and the sun calls into life and light the flowers we planted there: and the birds chant no longer their requiem; but, instead, they sing of the time when the spirit shall re-clothe itself in its cast-off garment that now lies in the grave. But, if wordly feelings sleep at the graves of our loved ones, our souls live there; they soar away to a brighter land than earth's loveliest spot can give us a fore-taste of; and, entering through the gate that death has opened, feel that there is a place where all our desires for the good and the true can be more than realized; where the truth of the feeling we sometimes have is proved—of our apparent life being but a dream, and of there being an inner life, which is the only reality.

We all have such visions sometimes, and the

purser our souls are, and the more chastened our imaginations, the more frequently we have them. Yes, we all dream sometimes. If the dream-angel does not visit us under the cover of the dark shroud of night, or hidden beneath the grey mantle of twilight, he comes in the day-time, and uses his magical spell to banish all our surroundings from our sight, to drive all thoughts, all speculations, from our minds, and to substitute for them his own, sometimes wild and weird-like, sometimes simple and beautiful, suggestions. The dream-angel comes to every one,—or he has come,—from every soul he is willing to remove the veil of worldly feelings: to every heart he would fain present bright visions of delight.

Memory and Hope are his companions. When Memory comes with him, his suggestions are of the past; his pictures are brought from the home of the dreamer—the home where he first learnt to syllable affectionate words, to win a kiss from his mother—the home where he was dangled on his father's knee—his home, from which he is now far away, on which he may not hope ever to look again. No more to gladden his eye, runs the streamlet down at the end of the rich meadow—no more bunches of flowers, picked in the woods, to ornament his vase—no more greeting voices, nor fond clasping hands for him. The home of his childhood—his home—wherever he may live, is far away. Its walls echo to the voices of strangers—its halls are trodden only by strangers' feet. Long ago it was not so. It was not so when he left it with buoyant hopes of success in the untried world of action.

He was happy and light-hearted; he wandered in other lands—learned to doubt—to look in the heart of the brightest blossom of hope for some canker—to expect disappointment under the fairest seeming. He learnt to talk as other people talk—to still the beating of his heart—to suppress the rising tear—to be a man, calm, cold, and unimpassioned. But to him—to him, even, the dream-angel comes hand-in-hand with Memory; while Hope waits patiently to get admission.

In a spacious room, surrounded with all luxuries for both mind and body, sits the world-worn man, to whom the dream-angel has come with Memory: a book is on the table before him, and on its open leaves rests a dried "forget-me-not."

A flower is a sacred thing. Yes, a flower is sacred; and especially so, is the blue "forget-me-not." In the pleasant Rhine-land was it linked with the words "forget-me-not," the last words he spoke who, winning the flower for his beloved, gave his life as its price. What the name of the flower was before that, I don't know: I do not care to know: none can be more beautiful than the name it has,—none more fitting,—and many a time since,

has its blue petals sobbed forth the words—"forget-me-not." And now it was this little flower proved the spell to open the closed heart of Memory and the dream-angel.

Then came bright visions to his seared heart, and tears came into his eyes; for he was clasped in his mother's arms, and his sister's voice was calling him fond names. He was happy, for he trusted and loved. A change came. He was away from home when sorrow and trouble visited it, and its gentle hearts had to go into the strife of the world, when the strong heart failed; and gentle and strong were now reposing quietly in the church-yard, though nor son, nor brother, planted a flower on their graves. Absent from them in life, he had not gone to them in death, but now they were come to him, and he remembered how many wasted years he might have devoted to them, and perhaps (oh, the agony of that thought,) saved their lives as well as gladdened them.

Ah! who disbelieves in ghosts, let him come here and watch them thronging into the room where sits that man—ghosts of dear friends neglected—ghosts of talents wasted—ghosts of hours misspent, than which no ghosts are more terrible.

The dream-angel took pity on the haunted man, and wove a poppy-wreath for his brow: so he slept, and Hope took the place of Memory, and with a soothing voice told how he might yet meet his friends in a glorious country and a bright, where angels are, and harp-music, and where sorrow is no more, and neglect is forgotten.

Far away on an Irish green hill-side dwelt a poet, unappreciated even in that land of song, because unknown. To him the dream-angel went, and told him of a time when his songs should become household words, and the heart of the boy-poet was gladdened. The words of cheer inspired him, and for his country's sake he toiled on until the echo of his word-music resounded from other lands. For his country's sake he toiled—well might he win; for it was she who inspired him, and it was her beauty rewarded him. His poems, as well as almost all Irish poetry, bears evidence of an exceeding love of country; and when it was his sad fate to dwell amongst strangers, the visits of the dream-angel inspired him, for Memory helped him to weave bright visions. They well knew what Ireland was to the poet.

It was the glorious fields on which the snow descended to keep the grass always green; in which bright birds were ever singing; gay butterflies ever hovering; lovely flowers, cowslips, and prim-roses, and daisies, ever springing. It was the hawthorn hedge: the old church; the consecrated burial-field, where his fore-fathers lay interred. It was the

ruins of noble abbeys; the castellated rock; the cairns: the pathways across the meadows; the brooks, shaded with trees. It was glorious sunsets and lovely sunrises. It was the heath-covered hill; the river whose course is so beautified by Nature and by Art, that Imagination, in her wildest flight, falls far short of the reality. It was the lakes, whose beauty is world-wide. It was the warm grasping of hands; the festivities of the Holy-tide: the time-honored customs; the ancient religion. It was the old home in which generations had been born, and lived and passed away. It was the May-pole, garlanded with flowers—or in the city—the streets hung with green boughs. It was the grandeur of former days to be restored; the harp whose music had ceased to be reawakened. It was the land of his birth, beautiful and loved; his country; the birth-place of great men, whose memories the world would not willingly let die; his country, whose sons are brave, whose daughters fair, whose language is poetry—the bright and beautiful green-robed Erin: loved all the same by that poet-soul, whether the thorn-entwisted coronet of sorrow was placed on her brow: or whether it was decorated by a bright coronal of roses and laurel-flowers of hope, and type of victory.

MOMENTS OF LEISURE.

NUMBER ONE.

THE NEW EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

One of the most striking illustrations of the mutability of human affairs, has been recently displayed to the world, in the change of the fortunes of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Equally instructive was the unexpected fall of his predecessor, Louis Philippe. Resigning power, almost without an effort to retain his sceptre, we behold the mighty king "a fugitive upon the face of the earth;" and lo! as by magic, the needy adventurer assumes the vacant throne, and surrounds himself with a larger power, and with greater splendor! We now seek, with great interest, to know more than we have done of the former life, or, to use a favorite word at present, the antecedents, of this individual, whose daring acts have drawn on him the gaze of the world. It is especially interesting, now, to peruse the ridicule elicited by the new Monarch's former attempts at empire. Some writers, again, even then thought highly of his abilities. From an article in the *London Review*, republished in "*Littell's Museum*," for July, 1839, we shall make some extracts, which can hardly fail of being acceptable to the reader.

"Bonapartism is dead—gone, we believe, forever: but among all the dead and dying of 1830, who, thanks to Louis Philippe, are striving hard to revive, this is, incontestably,

the one most deserving our attention. * * * Amongst, all the pretenders, too, we must admit that Napoleon Louis is the one who, to our certain knowledge, combines the greatest number of the personal qualities calculated to win over any man who should not have devoted himself, in heart-felt worship, to something greater than all names—that is, to a principle. He is, evidently, a man of courage and capacity. Far different from the men of the Bourbon race, whether of the elder, or the younger, branch, so *arrieres*, so incorrigible, he has learned something in his exile. He unites in himself, so far as it is possible, the modern ideas of liberty, with the ambition of hereditary power. Before he turned his thoughts to France, he thought of connecting his name with the struggles of the national cause of Italy, and of the Polish insurrection; and we feel ourselves warranted, while retracing his past conduct, in giving to the *man* a mention, which, perhaps, we should not have yielded to the *pretender*."

Charles-Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was born in the year 1808. He was baptized by Cardinal Fesch; the Emperor and Empress, Maria Louisa, being his sponsors. Napoleon Louis was a great favorite with his uncle. When Napoleon returned from Elba, his little nephew stood beside him during the holding of the Champs-de-Mai, and was presented to the deputations from the people and the army. When his uncle embraced him for the last time at Malmaison, the child displayed much feeling; he was anxious to follow him and cried out in tears, that *he* would go and fire off the cannon. It is to be noted, that he is now, according to the provisions of the *senatus consultum*, (1804) the eldest son of the imperial family, and heir of the throne.

At Augsburg, he pursued his classical studies, which had been commenced at Paris under the celebrated Hellenist, M. Hage. He applied his mind to the study of the German language, natural philosophy and chemistry, engineering, and artillery. The latter, under Gen. Dufour, a Colonel in the grand army. In one of his letters to Hortense, (Sept. 2, 1830), he speaks of being engaged in "military reconnoitring in the mountains, walking ten or twelve leagues a day with his knapsack at his back, and sleeping under a tent, at the foot of a glacier." At the occurrence of the revolution of 1830, he fully believed that Louis Philippe would perform the promise which Hortense declared he often made, only a year before his accession to the throne,—that he would recall the imperial family to France. Louis Napoleon wrote a letter to the king, asking permission to serve in the French army, as a common soldier. The reply to this petition was a fresh act of banishment. Jan., 1831, he took part in the movement in the Papal States: (together with his brother)

and aided in establishing the line of defence from Foligno to Civita Castellana. When this insurrection was suppressed, he was in imminent danger :—to quote the words of the article to which we are indebted for these facts, "Tuscany notified to Hortense, that he would not be received into its territory : King Jerome and Cardinal Fesch wrote from Rome, that should the Austrians lay hold of him, he was lost : an Austrian flotilla, the same which in contempt of all law, captured and seized seventy Italians and General Zucchi, (still confined, notwithstanding the famous amnesty, in a Hungarian fortress) was cruising in the Adriatic : and all this came upon the poor mother [Hortense] while in the Palazzo at Ancona, where she was keeping her sick son concealed ; two rooms only, separated her from the Austrian Commander-in-Chief, to whom she had been obliged to give up some of the apartments. In these circumstances she took a resolve, worthy of Napoleon himself, and determined to save her remaining son, by means of that very France, which on pain of death, the members of the family were forbidden to enter. In a state of trepidation which she has simply and affectingly described, she travelled across the Italian Peninsula to Genoa ; and from thence, by means of a passport furnished her by an Englishman, she boldly entered France, arrived at Paris, drove to the Hotel d' Hollande, and wrote with her own hand to inform Louis Philippe of her arrival, on the very day that M. Sebastian, that finished statesman and diplomatist, of insight unerring into the course of affairs, announced *positively* in full council, that she had just landed at Malta." But the new king would "brook no brother near the throne," and sent marching orders to the energetic mother, and the still invalid son. They left Paris on the 5th of May, and on the 8th arrived in London : and then left again for Switzerland. On their arrival, the envoys from Warsaw, General Kniazewicz and Count Plater, invited Louis Napoleon to embrace the cause of Polish freedom. "A young Bonaparte, appearing on your shores, with his tri-coloured flag in his hands, would produce a moral effect of incalculable importance." The Prince accepted the invitation, and was on the very point of departure, when he heard of the fall of Warsaw. On what slight events sometimes depends the fate of an individual, and a nation ! Had the courier been up an hour earlier in the morning, Napoleon might have finished his days in Siberia, and France have had an Emperor the less !

An Emperor, doubtless, Napoleon always intended to be : for it is a curious fact that, in his *Réveries Politiques* his proposed constitution (although democratic) expresses, in the first article, that the *republic shall have an EMPEROR* : and in the last, provides that the

IMPERIAL GUARD shall be re-established. Not only so ; but some sabre blades seized at Strasburg, before the movement of 30th of October, have upon them the eagle, and the words, "*Garde Imperiale*." The attempt of Strasburg was not a hasty extempore affair. It had been planned, and laboured for, during two or three years before the moment of action. In 1833, it is asserted, Lafayette advised the Prince, to seize the first opportunity of presenting himself in France. Strasburg was hostile to the government ; its national guard was no longer in existence ; it had some \$2,000,000 in its treasury ; and ten thousand troops, whom, it was expected, were not incorruptible. This was the door of France for the ambitious Prince. But before he raised his standard, he determined to mingle with the military chiefs, and gather some opinions of the prospects of success. "One evening, after one of those brilliant *fetes*, common to a place of such fashionable resort, he mounted his horse, in company with a friend, and traversed in a few hours the distance between Baden and the French frontier. He entered Strasburg, just after night-fall. There in a spacious apartment, one of the Prince's friends had assembled together, on some pretence or other, twenty-five officers, belonging to various descriptions of force, and whose honor could be relied on, although they were not bound by any engagement. On a sudden it was announced to them that Prince Napoleon was at Strasburg, and was about to present himself before them ! They all received the intelligence with transport, and in a few moments the Prince was in the midst of them. The officers all respectfully gathered round him ; a solemn silence was preserved, more eloquent than any protestations of devotion ; and when the Prince had overcome his first emotion, he delivered himself in these terms :—"Gentlemen, it is with full confidence that the Emperor's nephew entrusts himself to your honour : he comes before you to learn your sentiments and opinions from your own lips. If the army be yet mindful of its great destinies—if it feel for the miseries of our country—then I bear a name which may be useful to you : it is plebeian, like our glory of the past ; it is glorious like the people. The great man, indeed, is no more : but the cause remains the same : the eagle, that sacred symbol, renowned by a hundred battles, represents, as in 1815, the disregarded rights of the people, and the national glory. Exile, gentlemen, has heaped upon me many cares and sorrows ; but as I am not acting from motives of personal ambition, tell me whether I am mistaken as to the sentiments of the army ; and if requisite, I will resign myself to living on a foreign soil, and awaiting better times." "No," replied the officers, "you shall not languish in exile ; we ourselves will restore

you to your country ; all our sympathies have long been with you ; we, like yourself, are weary of the inactivity in which our youth is left ; we are ashamed of the part which the army is made to play."

The Prince left them to await the formidable moment. The attempt was made on the 30th of October. We shall not linger over the particulars of this, as it proved, premature movement. It will be remembered, that a most ingenious trick was put in requisition, to stifle the enthusiasm which followed the Prince's harangue to the 4th regiment. The cry was raised that it was *not the Emperor's nephew, but an impostor*, a connection of Col. Vandrey's, who was exciting the rebellion. The brief triumph, was ended by capture and imprisonment ! We must not forget that he had strong encouragement from great authorities, in his ambitious aspirations.

Chateaubriand wrote him (Sept. 1832.) :—
"Prince: I have read with attention the pamphlet which you were so kind as to put into my hands ; and have set down in writing, as you desired me, some reflections naturally arising from your own, and which I had already submitted to your consideration. You know, Prince, that my young King is in Scotland, and that, while he lives, I can deem no other to be sovereign of France. But should God, in his inscrutable designs, have rejected the race of St. Louis—should our country cancel an election which *she has not sanctioned*—and should her manners be found to render it impossible for her to become a republic,—then, Prince, there is no name better harmonizing with the glory of France, than your own. I shall retain a deep impression of your hospitality, and of the generous reception given me by the Duchess of St. Lea. I beg you to present to her the homage of my respectful gratitude."

Let us turn now to Lafayette. He sought an interview with the Prince ; received him with great cordiality, and avowed his repentance of his agency in the revolution of July, 1830. He urged Louis Napoleon to seize the first favorable opportunity of returning to France : "for this government cannot stand, and your name is the only one that is popular." He promised to do all that he could to assist the Prince in his designs. The author of the article to which we have been indebted, indulges in the following sage ratiocinations : which, perhaps, he would not wish to claim just now. "We do not believe in the future destinies of the Napoleon dynasty. In our opinion, as we have already declared at the outset of this notice, Bonapartism is no more : it passes away with the completion of that task of fusion and equalization, which was Napoleon's great work, both in France and Europe ; at this day, France has nothing to expect from Bonapartism, and Eu-

rope would have every thing to fear. * * When she [France] shall one day lift up again her degraded head, it will not be for the expulsion of a man, but of a principle, that of a financial and trading aristocracy. It will be to organize, through national institutions, a continuous exercise of her liberty and sovereignty ; so secured, as not again to be lost by any mistake she may commit as to an individual, or a dynasty. In short, it will not be to repeat experiments which have cruelly disappointed her, but to try a new one ; the struggle for which, indeed, she has already gone through, but has never yet realized its peaceable enjoyment. We believe Napoleon Louis deceives himself, when he thinks of affecting a revolution in France by means of the army.

In France, especially, a Prætorian revolution, is no longer practicable. There, for the last twenty years, the army has been subordinate to the nation ; and a movement begun by the army, in the name of any individual whatever, would excite suspicion and apprehensions of another tyranny. * * The nation is not Bonapartism, except towards him who erected the grand column. Napoleon Louis might have succeeded at Stasburg ; he may yet gain over a few regiments, and be successful at some other point ; but the insurrection cannot grow to a revolution ; and all the effects of Bonapartism will end in nothing beyond ruining Louis Philippe, by undermining the fidelity of his army. Is no future career, then, open to this young man, possessed, as he has shown himself to be, of a vigorous intellect and a noble disposition ? Is no career a worthy one, it may be asked in return, but the pursuit of supreme power ? Here we gladly avail ourselves of the words of Carrel, who by dint of reflection, and by a thorough knowledge of his spirit of his time, had conquered in himself an original tendency decidedly Bonapartist ; and who resisted the overtures of Napoleon Louis's emissaries. 'If this young man,' said he, 'can comprehend the real interests of France,—if he can forget his title of Imperial legitimacy to remember only the sovereignty of the people, then, and only then, he may be destined to play a distinguished part.'—J. M.

What the future of France shall be, who will venture to predict ? That the new Emperor now sits firmly on his throne, we consider certain. Has he the wisdom of preservation, as well as the craft of acquisition ? This subject we may consider in a future paper.

Lewis Cass, Jr., our consul at Rome, is not recalled, as has been reported, but will remain at the Papal Court, at least during the administration of Gen. Pierce.

Bizarre among the New Books.

NOTES AND EMENDATIONS TO THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE.

—For this book which Redfield has just published in a handsome 12mo. of 533 pages, the public are indebted to Mr. J. Payne Collier, a distinguished English Shakspearian commentator and annotator. It is a masterly work, come from whence it may have done originally. It clears up doubts and surmises which have forever hung over certain passages of the great bard. Readings of a peculiar class, which have been always received as orthodox, it annihilates; while passages which have hitherto been shrouded in darkness, it illuminates with palpable daylight.

We understand that the commentators of England are, some of them, down upon Mr. Collier; indeed, he himself, in a letter to a London literary paper, speaks of certain gentlemen—editors and would-be-editors—who are vehemently whetting their knives to cut him open for a carbonado. One of them has already “rushed into print,” and the others are preparing to follow up the first blow. He adds, “I shall soon have so much ink spilt upon me, that I expect to be blacker than my own name.”

A reasonable man has, we think, only to examine Mr. Collier's book to pronounce it the best, of its kind, ever issued. It bears, every where on its pages, the strongest claims to authenticity. We can readily imagine that these gentlemen who amuse themselves but punish type, by making vastly obscurer the obscurities of Shakspeare, through endless notes and comments, should war upon a darkness-dissipator like Collier's folio. It reduces the perplexities of years to plain A B C; and, so far as it goes, leaves them “not a loop to hang a doubt on.” They might just as well print folios to elucidate the fact that two and two makes four, as longer to indulge in doubts as to any points treated of on its pages.

Mr. Collier gives, in his introduction, particulars as to the procuring of the singular volume from which his materials are derived. It was a copy of the folio of “Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, and Histories, and Tragedies,” first published in 1632, and a reprint of a previous impression, in the same form, in 1623. It was again reprinted in 1664, with additional plays; and again, for the fourth time, in 1685. The volume is not perfect. It wants four leaves at the end of “Cymbeline,” and there are several deficiencies in the body of the work. The entire volume consists of 900 pages, divided between 36 plays. Besides the correction of literal and verbal errors, the punctuation has been

set right throughout. There is no page without ten to thirty emendations; and their aggregate does not fall short of 20,000!

The volume also contains considerably more than a thousand changes, where letters are added or expunged, where words are supplied or stricken out, or where lines and sentences, omitted by the early printer, have been inserted, together with all the emendations of a similar kind. Mr. Collier does not adopt all the changes suggested by the volume, and plainly states his reasons why he does not.

The history of the manner in which Mr. Collier's rare folio came into his hands, he thus gives:

“In the spring of 1849, I happened to be in the shop of the late Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport street, at the time when a package of books arrived from the country: my impression is that it came from Bedfordshire, but I am not at all certain upon a point which I looked upon as a matter of no importance. He opened the parcel in my presence, as he had often done before in the course of my thirty or forty years' acquaintance with him, and looking at the backs and title-pages of several volumes, I saw that they were chiefly works of little interest to me. Two folios, however, attracted my attention, one of them gilt on the sides, and the other in rough calf: the first was an excellent copy of Florio's “New World of Words,” 1611, with the name of Henry Osborn (whom I mistook at the moment for his celebrated namesake, Francis) upon the first leaf; and the other a copy of the second folio of Shakspeare's Plays, much cropped, the covers old and greasy, and, as I saw at a glance on opening them, imperfect at the beginning and end. Concluding hastily that the latter would complete another poor copy of the second folio, which I had bought of the same bookseller, and which I had for some years in my possession, and wanting the former for my use, I bought them both, the Florio for twelve, and the Shakspeare for thirty shillings.

As it turned out, I at first repented my bargain as regarded the Shakspeare, because, when I took it home, it appeared that two leaves which I wanted were unfit for my purpose, not merely by being too short, but damaged and defaced: thus disappointed, I threw it by, and did not see it again, until I made a selection of books I would take with me on quitting London. In the mean time, finding that I could not readily remedy the deficiencies in my other copy of the folio, 1632, I had parted with it; and when I removed into the country, with my family, in the spring of 1850, in order that I might not be without some copy of the second folio for the purpose of reference, I took with me that which is the foundation of the present work.

It was while putting my books together for removal, that I first observed some marks in the margin of this folio : but it was subsequently placed upon an upper shelf, and I did not take it down until I had occasion to consult it. It then struck me that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of "his Booke," was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," on its revival shortly before 1633. At this time I fancied that the binding was of about that date, and that the volume might have been his ; but in the first place, I found that his name was Richard Perkins, and in the next I became satisfied that the rough calf was not the original binding. Still, Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard : and this circumstance and others induced me to examine the volume more particularly : I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a hand-writing of the time, some emendations in the pointing or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous.

Of course I now submitted the folio to a most careful scrutiny : and as it occupied a considerable time to complete the inspection, how much more must it have consumed to make the alterations ? The ink was of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page, and I was once disposed to think that two distinct hands had been employed upon them : this notion I have since abandoned ; and I am now decidedly of opinion that the same writing prevails from beginning to end, but that the amendments must have been introduced from time to time, during, perhaps, the course of several years. The changes in punctuation alone, always made with nicety and patience, must have required a long period, considering their number ; the other alterations, sometimes most minute, extending even to turned letters and typographical trifles of that kind, from their very nature could not have been introduced with rapidity, while many of the errata must have severely tasked the industry of the old corrector."

The cause of these numerous errors in Shakespeare are explained—we use the language of the *Tribune* reviewer :

"The first edition of his plays was not published until seven years after his death, which took place in 1616. The copy was made for the printer, in the first instance, by persons who wrote down the dialogue as they heard it on the stage. Instead of receiving the last touches of the author, it was in fact the crude sketch of a reporter. If was difficult to obtain a play for the press. The originals were sold to theatrical managers, who did their utmost to prevent them from appearing in print, and when they were brought out, it was usually by surreptitious means.

During the life time of Shakspeare, nearly half of his productions remained in manuscript, and not one can be pointed out in the publication of which he was concerned. He seems to have lost all interest in his works after his retirement to Stratford, and no doubt thought they were beyond his control. Under these circumstances, it is remarkable that the text is not disfigured by a greater number of errors than even those with which it now abounds."

We have no space at present to give specimens of the character of these emendations ; indeed, a few disjointed extracts hardly suffice to show the admirable character of the book, as a whole. It must be examined page by page to be fully appreciated. The greatest excitement has been caused by its appearance in England, while lovers of Shakspeare in our own country are all on the *qui vive* regarding the same. We learn that many distinguished dramatists with us have already adopted its suggestions. One of them, Miss Kimberly, the clever *tragedienne* now or lately at the *Chestnut*, has been solicited to read one of Shakspeare's plays for the benefit of a charity in New York city, and we are assured that if she does so, she will adopt the text of Collier's old folio. Charles Keam, it is added, has adopted it at his theatre in London ; indeed, we hazard nothing in prophecying that it will, eventually, be unexceptionable and everywhere approved authority.

TRAVELS IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

—Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of our city, are the publishers of this work. It embraces 172 very handsomely printed pages, and is from the pen of Dr. J. Thomas. It possesses the merit of being a very modest record of travels, done up in the familiar style of letters, and offers many very sensible views and impressions.

The writer was fortunate in being among the first to witness the lately discovered and singular ruins of Hadjar Khem in Malta, as well as the vast subterranean halls, near the site of the ancient city of Memphis. He also visited Palestine at a season, when the beauties both of climate and country were exhibited to the greatest advantage, and writes of all he saw briefly and sensibly. He seems to avoid any thing like extravagance ; indeed his matter-of-fact way of telling a story, which his predecessors have related with so many flourishes, is very striking. He goes from Jaffa to the Dead Sea, indeed, with apparently as much coolness and composure as we would foot it to West Philadelphia or Manyunk. This is worthy of mark, as an originality in this book. We are inclined to note it as a feature, indeed, demanding attention.

But let us give a specimen or two. Here we have the author's first sight of Jerusalem :

"Our road to Jerusalem, lay through the

south part of the plain of Sharon. Rarely, if ever, have I seen a more fertile or delightful region. On every side were orchards of fig and apricot trees, and pomegranate groves, in luxuriant bloom; although to the right of us, plain in sight, was the desert which separates Palestine from Egypt, with scarce a solitary shrub to relieve the wide and dreary waste of yellow sand. That afternoon we passed an extensive field or meadow, in which we saw upwards of a hundred camels, of all ages and sizes, grazing; as for the herds of donkeys and flocks of black goats that we met, they were not to be numbered. After a ride of about three hours and a half, we arrived at Ramleh, and put up at the Latin convent, there being no inn or hotel in the place. This town contains a pretty good fruit market, and a number of palm-trees. We saw, just as we were about entering the place, several exceedingly fine fields of tobacco, such as would have been no discredit to the most fertile districts of Old Virginia. But what most interested me, was a remarkable and somewhat extensive ruin, the base of which was perhaps eight or ten feet below the surface of the ground: the roof or ceiling was formed by a series of fine arches, and supported at the points between the arches, by a number of columns of mason work. The building, as we afterwards learned, was constructed by the Crusaders as a storehouse for grain. Ramleh has probably from one to two thousand inhabitants, and although it now presents a miserable dilapidated appearance, the character of its different ruins, show that it was once a place of considerable wealth and importance. Early on the following day we passed the eastern line of the plain of Sharon, and the rest of our way lay for the most part through an exceedingly rugged and hilly or rather mountainous country. During this journey, we saw great numbers of storks, both on the plain of Sharon and after we had entered the mountains. They appeared to me to be about the size of our wild geese, though their legs are much longer. Their wings are dark, but the neck, breast, and the greater part of the body is white or light colored. The hills between Jaffa and Jerusalem are composed chiefly of solid-lime stone rock, the strata of which vary exceedingly in inclination; sometimes they are nearly horizontal, and not unfrequently exhibit an undulating or wave-like appearance. As we approach Jerusalem, the hills or mountains present a very singular aspect. It would seem as if the whole country had been furrowed by vast and deep valleys running nearly parallel to each other, and that other valleys, also nearly parallel to each other, had crossed the first at an oblique angle. The mountains in the vicinity of Jerusalem present, at least at this season of the year, an arid, sterile, and forbidding

aspect. In fact, their summits are generally, if not always, nothing but a naked mass of stones or rock. The hills are so steep, and the stones so abundant, that one is almost at a loss to conceive how chariots could ever have been used in this region of country.

At length we saw the walls and towers of Jerusalem in the distance, but the appearance was far less majestic and imposing than I had imagined. It should, however, be observed, that the approach from Jaffa is not favorable for seeing the city to the best advantage. I have little doubt that, had I first viewed it from the Mount of Olives, all my expectations would have been realized."

He does up the Dead Sea in a few paragraphs, as follows:

"The next morning, having a long and arduous journey before us, we rose at daybreak and took our breakfast by torchlight. We then directed our course south-eastward to the lower part of the Jordan, about three miles from its entrance into the Dead Sea. Our road lay across a level plain, partially covered with a variety of shrubs, among which a peculiar species of thorn was most conspicuous. Just as it was becoming light enough for us to trace distinctly the dark outlines of the mountains of Moab—whose utter barrenness and desolation seem still to bear witness of the wrath of Heaven, from the time when the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah "brimstone and fire," and the "smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace:"—a black cloud, which had been gathering on the neighboring hills, suddenly overspread the sky and discharged several dazzling streams of lightning upon the mountains and the sea. The deep booming sound of the thunder as its reverberations swept across the vast and desolate valley, combined with the fearful associations connected with this region, added an indescribable charm to the magnificence and sublimity of the scene. There was soon after a slight shower, the only rain that we saw while in Palestine.

After a ride of rather more than an hour from the site of our previous encampment, we arrived at the banks of the Jordan. At this place the stream is no more than fifteen or twenty yards wide, but it is deep and flows with a great deal of force. The water though turbid is entirely fresh, notwithstanding, such quantities of salt are found both on the plain and on the banks of the Dead Sea, two or three miles further south. As all those who visit the Jordan at this season, bathe in its waters, it is not necessary to say that we did so. This operation, I should think, would be attended with some danger to such as are not good swimmers, as the current is not only deep, but very strong and somewhat irregular, sometimes producing eddies, and

sometimes rushing from one side of the channel to the other. After gathering a few pebbles from its shores as mementos for our friends at home, and taking a specimen or two of the reeds with which the banks of the river are lined, we rode southward to the Dead Sea. As the sun had now become exceedingly hot, it was thought scarcely prudent to bathe in these (as deemed by some) deadly waters. I had, however, a fancy to test the received statements respecting their nature and quality. A single mouthful was abundantly sufficient to satisfy my curiosity. Their bitterness and pungency fully equalled my most sanguine expectations. The water is, nevertheless, most beautifully transparent, the pebbles at the bottom appearing exceedingly distinct at the depth of several feet. During our short stay, some pieces of bitumen were picked up on the shore, justifying the name formerly given, of Asphaltic Sea."

The book is well worth a perusal, which can be accomplished in an hour or two. We recommend it just for what it is—plain, brief matter-of-fact, and, we question not, reliable. The author never expected to set the river on fire, it is evident, when he sent his manuscript to his printers; and, hence, neither he nor his friends will be surprised if such an event should not follow the publication of the same.

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES.—By Grace Aguilar.

—Mr. A. Hart, of this city, has lately published a very neat volume—12mo., 310 pages—embracing choice collings from the miscellaneous writings of Grace Aguilar, author of the "Women of Israel," "Vale of Cedars," "Mother's Recompense," "Days of Bruce," &c. They were selected from the author's manuscripts by her mother, and comprise a variety of subjects. Some of them are her earlier compositions, and lack the fervor, strength, and finish, which characterize her late productions, while others are in her very best style. The volume must command the high favor which has been awarded to its predecessors. Grace Aguilar stands in the leading ranks of the brilliant writers of the 19th century, though called to another world at a period of youth when her full genius could not have developed itself.

YEAR BOOK OF FACTS FOR 1853.

—This is a reprint of a London book, which, like its predecessor, is filled with the most valuable *matériel*, bearing upon science and art. Mr. A. Hart, of this city, is the publisher. The author is John Timbs, editor of the *Arcana of Science and Art*. His facts are gathered from all quarters of the civilized world, and especially from such a powerful generator as the "Universal Yankee Nation."

LIFE OF DR. CHALMERS.

—Messrs. Moore, Anderson, Wiltach and

Keys, of Cincinnati, have published a life of Dr. Chalmers,—12mo., 435 pages,—a copy of which they have sent us through Messrs. Lindsay and Blackiston, of our city. It is edited by the Rev. James C. Moffat, Professor of Latin, and Lecturer on History, in Princeton (N. J.) College, and embraces but an outline of Dr. Chalmers' career. The best authorities have been consulted, however, in making it up; among them, the Memoirs of Dr. Hanna. Compressed within the limits above noted, but an outline of Dr. Chalmers' career, of course, could be given; but enough is offered, with abridged extracts from his journals, letters, and speeches, to convey an excellent idea of the man.

PICTORIAL SKETCH-BOOK OF PENNSYLVANIA.

—This is an admirable work, a second edition of which has lately been published by William Bromwell, No. 195 Chestnut street. It treats of Pennsylvania, her scenery, internal improvements, resources, and agriculture; all of which are described in a most pleasing style; and emanates from the pen of Mr. Eli Bowen, a gentleman of research and talent, until recently connected with the general post office department, as Washington. It is illustrated with over two hundred handsome engravings, and, altogether, is got up in a very beautiful manner. We notice, by the way, that it is dedicated to John Tucker, Esq., President of the Reading Rail-Road Co., and a gentleman of enterprise and worth, to whom Pennsylvania is indebted for much of her present prosperity, certainly so far as the development of her coal interests is concerned.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.

—We have the first number of a work with this title, published by Alexander Montgomery, in New York, and sold by C. J. Price & Co., No. 7 Hart's Building. The plan of the work—an admirable one—appears to be to give information in a popular style, as to language, natural history, mathematics, all matters, indeed, whether of science or the arts, and to furnish it, handsomely printed, at a low price. The number before us is embellished with a portrait of Washington. Such a work as this was wanted in our country, and certainly ought to succeed.

Literary and Scientific Gossip.

—We are indebted to Messrs. Getz, Buck & Co., for the May number of *Harper*.

—A New York journal in the course of an article on the prominent newspapers which have existed in the country since the formation of the government, thus speaks of the old *Aurora* of Philadelphia: "This Gazette

at one time was the Democratic Bible of its party. Its circulation, the times considered, was immense. Its hostility to Federalism did not pusilanimously wait till the death of Washington, but it bearded even the noble lion in his den. When Washington's term of service expired, *The Aurora* said 'Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart,' so great was its joy over the close of the 'anti-French' Administration. The accompanying rhetoric to this text, so exasperated the Spring Garden Butchers, who were Washingtonian Federalists, many of them veterans of his army, that they gutted *The Aurora* office, pitched the types into the street, and wreaked their huge muscular indignation on the printing materials which had blackened the hero of their worship."

— A new work by Lamartine, a *History of the age of the Medicis* is announced. A good theme is this for the sparkling poet-historian. The work will be published in the feuilleton of the *Pays*, a Parisian journal.

— *Putnam* for May is capital. We shall be compelled, we think, to pronounce this new monthly, the *Blackwood* of America. The "Railroad Lyric" is good; so is "Vilette and Ruth;" so, in fact, almost every article in the number before us. There is nothing about the Dauphin, nor yet a single "pictur."—Strange, this!

— Color-blindness, quite a common infirmity, consists of the inability to distinguish one color from another. Professor George Wilson has an article in a London journal on the subject, wherein he states many interesting facts. One doctor declares, that it occurs in one male among twenty; another found five cases among forty youths in Berlin. Prof. Wilson has long suspected its prevalence from the errors which he found the students of his chemistry classes making in reference to the colors of precipitates and the like,—and on making more special inquiry he has found his suspicions verified. Among his pupils he has encountered two marked examples of color-blindness,—and five other subjects of this affection have made themselves known to him. One of the two pupils has four relatives who have the same peculiarity of vision as himself. Prof. Allen Thomson, of the University of Glasgow, states that about ten years ago he made some investigations into the frequency of color-blindness, and was led from the number of cases he encountered to a conclusion similar to Prof. W.'s,—namely that it rendered the employment of colored signals on railways perilous to the safety of the public. Prof. Kelland, of the University of Edinburg, has found among some 150 students, three examples of marked color-blindness:—one, however, of the cases which he encountered occurs among these 150, but was

not made known to Prof. Kelland. So that among the Edinburg students, so far as they have been examined this winter, 1 in 37 or 38 is defective in appreciation of color.

— The *New York Review* has been placed on our table by Mr. Wm. Brewster, agent for Philadelphia. It is admirable; and we shall take pleasure in noticing its contents hereafter somewhat more particularly.

— Dr. Hooker has just published a handsome pamphlet, entitled "The Church of Rome, or the Babylon of the Apocalypse," embracing a portion of the well-known Hulseian Lectures of Dr. Wadsworth, Canon of Westminster.

— Our table is loaded down with new works, which we shall notice as fast as we can read them. Among them is Arthurs latest tale,— "The Old Man's Bride," published by Charles Scribner; several books from the Harpers, Stanford & Swords, and other New York publishers, as well as several from Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Moore and others of our own village.

— A new volume—the ninth—of the great edition of the works of Galileo Galilei, published by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, has just made its appearance at Florence. Its chief interest consists in the documentary history of the celebrated Galileo process, drawn from the original records preserved in the Vatican. It contains also, a large mass of correspondence, including letters to or from Castelli, Cavalieri, Cesi, Campanello, Gassendi, Micangio, and Torricelli.—This makes the fourth volume of the Galileo Correspondence.

— The "*Correspondence of the Revolution*," to be edited by JARED SPARKS, is announced at Boston. It will contain letters from more than a hundred individuals, who acted a conspicuous part in our revolutionary drama, and who were among the correspondents of Washington.

— M. NESTOR ROQUEPLAN, the manager of the Grand Opera of Paris, has published, under the title of *La Vie Parisienne*, a collection of theatrical reminiscences, sketches of travel, literary fragments, and such other intellectual baggage as he has judged would interest the universe.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

THE MODESTY OF MRS. STOWE.

— The *London Athenaeum* closes up its second notice of Mrs. Stowe's "Key to Uncle Tom" thus:

"The modesty which leads the writer to assume that her great success is exclusively attributable to the cause in which she labored

is also worthy of remark. Altogether, we must pronounce the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a most effective book. The abettors of slavery have not been wise in their generation, in provoking a reply from 'the mere novelist' so conclusive and so crushing on all the really important parts of the controversy in which they have engaged."

"The modesty"—ahem! "provoking a reply from the mere novelist"—ahem again! The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is, at least, not consistent in her modesty, else how is it that she goes three thousand miles away from home to be lionized; among Englishmen, too, the bitterest enemies of her native land. We shall take leave to question at least an *excess* of modesty in the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for many reasons; but principally because she makes herself the object of feastings and junketings all over England and Scotland, and accepts gratuities—properly speaking, *alms*—of fifty pounds at a time; Judas money—earned, as we maintain, by slanders on her own country, her own home and fireside, bought by oceans of blood and tears, through the struggle of the Revolution; wrested at a sacrifice of heart-breakings, hunger, thirst, wearying toil, violent agonized death, from the enslaving hands of those who are now toasting, feeding, and rewarding the modest author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Provoking a reply!" Nothing provoked a second book from the author of "Uncle Tom," we suspect, but the success of the first. One fortune had been made; another was wanted. It is our opinion Mrs. Stowe will be "provoked to reply" just so long as the people are disposed to buy her slanders on her countrymen; just so long as she can enjoy the delightful benefits arising from English ovations, and alms-givings of English gold.

VALUABLE AUTOGRAPHS.

—Lord Nelson's correspondence with Lady Hamilton, was lately sold in London. The letters in Nelson's own hand writing amounted to about 300 in number, and brought sums varying from 10s. to 23*l*. The treasure of the collection was the last letter which the hero of Trafalgar lived to write. The papers say it is written on thick grey-blue letter paper, and was found in his cabin unfinished after the battle in which he received his death-shot. Sir Thomas Hardy and Dr. Scott inclosed it to Lady Hamilton in a sheet of foolscap, and sealed the envelope with their seals. This treasure brought 23*l*.,—and was bought by the British Museum. It runs as follows:

"Victory, Oct. 19, 1805, noon,
Cadiz, E.S.E. 16 leagues.

"My dearest beloved Emma, the dear friend of my bosom.—the signal has been made that the enemy's combined fleet are coming out of port. We have very little wind, so that I

have no hopes of seeing them before to-morrow. May the God of battles crown my endeavors with success: at all events, I will take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life. And as my last writing, before the battle, will be to you, so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the battle. May Heaven bless you, prays your
NELSON AND BRONTE.

"Oct. 20th.—In the morning we were close to the mouth of the Straits, but the wind had not come far enough to the westward to allow the combined fleets to weather the shoals of Trafalgar; but they were counted as far as forty sail of ships of war, which I suppose to be thirty-four of the line, and six frigates. A group of them was seen off Cadiz this morning, but it blows so very fresh, and thick weather, that I rather believe they will go into the harbor before night. May God Almighty give us success over these fellows, and enable us to get a peace."

It bears the following words in Lady Hamilton's penmanship:—"This letter was found open on Mrs. desk, and brought to Lady Hamilton by Captain Hardy. Oh, miserable, wretched Emma—Oh, glorious and happy Nelson!"

The letters most eagerly contended for were those, of course, in which, in the language of journalists, "the Nelson touch" was most characteristically exhibited;—such as, his thirst for battle—his burning desire to be up with the French and at them—or his calm and modest confidence that victory would not fail him. Others again, were eagerly sought—and these chiefly on the first day—which bore for their seal the large and beautiful profile of Lady Hamilton. Some which alluded to the hero's house at Merton, and to his desire to be on shore, were much in request, and brought good prices. 4*l*. 10s. were given for a letter written 1799, in which he says—"I long to be at the French fleet as much as ever a Miss longed for a husband, but prudence stops me. They will say, this cried-up Nelson is afraid with eighteen ships to attack twenty-two. The thought kills me." The sum of 8*l*. was well laid out in obtaining a long letter, with this Nelson-like writing in it:—"John Bull, we know, calculates nothing right that does not place the British fleet alongside that of France. I have now traversed a thousand leagues of sea after them. French fleet, French fleet—is all I want to have answered me. I shall never rest till I find them—and they shall neither, if I can get at them."

The total produce of the sale, including the breakfast service, was 501*l*. 6s. 6d.

There is more than one of our Sanctum visitors who would very much liked to have dipped into these Nelsonian *reliqua*. Per-

haps, some future explorings abroad, may bring a specimen or two from the mine of treasures. Never did any creature watch for its prey more unceasingly than do those of our Sanctum autographialists for an old manuscript or an eminent signature; and whenever one of them obtains a treasure in this way, it is funny to see with what delight he announces the fact to his fellow-chiffoniers.

THE CONCERTS OF "LE PETIT OLE BULL"

—Have been, in point of credit gained by him, as a performer on the violin, very brilliant. He certainly is a lad of rare musical genius; and we have every reason to believe, if he continues on as he has begun, there will be, five years hence, few violinists to surpass him. He executes the most difficult compositions of the masters, and with both ease and grace. His performances of "Artot's arrangement of "Sonnambula," De Beriot's, "Tremolo," and the famous "Carnival," of Paganini, were surpassing fine. He has had the best of teaching, at the hand of his excellent father, Mr. J. Goodall; himself, not only a superior pianist and violincellist, but also a very fine performer on the violin. Mr. G. sings, we would add, very tastefully, and treated the audiences at his son's *soirées* with exquisite ballads. The entertainments were also enriched by the vocalism of Madam Julien, a new but welcome *artiste*. A complimentary benefit to Mr. Goodall is talked of, when his brilliant son and Madam Julien will again have an opportunity of appearing. Some of the leading gentlemen of the press are engaged in this movement, as creditable to them, by the way, as it is also one highly honorable to the beneficiary. Apropos: one of the critics talks about young Goodall's violin being a poor instrument. The ear, we think, must be at fault with this knight of the quill. Certain it is, that the very violin in question, is a genuine Cremona, and has been in use upwards of half a century! For sixty years, at least, it was the property of young Goodall's grandfather, a performer who enjoyed high repute abroad. It is indeed a gem of an instrument: an old Cremona, friend critic; do you hear? an old Cremona! Played upon so long has it been that its every pore is filled with delicious melody.

A CANDID CONFESSION.

—BIZARRE had occasion the other day to wait on a bustling bookseller of our city, when he had the pleasure of holding a confab with him, touching a multitude of subjects, among which that of magazines and newspapers was included. Our friend was candid in all he said—very candid; and we heard the wisdom which dropped from his lips, with pleasure, if not profit. He spared no one, not even ourselves, in his censures. He could not endure *Harper's Magazine*; but he gloried in

Putnam. He revelled in the pages of the *Literary World*; but he never read BIZARRE! "Phancy our feelinx!" Did we get up and leave the presence in a huff, when this candid confession was made? Not at all. We still sat, quietly sat, toe to toe, face to face, with our plain-speaking friend, looking him anxiously and earnestly full in the eye. We rather think he set us down as a person who could listen to disagreeable—truths shall we say?—announcements, about ourselves, as coolly and philosophically as any man living. After a time our magnifico concluded: and,—what really did hurt our feelings,—he did not give us an advertisement. Booksellers may call BIZARRE "weak," "stupid," any thing they like; nay, they may pronounce our little darling as big a humbug as *Harper*: only let them give us their advertising, for this very nicely makes the pot boil. What do we care if they do not like our catering. So long as the aforesaid pot belongs to us, we shall fill it with meat or vegetables, just as suits us. Send along your fuel, and call us what you please.

A VALUABLE WATCH.

—At a *soirée* given by Mr. Weld at the apartments of the Royal Society in London, the "Newton Collection," lately bequeathed to the Society by the Rev. C. Turner, was exhibited for the first time. Among the articles is the philosopher's gold watch, in a richly-chased case, bearing a medallion with Newton's likeness, and the following inscription: "Mrs. Catharine Conduit to Sir Isaac Newton, Jan. 4, 1708."

NEW MUSIC

—We are indebted to J. E. Gould, successor to A. Fiot, for the following late music: "Les Fleurs des Dames," a brilliant waltz, composed by Madam Hertz, and dedicated to Mons. E. R. Scherr,—"*Adonis Polka*," dedicated to Miss Harriet Taylor, by Herman L. Schriener,—"*Les Etincelles*," six melodious fantasies, variations and rondos for the piano, by Frederick Burgmuller,—"*Valse de Salon*," dedicated to Madam Franklin Peale, by Francis Groebel,—and "*L'Entree au Salon*," a collection of elegant *meuteaux* from favorite operas. All these pieces are beautifully printed.

NEW STORE.

—COL. WILLIAM H. MAURION has removed his stationary establishment from the old and time-honored stand at 108 Chestnut street, to a store below Fourth, on the opposite side. He has a beautiful place, and it is fitted up with elegant taste, peculiar to the Colonel, as well as with that regard for utility, with which he always makes his business arrangements. Col. M. enjoyed an immense trade at 108, and it will, doubtless, be greatly increased where he now is.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1853.

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE XV.

TIMON—SWIFT.

Tim. (aside.) Confound this old fool of a fellow, for disturbing me in this way! (*to W. the Elder.*) Well, mortal, here I am, and be hanged to you! What, in Pluto's name, do you want of me?

W. the Elder. (somewhat agitated.) Really I—I—feel—profoundly—

Tim. Bah, bah! None of your humbug. I ask again,—what do you want, and why have you invaded my spiritual right, in this most unwarrantable manner? A plague upon you!

W. the Elder. I beg ten thousand—

Tim. Pshaw! Curse your impudence!

W. the Elder. But, my dear friend,—

Tim. Friend, say you? How dare you name that word, in my presence? I have no friend: no, not in the wide universe; and you know it, you old coxcomb.

W. the Elder. Come, come, Mr. Spectre: I am not used to such language as this. A little more civility, if you please. I should think you were talking to Apemantus.

Tim. Apemantus be—, and you with him! (*Here one Judy, a pet terrier, entereth and barketh vehemently.*)

W. the Elder. Come away, Judy, come away. How dare you—

Tim. This is your yankee hospitality, is it? Ah, if I had only served my guests in that way! Never mind, though, old fellow; let her talk—let her talk.

W. the Elder. You young hussy! I am perfectly ashamed of you.

Judy. Bow, vow, vow, vow, vow, (*continuing her vocalization till put out.*)

W. the Elder. You must excuse the slut, Timon; she's not well to-day.

Tim. Poh, poh! what made you turn her out? I prefer her music to your's, any time.

W. the Elder. Well, you are, by all odds, the crabbedest ghost I ever encountered.

Tim. But what made you send for me? Come, come, explain yourself, without further delay.

W. the Elder. Oh, only for a bit of spiritual chat; nothing more. Besides, I thought a little change might be agreeable to you.

And then, brother Swift's society is always remunerative, you know.

Tim. Swift, Swift; who's Swift?

W. the Elder. What! don't you know the ghost?

Tim. Not I; by Cerberus.

W. the Elder. Indeed! You must have been having a pretty quiet time of it, since death, not to have heard of him.

Tim. That may be. Meanwhile, I know no wretch of that name.

W. the Elder. Wretch, say you? Marry, come up! What! the brilliant Dean of St. Patrick's, the wit, the moralist, the classic, the—

Tim. He might be all that, old man, and yet be supremely wretched. But, I say again, I have not the pain of his acquaintance.

W. the Elder. Fie, Timon, how perverse you are! The pain of his acquaintance? Is it possible, then, that your nature is so completely soured as this, that you must twist the commonest expressions of civility into their opposites? Do you really mean to say, then, that you still harbor, at the distance of more than twenty centuries, the same horrible feelings that you died with? Have you, indeed, turned your back forever and ever on all the sweet charities of the universe? I can't believe anything so shocking as that.

Tim. And who the deuce are you, pray, to presume to cross-question me in this style, and to pry thus into the mysteries of eternity? You had far better be minding your own little earthly business, let me tell you. The idea of a shallow mortal's pretending to comprehend spiritual experiences, or to measure their duration by the paltry time-pieces of earth! Bah!

W. the Elder. Well, well, old rapper and tipper, you needn't be so infernally crusty about it. I meant no offence.

Tim. Who cares whether you did or not? But where is this same waggish spectre, whom you consider such valuable company? Is this the way he keeps his appointments?

W. the Elder. Well, he certainly ought to have whizzed in sight before this time. Holloa, by Jupiter, there he is now. (*Enter Swift.*) Ah, my dear brother Jonathan, I am delighted to see you. I was afraid you were going to give us the slip.

Swift. Brother Jonathan? What do you mean by that? Do you take me for a yankee?

W. the Elder. Well, what do they call you in spirit-land? Doctor, Dean, Lemuel, Yahoo, perhaps; eh, old fellow, how is it?

Swift. You are mighty familiar on short acquaintance, I must say. But who, in the name of Heraclitus, is that old sour-kroot? Of all the vinegar-visaged ghosts that ever set schoolboys scampering, he certainly bears the bell. Who is he—who is he?

W. the Elder. Quite an historical character, let me tell you.

Swift. I dare say : but who, who ?

W. the Elder. A famous giver of good dinners, in his day. But he overdid the thing, poor fellow, got cornered, had to sell out his Athenian Fancy Stocks, at a frightful sacrifice, hoisted the red flag ; in short, Doctor, the old story.

Swift. Yes ; but you have'nt told me who he is, all this time.

W. the Elder. And instead of facing it, like a man, or turning Diddler, in self-defence, fell to cursing, made for the woods, peeled off his garments, and went about, for the balance of his stay on earth, in *naturalibus*, and blaspheming every man, or beast, that came within bow-shot of him.

Swift. Come, come ; what nonsense is this, and why do you tease me in this impertinent style ? If you don't introduce me forthwith, I'm off ; that's all.

W. the Elder. Why, Dean, Dean, how dull you are this morning.

Tim. (aside.) What are those infernal old fools chattering about, I wonder.

W. the Elder. Not to know, after all these broad hints ! Why, who *should* it be, but the great Timon, himself.

Swift. What ! Timon of Athens ? You don't tell me so.

W. the Elder. Even so ; the mighty monarch of misanthropes ; he, whose magnificent imprecations will live and glow, through all time, in the pages of the divine bard : whose epitaph will be shuddered over, while a grave is left to dig on earth.

Swift. Well, you need'nt be so grandiloquent about it. Come, come, introduce me.

W. the Elder. Allow me, dear Timon, to make you acquainted with that most exemplary friend and pitcher of a ghost, Jonathan Swift, Ex-Dean of St. Patrick's, and author of the famous Drapier Letters, The Tale of a Tub, Gulliver's Travels, and other pious volumes ; composer, moreover, of some of the very finest, perpetrator of some of the very filthiest verses in our language ;—

Swift. What's that—what's that ?

W. the Elder. He who humbugged Vanessa, who mal-treated Stella, who—

Swift. Lies, Timon,—most infamous lies.

W. the Elder. In short, a tip-top good fellow, and a ghost after your own heart.

Swift. Out upon you, for such an absurd presentation as this ! I say, old fellow, I'm right glad to see you. How are you—how have you been ?

Tim. You be hanged !

W. the Elder. Timon, Timon : do be civil.

Tim. I shall do no such thing. I don't like his looks. I never saw a worse eye in a head, in all my spiritual days.

W. the Elder. But he's my guest, remem-

ber. Come, come, now, Timon ; do forget yourself, for once, and be decent ; that's a good ghost.

Tim. Well, well, as you will. What have I got pleasant to say, though ? I'm no company for any body ; no, and never shall be again, I fear, through all eternity.

W. the Elder. Why, what a sigh was there ! Cheer up, cheer up, old boy. Come, brother Swift, can't you manage to make yourself agreeable to our old Athenian friend here ? Suppose you preach us a sermon, now, by way of a change. You used to be a good deal of a wag, you know, in your time, both in and out of the pulpit.

Swift. Why, you profane old wretch ! I joke in the pulpit ? I never did such a thing in all my life.

W. the Elder. You never did anything else. Oh, you need'nt stare so, ghost ; I have your own biographer's word for it, on the shelf yonder.

Swift. What, Mat ? Hang the fellow :—he was terribly given to fibbing.

W. the Elder. Sir Walter throws out the same idea, too.

Swift. Well, perhaps I was somewhat flip-pant and frivolous, at times ; but I had'nt so bad a heart, after all, as some of my traducers have ascribed to me. But that's neither here nor there. Come, brother Athenian, and king of good haters, do brighten up. You actually look as if you had been dining on unripe persimmons, for the last fifty centuries, and washing them down with red ink. Surely you must have a bit of spiritual news to tell a ghost.

Tim. Not a thing—not a thing.

Swift. Why, where have you been all this while ? Why have'nt we stumbled over each other before ?

Tim. Plato knows.

Swift. But what luminary do you hail from, anyhow ?

Tim. Fogie.

Swift. Fogie, fogie ? What constellation, pray ?

Tim. Hardscrabble.

Swift. Fogie, Hardscrabble ? Are you sure, Timon, you've got the right names ? I never heard of any such part of the universe before.

Tim. What signifies it ? You need'nt trouble yourself to inquire or to call. I shall certainly be out, if you do.

Swift. What an incorrigible old crab you are, to be sure ! There's no getting anything out of him, landlord.

W. the Elder. So I see. (*aside.*) Catch me asking such a ghost to tea again, in a hurry ! But, what route did you take, Timon, in thus honoring my invitation ? At what point did you cross the ecliptic, if it is a fair question ?

Tim. Bah, how should I know ? All I

remember, is that when your infernal planet hove in sight, I naturally made for Athens, of course, and from there, blundered along, as best I could, to this dust-hole of a town of yours.

W. the Elder. But why didn't you come direct to Gotham?

Tim. Gotham? What the deuce did I know about Gotham? Wasn't it all America, terra incognita, when I had the dyspepia on earth?

W. the Elder. True, true. Well, you found some charming improvements, in and about Athens, did you not, and a corresponding rise of prices, since your last visit? How were all your old creditors? You stopped at the *Themistocle House*, I suppose; or, at the *Revere*, may be?

Tim. You're sarcastic, old gentleman.

W. the Elder. Well, then, in plain English, you were delighted, were you not, Timon, to see the filth, misery, degradation, ruin of the city, that you died cursing? It did your bitter old soul good, didn't it, to behold such a complete realization of all your maledictions?

Tim. It certainly was gratifying; though not so much so as I expected.

W. the Elder. (aside.) What an old savage!

Swift. But, is Athens really in such a shocking condition?

Tim. It is so; a thorough wreck, alike in trade, architecture and morals; the old town, indeed, where I used to keep house, as dead as a door-nail, and its modern name-sake is a very dog-hole, presided over by a pig-headed Bavarian, plundered (under the name of protection,) by a set of beer-swilling Austrian mercenaries, and inhabited by the veriest loafers and chicken-thieves.

Swift. What! no art there, whatever, or science, or literature, or prospect of any?

Tim. Bah! But hang Athens! Why the devil did you introduce the subject, landlord?

W. the Elder. Well, well, let's change it. But, brother Jonathan, where are you from last, yourself?

Swift. Oh, I've been knocking about America here, for the last three months.

W. the Elder. Indeed! You must have frequented many of our best rapping and tipping circles, then.

Swift. Yes, all over the Union.

W. the Elder. Well, Dean, how do you like us Yankees, on the whole?

Swift. To be candid with you, not over-much. The old country for me—ghost or mortal.

W. the Elder. But, surely, you see something agreeable and commendable in our manners and institutions; some bonafide improvements, do you not?

Swift. Precious few, old fellow.

W. the Elder. What, not in our unterrified democracy—our universal suffrage—our voluntary system—our—

Swift. Oh, you needn't run over the list; I consider them, one and all, mere high-sounding humbugs, that will never stand the test of time, or of a crowded population. Bubbles, bubbles, just as sure to burst and to give way to the old regime again, both in government and religion, as they uniformly have, in all past ages.

W. the Elder. Why, you hardened old Tory, you! But, politics and theology apart, you certainly like our climate, doctor, don't you—and the scenery, and the women, and the oysters?

Swift. Out upon your climate! No language can express its caprices. As to your scenery, I have been most fearfully disappointed in it. There are some pretty girls scattered about, I confess; and here and there a healthy, well-developed oyster.

W. the Elder. You do condescend, then, to admire our shell-fish, do you? (*Aside.*) The old crab!

Swift. Yes, your oysters are as good as your manners are bad.

W. the Elder. What?

Swift. I repeat it. Wherever I have been, I have found a very low style of manners, alike in the social circle, the sanctuary, the parliament, and the halls of justice. Ninetenths of your young men, that I have seen, have been swaggering and dissipated; and of your young women, hoydenish and extravagant; while the old people have, almost invariably, been thrust aside, like so much cracked crockery, or broken down furniture. There is a terrible lack of reverence among you; aye, and of truly reverend objects. Nobody seems to look up to anybody or anything. Dollars and cents—dollars and cents; they are, at once, your peerage, your art, your science, your religion.

W. the Elder. You atrocious old libeller, what do you mean? You'll be saying next that Niagara is a humbug.

Swift. I don't see much in it:—a good enough cascade for unwashed democrats; but the scenery about it is terribly flat and insipid.

W. the Elder. What the deuce would you have there? Mont Blanc? How absurdly you talk, doctor! As if mountain scenery wouldn't only injure the effect! What other arrangement could half so well set off the beauty and majesty of the cataract? Ah, you're evidently bilious, Dean, and out of humor; or perhaps you haven't been received with that *clat*, that you think was due to your genius.

Swift. Oh, no, no; I have been pretty well received, upon the whole.

W. the Elder. Something sticks in your

crop, I'm sure. Somebody has been giving you a rap over the knuckles. Is it not so?

Swift. Not at all, not at all. To be sure, I heard some pretty plain talk about myself, a few evenings since.

W. the Elder. Ah!

Swift. Yes, I was abused in good sound terms, for a full hour and a half.

W. the Elder. Indeed!

Swift. And, what's more, I had to pay a crown, at the door, for the privilege of hearing it all. Think of that, Master Brook.

W. the Elder. Why, is it possible that any yankee could be so—

Swift. Ah, that's the worst of it. It was no yankee, but a countryman of my own, confound him; let's see—what the deuce was his name? Whack—Whack—Whack-away; an individual who has been going about, lecturing in these parts, of late. You must know all about him, surely.

W. the Elder. Whack-away? Poh, poh; you mean Thackeray. He does whack away, sure enough, and in magnificent style, too, at the follies and vices of his brethren. Thackeray, Thackeray: a large ruddy man, with a white head, and spectacles, standing some seven feet six, in his stocking? No!

Swift. The very fellow, and be hanged to him!

W. the Elder. A capital lecture, that, Doctor.

Swift. You heard the libel, did you?

W. the Elder. To be sure I did, and would'n't have missed it for a good deal. Rather hard on you, old boy, though, I must say: and as it struck me, most unreasonably, savagely so.

Swift. Curse his impudence! Why he would'n't allow me a solitary virtue; no, not even that of filial piety; whereas, Heaven knows, if I was nothing else, I was, at least, a good son.

W. the Elder. You were so, Doctor; and, more than that,—you gave away a large part of your income in charity every year, if I remember rightly.

Swift. Indeed I did.

W. the Elder. Oh, well; perhaps the lecturer, if the truth were known, had a little lurking jealousy of your superior reputation and vigor, as a satirist. He certainly spoke most handsomely, though, of some of your cotemporaries, Doctor; and, above all, of Fielding. A most delicious tribute, that. I could have hugged him for it.

Swift. What, Harry Fielding. A broth of a boy, wasn't he?

W. the Elder. One of the most glorious geniuses God ever sent to bless the earth.

Swift. And yet, do you know, that when I ventured to introduce his name at a recent spiritual manifestation, nearly every mortal present protested against him, as altogether

too gross a writer for this pure and enlightened age?

W. the Elder. What a set of pharisaical coxcombs!

Swift. I thought so, and away I flew, instant. But we are rather neglecting our Athenian friend, here. Heavens, how glum he looks! He's in the brownest kind of a brown study, evidently.

W. the Elder. Yes, indeed. Oh, how I should love to secure a daguerreotype, now.

Swift. Holloa! my merry Greek,—what are you brooding over? An obolus for your thoughts.

Tim. Bah, bah, bah!

Swift. What's the matter? Do you see a group of ghostly creditors in the distance? What is it that annoys you thus?

Tim. Oh, let me go—let me go.

W. the Elder. Whither away, old friend?

Tim. Back to my den. Don't keep me here, in torment. Out upon it, that we spirits should be compelled to dance attendance thus, on a set of paltry earth-worms!

Swift. Come, come, Timon: now we are here, let's make a day of it. Millions of olympads may elapse, before another such pleasant little party gets together again.

Tim. I hope it may, with all my heart.

Swift. Oh, don't be so infernally acid.—What entertainments have you to offer, old host? What is there at the theatre to-night?

W. the Elder. Let's see. Ah, here's a pleasant little piece; it would suit Timon to a T, I should say.

Swift. What do they call it?

W. the Elder. The *Six Degrers of Crime*. By the way, old ghost, how many degrees must a fellow go through, before he comes out an A No. 1 Devil? You ought to know, by this time.

Tim. Only keep on in the road you are now travelling, and you'll be pretty sure to find out.

Swift. You had better let him alone, landlord. But what's this? *Pauline*, *Pauline*; that certainly has a far more cheerful sound than the other.

W. the Elder. Cheerful, say you? A perfect ragout of horrors: some exquisite acting in it, though.

Swift. What do they do in it?

W. the Elder. What don't they do? chop each other up, shoot each other down, bury alive, and all the other little delicacies of the season; and all in such a *comme il faut*, quiet, lady-like way. The hero of the piece is the most infernal, and at the same time, well-dressed, gentlemanly, scoundrel, I ever saw on the boards.

Tim. Let's go. I think I could relish an entertainment of that sort, amazingly.

W. the Elder. Well, its pleasant to see

you brightening up, at last. By the way—
it's too late, though, to-day.

Tim. How?

W. the Elder. I did think, for a moment,
of asking you for a sun-painted copy of those
features of yours. They would look so nicely
alongside of that Flora, yonder.

Tim. Get out, you infernal old—

Swift. Come, come, friends; do be decent.
Let's be off. I'm tired of sitting.

W. the Elder. Whenever you say, Gulli-
ver. Come, Timon; why can't you be socia-
ble, just for this once?

Tim. Well, well; I suppose I must hu-
mor you. [Exeunt.]

COMPLETE CONCORDANCE TO SHAKSPEARE.

No writer, we may safely say, is so gener-
ally quoted as Shakspeare. Extracts from
his works, are to be found both in sermons,
and lawyers' speeches, in newspaper editorials,
as well as the contributions to magazines;
and we hear the sayings of the great poet ap-
plied to the most solemn, and most joyous,
occasions of life. With some of these we
are all familiar: while the aptness of others
affords new delight, when met with on the
title page of a volume, or quoted in conversa-
tion, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."—
If such be the universal application of the
words of the immortal bard, how can we ade-
quately estimate a work which gives us the
means of finding apt quotations, without dif-
ficulty; and enables us to refer, instantly, to
our favorite passages? Such a book is "The
Complete Concordance to Shakspeare, being a
verbal index to all the dramatic works of that
poet, by Mrs. Cowden Clarke." We intend
giving some account of this wonderful monu-
ment of female industry and patience, with a
notice of the testimonial presented to the au-
thoress by some Americans, who appreciated
her persevering labors.

The Concordance contains 860 pages, of
3 columns each; each column containing 120
lines, or 360 lines on every page; and the en-
tire work has the astounding number of 309,
600 lines! There is not a word throughout
Shakspeare, which is not alphabetically ar-
ranged. The whole line is given in which the
word occurs, and at the end of the line, we
find the name of the play, the act, and the
scene. Twelve years were spent by Mrs.
Clarke in writing this volume, and four more
in correcting the proof sheets: besides read-
ing it over three times, and comparing it with
the most correct editions. Even with all this
care, we might expect to find a long list of
errata; but out of the 309,600 lines, there
are but twelve errata; and these, more pro-
perly, omissions. It is interesting to refer to

various words, and see how much space they
occupy. The little word "love," for instance,
fills sixteen columns of 120 lines each: so
that it occurs (without counting any of its
modifications) nineteen hundred and twenty
times in the plays of Shakspeare.

Robt. Babmanno, Esq., of Brooklyn, an
enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, and of
Mrs. Clarke's efforts to make him still better
known, drew up a circular, soliciting sub-
scriptions for a testimonial to be sent to that
lady. The circular stated, "It has been pro-
posed to present to Mrs. Clarke, a handsome
rose-wood library-chair, with writing and
reading desk attached; and it is hoped the
lovers of Shakspeare in America, who are
constantly deriving benefit from Mrs. Clarke's
labor, will have sufficient gallantry to present
a testimonial, while it can be enjoyed, rather
than wait, as is too often the case, till the
lapse of time shall render it unavailing." **

"It is not expected that any subscription
shall exceed five dollars; but the carving and
decorations of the chair will be in accordance
with the amount received." This circular
was sent to various well-known lovers of liter-
ature, and met with a cordial response.—
Most delightful letters were received in reply
by the committee appointed for this purpose,
from Hon. Daniel Webster, Henry W. Long-
fellow, and numerous others. Mr. Geo. Tick-
nor says: "I feel that I owe it to her to add
that I have used her Concordance to Shaks-
peare unceasingly, from the day when I first
saw a copy of it, and that it has never failed
in a single instance to satisfy my wants: that
I have recommended it in every way that I
could with propriety, and have received only
thanks, wherever I have made it known; and
that, from its exceeding fullness and accuracy,
I am convinced that it will never be super-
seded. Twiss, Agscough, Dolby, &c., which
I have long had, are entirely useless, and will
necessarily remain so."

Mr. Webster wrote: "I shall most heartily
concur, my dear sir, in a testimonial of ap-
probation to the lady to whom you refer, and
am quite ready to sign the subscription, first,
last, or any where. Her work is a perfect
wonder, surprisingly full and accurate, and
exhibiting a proof of unexampled labour and
patience. She has treasured up every word
of Shakspeare, as if he were her lover, and
she were his." The five dollar gold piece
contributed by this great statesman, was sent
to Mrs. Clarke, with his letter, and the au-
tograph letters of many of the contributors.
In acknowledging this package, she says,
referring to the coin, "It seemed hardly a
piece of money, but rather some valuable
medal, and token of national and individual
esteem. I feel inclined to have it mounted
as an ornament to a bracelet, or some such
article of wear, that I may keep it about me.

* * Looking at Mr. Webster's golden gift, and reading his letter, and those of the other subscribers who have taken such a kind interest in an unknown stranger, quite overpowered me; I could not read them through, without weeping tears of mingled gratification and tenderness."

To return to the testimonial chair. In the centre of the top, there is a head of Shakspeare; beautifully cut in ivory, from the monumental bust at Stratford, encircled by a wreath of laurel and oak leaves, carved in the wood. The head is placed between two swans, in *alto relievo*, with extended wings meeting in the centre. On the lower rail, below the cushion, are masks of Tragedy and Comedy which, together with all the other parts, are most elaborately executed. The material covering the chair, is splendidly figured satin brocade. The inscription on the silver gilt plate, which is immediately under the head of Shakspeare, is as follows:

"TO MRS. MARY COWDEN CLARKE
THIS CHAIR IS PRESENTED,
AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE FOR THE UNE-
QUALLED INDUSTRY
WHICH GAVE THE READERS OF ENGLISH,
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD,
HER CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE.

NEW YORK, 15 JULY, 1851."

Accompanying the printed copy of a letter to the sixty-four donors, there was sent to each, an autograph letter of thanks. It is proper to state, that the chair was transmitted to Liverpool, freight free, by Mr. Collins, and by the like generosity of Messrs. Edwards, Sanford & Co., the duty was paid, and it was conveyed to London gratuitously.

It has been erroneously stated, that each line of the Concordance was written on a separate slip of paper, and put into baskets, alphabetically arranged! It would be very gratifying if Mrs. Clarke should ever publish a full account of her method of proceeding in her arduous work, and of which we have a sketch in one of her autograph letters before us, together with twelve pages of the original MS. In concluding, we would advise the readers of BIZARRE, who do not own the Concordance, to procure a copy immediately: and they will soon acknowledge, that the praise here awarded to it, is justly merited.

GONZALMO.

—
A FABLE.
—

GONZALMO, in early life, was strongly impressed with the importance of the trust confided to him, of securing a happy, perpetual residence for an immortal spirit, of which he was the recipient. His labors and researches were stimulated by the magnitude

and duration of the object to be attained. He studied the scriptures; and consulted the opinions and productions of the wise and the pious. He acquired a knowledge of the oriental languages; and thus arrived at the fountain from which Christianity flowed, to direct the probationers here to future bliss, in the region beyond the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." Having acquired a correct knowledge of Christianity, by ascending to its source, he practised its duties with unvarying constancy. Alive to the fatal effects of error in the momentous acquirements of religion, he felt anxious for the happiness of primogenitors; as ignorance might produce direful consequences. Stimulated by pious solicitude and filial affection, he prayed for a corporeal resurrection of his forefathers, that he might examine them personally. An angel descended and addressed him:

"Gonzalmo! your prayers are heard, and your petition is granted. To-morrow your race shall be arranged at your right hand."

Gonzalmo directed his descendants to place themselves on his left hand.

When Gonzalmo's forefathers were arranged in a line, he was astonished at their grotesque appearance: he beheld a turbaned Turk; a red cross Knight; with a group of non-descripts;—but his object being to ascertain the safety of their souls, he began an examination. The Turk vociferated, "Praise to God! I am the slave of Ali." The Knights declared, that he who gave neither money nor personal services to rescue the Holy Land from the Infidels, was himself an Infidel. A Priest held up a cross, exclaiming, "You deny the real presence,—and although you are my descendant,* for this heresy I would consign you to the stake." A Doctor of the Sorbonne, gave him a severe lecture for his apostacy.—By another he was vehemently denounced for denying the doctrine of Election. Knowing that they were wrong, and being certain that he was right, he felt irritated; but sympathy softened his resentment. He informed them that since their time, researches had enabled sincere Christians to correct many errors and replace them with truth: new light had arisen, and dispelled the obscurity in which Christianity had been shrouded. Although they did not agree among themselves, they agreed that he was an heretic, and regretted their having an apostate descendant. Grieved at the fatal errors of his line and race, he turned with joy to his posterity, to whom he had imparted the unchangeable doctrines of Christ in their purity; but he was overwhelmed with sorrow, to find that they had abandoned the saving doctrines he had taught

* In a council held at Rome, in the year 1074, it was decided that the sacerdotal order should thereafter abstain from marriage.

them. To his remonstrances they replied:—*"Researches have enabled sincere Christians to correct many errors, and to replace them with the truth; new light has arisen, and dispelled the obscurity in which Christianity has been shrouded."* Grieved and agonized at the thought of being the parent of an apostate race, and at the awful consequences of their fatal errors, he was inconsolable: but they were his offspring; and, notwithstanding their startling aberrations, he desired to rescue them. He therefore offered up a fervent prayer for their admission into heaven! The angel again descended and announced to him that his prayer had availed: "Your children are accepted: had your prayer been general, *yourself* would have been included: but as it was confined to your own descendants, you are excluded. The selfish and uncharitable are not admitted into Paradise."

Bizarre among the New Books.

MEMOIRS, JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS MOORE.*

—The third and fourth volumes of the *Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Moore*, edited by Lord John Russell, have lately been published by Longman, of London, and possess unusual interest. They embrace the restless, rapid-moving experience of Moore, during a period of three years, when he visited France, Italy, Ireland, and Scotland; and contain all the particulars relative to Lord Byron's famous autobiography, with the reasons for, as well as the circumstances of, its sale to Murry and ultimate destruction by Lady Byron's friends. Byron, it seems, handed the document to Moore in 1819, during a visit the latter made to him at Vienna. He brought it in, says Moore, in a white leather bag. Holding up the bag, he said, "Look here; this would be worth something to Murry, though you, I dare say, would not give a sixpence for it." "What is it?" quoth Moore. "My life and adventures," replied Byron; "it is not a thing that can be published during my life-time, but you may have it, if you like,—there, do whatever you please with it." In giving me the bag, adds Moore, he continued, "You may show it to any of our friends you think worthy of it."

Moore, in his diary, further records the gift of the document and subsequent circumstances, under date of May 28th, as follows:

"28th. Received a letter, at last, from Lord Byron, through Murray, telling me he had informed Lady B. of his having given me his *Memoirs* for the purpose of their being published after his death, and offering her the perusal of them in case she might wish to

confute any of his statements. Her note in answer to this offer (the original of which he inclosed me) is as follows:—

* Kirkby Mallory, March 10, 1820.

"I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake I have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the consequences.

'A. BYRON.

'To Lord Byron.'

His reply to this, which he has also inclosed, and requested me (after reading it and taking a copy) to forward to Lady B., is as follows:

* Ravenna, April 3, 1820.

"I received yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such even by the most malignant casuistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be—and I cannot pretend to unriddle it—I could hardly be very sensible, even if I understood it, as before it took place, I shall be where 'nothing can touch him further.' . . . I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your intention; for be assured no power of figures can avail beyond the present: and if it could, I would answer with the Florentine,—

Et io, che posto son con loro in croce

e certo
La fera moglie, più ch' altro, mi nuoce.

'BYRON.

'To Lady Byron.'

Notwithstanding his wife's remonstrance, Byron continues his "*Memoirs*," and sends continually to Moore.

Moore now essays to sell the manuscript, and finally finds a purchaser in Murray, who gives him two thousand guineas, on condition that should he survive Byron, he (Moore) should be the editor. Murray takes an assignment of the manuscript, as security from Moore for its printing when the period for its publication arrives.

Lord Byron soon after dies, and the family of Lady Byron at once take steps to get possession of the "*Memoirs*." Mr. Kinnaird moves actively in the matter, and offers to pay back to Murray the money he has advanced; the ostensible purpose being to get possession of the documents, to give Lady Byron and her family an opportunity "of deciding whether they wished them published or no."

The result of the business must be given in the language of Mr. Moore's diary:

"May 15, 1824.—A gloomy wet day.—Went to D. Kinnaird's. Told him how mat-

* A publication of the third part comes to us from the Appletons, through Henderson & Co.

tars stood between me and Murray, and of my claims on the MS. He repeated his proposal that Lady Byron should advance the two thousand guineas for its redemption; but this I would not hear of: it was I alone who ought to pay the money upon it, and the money was ready for the purpose. I would then submit it (not to Lady Byron), but to a chosen number of persons, and if they, upon examination, pronounced it altogether unfit for publication, I would burn it. He again urged the propriety of my being indemnified in the sum, but without in the least degree convincing me. Went in search of Brougham; found him with Lord Lansdowne; told them both all the particulars of my transactions with Murray. B. saw that in fairness I had a claim on the property of the MS., but doubted whether the delivery of the assignment (signed by Lord Byron) after the passing of the bond, might not, in a legal point of view, endanger it. Advised me, at all events, to apply for an injunction, if Murray showed any symptoms of appropriating the MS. to himself. No answer yet from Murray. Called upon Hobhouse, from whom I learned that Murray had already been to Mr. Wilmot Horton, offering to place the 'Memoirs' at the disposal of Lord Byron's family (without mentioning either to him or to Hobhouse any claim of mine on the work), and that Wilmot Horton was about to negotiate with him for the redemption of the MS. I then reminded Hobhouse of all that had passed between Murray and me on the subject before I left town (which I had already mentioned to Hobhouse,) and said that whatever was done with the MS. must be done by me, as I alone had the right over it, and if Murray attempted to dispose of it without my consent, I would apply for an injunction. At the same time, I assured Hobhouse that I was most ready to place the work at the disposal, *not* of Lady Byron (for this we both agreed would be treachery to Lord Byron's intentions and wishes), but at the disposal of Mrs. Leigh, his sister, to be done with by her exactly as she thought proper. After this, we went together to Kinnaird's, and discussed the matter over again, the opinion both of Hobhouse and Kinnaird being that Mrs. Leigh would and ought to burn the MS. altogether, without any previous perusal or deliberation. I endeavoured to convince them that this would be throwing a stigma upon the work, which it did not deserve; and stated, that though the second part of the 'Memoirs' was full of very coarse things, yet that (with the exception of about three or four lines) the first part contained nothing which, on the score of decency, might not be most safely published; I added, however, that as my whole wish was to consult the feelings of Lord Byron's dearest friend, his sister, the

manuscript, when in my power, should be placed in her hands, to be disposed of as she should think proper. They asked me then whether I would consent to meet Murray at Mrs. Leigh's rooms on Monday, and there, paying him the 2,000 guineas, take the MS. from him, and hand it over to Mrs. Leigh to be burnt. I said that, as to the burning, that was her affair, but all the rest I would willingly do. Kinnaird wrote down this proposal on a piece of paper, and Hobhouse set off instantly to Murray with it. In the course of to-day I recollected a circumstance (and mentioned it both to H. and K.) which independent of any reliance on Murray's fairness, set my mind at rest as to the validity of my claim on the manuscript. At the time (April 1822) when I converted the *sale* of the 'Memoirs' into a *debt*, and gave Murray my bond for the 2,000 guineas, leaving the MS. in his hand as a collateral security, I, by Luttrell's advice, directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money and redeeming my pledge. This clause I dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement. Accordingly, on recollecting it now, and finding that Luttrell had a perfect recollection of the circumstance also (*i. e.* of having suggested the clause to me), I felt of course confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the 2,000 guineas for me on Monday morning. * * 26th. Called on Hobhouse. Murray, he said, seemed a little startled at first on hearing of my claim, and, when the clause was mentioned, said 'Is there such a clause?' but immediately, however, professed his readiness to comply with the arrangement proposed, only altering the sum which Kinnaird had written, 'two thousand pounds,' into 'two thousand guineas,' and adding 'with interest, expense of stamps,' &c. &c. Kinnaird joined us, being about to start to-day for Scotland. After this I called upon Luttrell, and told him all that had passed, adding that it was my intention, in giving the manuscript to Mrs. Leigh, to protest against its being wholly destroyed. Luttrell strongly urged my doing so, and proposed that we should call upon Wilmot Horton (who was to be the representative of Mrs. Leigh at tomorrow's meeting), and talk to him on the subject. The utmost, he thought, that could be required of me, was to submit the MS. to the examination of the friends of the family, and destroy all that should be found objectionable, but retain what was not so, for my own benefit and that of the public. Went off to Wilmot Horton's, whom we luckily found. Told him the whole history of the MS. since

I put it into Murray's hands, and mentioned the ideas that had occurred to myself and Luttrell with respect to its destruction; *the injustice we thought it would be to Byron's memory* to condemn the work wholly, and without even opening it, as if it were a pest bag: that every object might be gained by our perusing it and examining it together (he on the part of Mrs. Leigh, Frank Doyle on the part of Lady Byron, and any one else whom the family might think proper to select), and, rejecting all that could wound the feelings of a single individual, but preserving what was innoxious and creditable to Lord Byron, of which I assured him there was a considerable proportion. Was glad to find that Mr. Wilmot Horton completely agreed with these views: it was even, he said, what he meant to propose himself. He undertook also to see Mrs. Leigh on the subject, proposing that we should meet at Murray's (instead of Mrs. Leigh's), to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, and that then, after the payment of the money by me to Murray, the MS. should be placed in some banker's hands till it was decided among us what should be done with it."

Lord John Russell, editor of the work in notice, sums up the matter thus:

"I have omitted in this place a long account of the destruction of Lord Byron's MS. Memoir of his Life. The reason for my doing so may be easily stated. Mr. Moore had consented, with too much ease and want of reflection, to become the depository of Lord Byron's Memoir, and had obtained from Mr. Murray 2,000 guineas on the credit of this work. He speaks of this act of his, a few pages onward, as 'the greatest error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power.' He afterwards endeavored to repair this error by repaying the money to Mr. Murray, and securing the manuscript to be dealt with as should be thought most advisable by himself in concert with the representatives of Lord Byron. He believed this purpose was secured by a clause which Mr. Luttrell had advised should be inserted in a new agreement with Mr. Murray, by which Mr. Moore was to have the power of redeeming the MS. for three months after Lord Byron's death. But neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Turner, his solicitor, seem to have understood Mr. Moore's wish and intention in this respect. Mr. Murray, on his side, had confided the manuscript to Mr. Gifford, who, on perusal, declared it too gross for publication. This opinion had become known to Lord Byron's friends and relations. Hence, when the news of Lord Byron's unexpected death arrived, all parties, with the most honorable wishes and consistent views, were thrown into perplexity and apparent discord. Mr. Moore wished to redeem the manuscript, and submit it to Mrs.

Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, to be destroyed or published with erasures and omissions. Sir John Hobhouse wished it to be immediately destroyed, and the representatives of Mrs. Leigh expressed the same wish. Mr. Murray was willing at once to give up the manuscript, on repayment of his 2,000 guineas with interest. The result was, that after a very unpleasant scene at Mr. Murray's, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the full consent of Mr. Moore, who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. After the whole had been burnt, the agreement was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray. The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton, and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say, that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the irritation which the circumstances of the moment produced; but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honorable to Lord Byron's memory, and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which recall a painful scene, and would excite painful feelings. As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part of it, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the Memoirs of this great poet."

THE MOTHER AND HER OFFSPRING.

—The Harpers have just published a book with this title, emanating from the pen of Stephen Tracy, M. D., a gentleman who has had no little experience as a practitioner at home and abroad. Dr. Tracy dedicates his book to the young mothers of the United States; and its pages contain much, very much, that it is valuable for them to know. He advocates no "new or old theory, -ism, or -pathy;" nor does he seek to teach his readers to become self-dosers, but he does seek to lay out a plan or system which shall enable them to avoid many of the "ills that flesh is heir to." The doctor thinks the necessity for a work of this kind has increased of late, by the introduction of physiology and anatomy into schools, and by the frequent occurrence

of popular lectures on the subject of both, all of which have their evil as well as their good products. We leave his book with this outline statement of its character. It may be productive of great good; while it also may create the very evil to which, in certain points, it takes exception. We have little confidence in universal guides to health; little confidence, too, in books professing to prescribe a cure for all diseases. The best method of keeping well is to live as naturally as possible; that is, plainly, temperately, and with abundance of exercise. If these do not conduce to health, then we advise the consultation of a good physician. Books are great inventions to give one general knowledge, whether it be of science, art, or literature; but you can no more write one which shall be an unfailing reliance in avoiding or curing disease, than you can make a coat or a pair of boots which shall fit everybody.

CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY.

—J. W. Moore has sent us the second volume of this delightful melange of amusement and instruction. It is printed from the Edinburgh plates, and got up, altogether, in very attractive style, with its pretty pink blue-lettered cover, its handsomely designed and executed embellishments, and its neat typography.

SIMON KENTON.

—We alluded to this historical novel when it was passing through the press of Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., and predicted for it a favorable reception. It is from the pen of Mr. James Weir, and, we believe, is his first—we cannot say maiden, when speaking of a pantaloon wearer—effort as an author. That it contains very stirring passages, is certain; that it promises brilliant things for the future of its author is equally clear. We hope he will persevere in the field he has selected. There can be no doubt of his ultimately achieving the most brilliant results. His ability for characterization is excellent; he also has no little skill in arranging dramatic positions and effects.

Literary and Scientific Gossip.

—The *Home Journal* states that Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman is engaged in collecting and preparing for publication the writings of the lamented Horatio Greenough. Mr. Greenough, besides being an eminent artist, was an original and fluent writer, and he left many papers of great interest and value. The contemplated edition of his works will be accompanied by a memoir from the pen of the editor, who is well fitted, by his interest in art and his literary talents, to do justice to so attractive a theme. Mr. Tuckerman has been in Boston

for some days, collecting the requisite information.

—Mr. Henry F. Anners, of this city, announces a "Child's History of England, by Miss Corner." This is an attempt to *Corner* Dickens. Will it not prove an attempt, merely?

—Mrs. Stowe created an unusual excitement at "Edinboro' town." Gaping people followed her along the streets, and nearly upset the carriage in which she rode. A banquet was given in her honor, and for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause, when about 1500 persons were present. The Lord Provost (Mayor) occupied the chair, supported by a band of clergymen, mostly "dissenters." The "Uncle Tom Penny Offering" was, in the course of the entertainment, handed to Mrs. Stowe in the shape of £1000 sterling, with a request that she would expend it in whatever way she might consider best to advance the abolitionist cause. The money was presented upon a silver salver, a gift to Mrs. Stowe personally from the Edinburgh ladies. This further instalment of Judas money, was, of course, gratefully accepted, and will be appropriated for the benefit of the "poor negro"—over the left.

—Among other articles of antiquity lately sold in London, was a silver watch, presented to the Whalley family by Oliver Cromwell: £5 10s. An episcopal ring, of the tenth century, found at Armagh, engraved and ornamented, which was purchased for £17. A piece of ring money, ornamented, £4. A silver book-case or cover, very finely worked, £17. A Persian seal, inscribed, "Joseph begs the grace of the most high and mighty God for everlasting happiness," and three others, in onyx, 12s. A stone "celt" from the county of Meath, Ireland: 10s. 6d. A pair of ancient spurs, £2 7s. Eight flint arrow heads, found at Clough, 10s. An ancient Irish drinking cup of wood, from Cavan, Ireland, 12s.

—The *Gazette Musicale* states that Mdlle. Marie Lablache, daughter of the incomparable basso, has made her first appearance at the Court Theatre of St. Petersburg, in "La Figlia del Reggimento," with great success.

—It is stated that Mr. James H. Hackett, the comedian, has at last closed an engagement with Grisi and Mario, at the tune of \$2500 the night, and that they will visit us early in the autumn. Immense price—altogether too much.

—The *Lantern* states that the Messrs. Harper are about publishing a "History of Benedict Arnold," by John S. C. Abbott, author of "History of Napoleon Bonaparte." It adds, "Mr. Abbott, we understand, takes an original view of the character of Arnold,—a view

widely different from that commonly entertained: he maintains that the General was actuated to his treachery by the purest and most beneficent motives, and that a desire to spare the effusion of innocent blood lay at the root of the 'Great Commander's' life."

— A sale of the costly effects of Mr. Lumley, late lessee of her Majesty's theatre, lately took place in London. Amongst many articles of *recherché* character in the collection was the original bust of Jenny Lind, from the crush-room of her Majesty's Theatre, where, during the season of 1849 and 1850, it excited great notice, both as a work of art, and faithful representation of the Nightingale. Some paintings and drawings, including works by Cruikshank and Count d'Orsay, found ready purchasers, although at low biddings. A water-color drawing of the Pas de Quatre, with groupings of the most celebrated danseuses, Taglioni, Cerito, Lucille Grahn, Carlotta Grisi, &c., was knocked down at £40. £1000 might cover the total produced by all the principal articles in the sale, including the wine and furniture.

— Mr. Thackeray, we learn, is coming back next autumn for the purpose of continuing his course of lectures—taking up, in all probability, the Georgian Era, and sketching the Johnsons, Walpoles, and Miss Burneys. The New York *Albion* states that Mr. T.'s trip "cleared" \$12,000.

— A correspondent of the Boston *Evening Gazette*, writing from New York, under late date, states that "certain American authors have been notified, through an American agent, that they were empowered to draw upon Messrs. Clarke, Beeton & Co., publishers, London, for various sums, as their rightful instalment upon the sale of their books in London." The English house, it is added, do this of their own accord, and they intend to carry out this principle in regard to all American works issued by them. Any body will see, with half an eye, that Messrs. C. B. & Co. can lose nothing by this stand, which they have taken in behalf of the rights of property, which are the same, we presume, whether vested in cotton-bales or books.

— Charles Knight's new and improved edition of the Penny Cyclopædia, under the title of the "English Cyclopædia," commenced on the 30th of April, in weekly numbers of 36 pages, 260 of which will complete the work. It will be arranged in four separate divisions, Geography, Natural History, Science and Arts, History, Biography, Literature, &c.

— Dr. Alexander Mayer, a French physician, has written to the *Presse*, announcing that he had met with an intelligent and skillful mechanic who has solved the problem of ob-

taining heat for all the purposes for which fuel is now employed by the means of friction and that he will soon be able to exhibit to the public an apparatus by which any quantity of heat may be obtained by friction, without fuel of any kind, for the purpose of domestic use, or for the generation of steam for steam engines.

— *Punch* puts the following excise question to the rappers. Is Mrs. Hayden, the lady "medium" who attends parties wishing to communicate with the other world—is she duly licensed to sell spirits? Answer—No; she only sells the dupes, who pay for what they don't get.

— A letter from Madrid of the 13th of April, states that water has become so scarce in the fountains of that city that the carriers cannot obtain the quantity required for the daily supply of their customers. A Madrid journal states that at Cordova, on the 8th of April, the heat was excessive, 28 degrees of Reaumur (95 Fahrenheit).

— Mr. Collier's recent publication has stirred up other of the Shakspearian editors. Mr. Dyce is said to be ready to issue a "variorum edition," in 10 or 12 vols.; and Mr. Moxon announces another (of the text only, we presume,) in six.

— A green and gold prospectus is out, in London, announcing a "New and Splendid Library Edition, to be published by subscription, of the Popular Poets and Poetry of Britain." The publisher is Mr. James Nichol, of Edinburgh; and the work is to be "edited with biographical and critical notices by the Rev. George Gilfillan, author of the 'Gallery of Literary Portraits,' 'Bards of the Bible,' &c.

— Messrs. C. J. Price & Co., of our city, announce in press, "The Mind and the Emotions, considered in relation to Health, Disease, and Religion; by William Cooke, M. D." 1 vol. small 8vo.

— Mr. James Roche, well known as a most learned and copious contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the signature of "J. R.," died at Cork, in his eighty-third year. In 'The Prout Papers' he was called "the Roscoe of Cork."

Editors' Sans-Souci.

ENTERPRISE FOR INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

— An effort is about to be made in this city to establish an Institution for Scientific, Literary and Artistic entertainments; which will combine instruction and mental culture with amusement. The aid of the best intellect, and

learning, as well as artistic talent, will be secured, in order to present the wonders of science, the beauties of art, and the refinements of literature, in a manner calculated to charm the senses while they instruct the mind. It is intended to make eloquence, poetry, painting and music, the adornments as well as the illustrations of sober science: so that those who desire mere amusement will find such entertainments as will make the time pass pleasantly, and at the same time exert a refining influence upon the mind and heart, while they will afford the most agreeable and interesting themes for after reflection; and those who desire solid information in any, or every, department of science and art, will receive it in its most pleasing form.

The projector of this Institution has been engaged for ten years past in designing and perfecting a course of illustrations calculated to make science and literature attractive and interesting, and to create a taste for polite learning.

Among the novelties which will first be offered to the public, will be a course of lectures on English Philology, which will be made interesting by a variety of original and amusing illustrations; and will give a much better idea of the philosophy of words and the structure of our language, than can be got from the ordinary method of teaching.

If this effort should meet with encouragement, arrangements will be made for the establishment of a permanent Institution, in which instructive amusements will be prepared upon a scale of magnificence which has not been heretofore attempted in this country. No one can doubt of the refining influences of a taste for the fine arts; nor of the beneficial effects upon the society of our city, which must result from the establishment of an institution which will occupy the leisure time of our citizens agreeably, and cultivate a taste for scientific recreations.

There is no element of human character which exerts a more powerful influence in its promotion than the amusements of a community: and when these are neglected or improperly provided, the effect is most pernicious. We cannot, therefore too highly recommend, as matters of amusement, "those polished arts," which, as the poet says, "have harmonized mankind."

The lover of science, the man of learning, the accomplished artist, will rarely be a disorderly citizen; and it cannot be denied that much of the disorder which is so rife in all our large cities, arises from a want of mental culture. Let us have amusements which will soften the asperities of our nature, refine our feelings and elevate the moral sentiments.—The fine arts afford the most proper and the most attractive amusements, when properly

exhibited; and it is by such means that we should endeavor

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart."

There is ambition enough in the heart of every individual to make something respectable of him, if it be properly developed; and it should be the aim of public entertainments to stimulate a proper ambition in the minds of young persons, as well as to enable them to perceive that the fields of science and art afford the best, as well as the most agreeable recreations.

There are very few who will not find gratification and instruction from a good course of lectures on the "philosophy of language;" and the novel manner in which this subject will be illustrated, will give it a charm which under ordinary circumstances it does not possess.

We shall have occasion to speak of this matter again.

"THE SAILOR'S LOVE"

—Is the title of the following very pretty stanzas which we have received from Charles Albert Janvier, of Philadelphia:

Close beside the heaving billow,
Listening to the sea-bird's strain,
Ever sits a gentle maiden,
Gazing on the boundless main;
Ever, ever sadly gazing
On the surging rolling main.

At each sail that she beholdeth,
Swiftly coming to the shore,
From her face the sorrow fadeeth,
But too soon her joy is o'er;
For, alas! the ship she waiteth,
Never, never! cometh more!

Where the bright-eyed, long-haired mermaids
Sing within the coral caves,
While the ever restless ocean
Surges round with ceaseless waves:
There, afar, beneath the waters,
Find her crew their quiet graves.

But the maiden ever sitteth,
Gazing on the boundless sea,
Fondly, wildly, madly hoping
That each sail her love's may be:
All in vain; for him she waiteth
Calmly sleeps beneath the sea.

DIAMONDS.

—A work, entitled "Sketches from the Mineral Kingdom," gives us some very interesting facts, touching diamonds. Those of a quarter of an ounce weight are extraordinarily costly, but still larger are met with; and one of the largest known is that of the rajah of Muttun, in Borneo, which weighs nearly two ounces and a half; that of the Sultan of Turkey weighs two ounces; one in the Russian sceptre more than an ounce and a quarter. The greatest diameter of the last is one inch,

the thickness six lines. The Empress Catherine II, purchased it in the year 1772, from Amsterdam, and for it was paid £75,000 and an annuity of £650. Diamonds weighing an ounce exist also in the French and Austrian regalia. One of the most perfect is the French, known as the Pitt or Regent diamond. It was bought for Louis XV., from an Englishman named Pitt, for the sum of £135,000 sterling, but has been valued at half million. One of the stones most renowned in the East, is the Koh-i-noor, or mountain of Light, now in possession of the Queen of England. It came from Golconda to Persia, and while uncut weighed more than five ounces. It is valued at more than £2,000,000 sterling. If we look only to the common mode of estimating the value, a perfect brilliant weighing half a pound, would be worth £20,000,000. Some have stated that such a diamond exists among the royal treasures of Portugal, as large as a hen's egg; according to others this is only a topos. By the way, late foreign papers state that a quantity of diamonds of the value of 20,000 florins, was stolen a short time ago from the Boudoir of the Countess Clary, in her residence at Vienna. There was no trace of violence, and the robbery was committed in the day-time. Although it was evident that the thief was well acquainted with the house, no suspicion fell on any of the domestics on account of their high character. But the police, after making an investigation, discovered that the thief was a woman employed as a nurse in the family, and the diamonds were found in her possession.

NEW MUSIC.

—Mr. Gould, successor to A. Fiot, Swaim's Buildings, sends us the following new music, which we particularly recommend to our lady readers:—"I cannot live without thee," a ballad adapted to a favorite air, by Paganini, and dedicated to Mrs. Harvey Smith, by Chas. Jarvis,—"First Rate Schottische," by Fred. Winter, dedicated to Mrs. Mary Jane Smith,—"Heed not the idle Tales," a ballad, sung by Madam Thillon, composed by Thomas Baker,—"For love of Thee," a ballad sung by Frazer, written and composed by Geo. Linley,—"The Vocal beauties of Flotow's new Opera of Martha, translated and arranged for the English stage by Chevalier Bochsá—since the publication of Madam Bishop's Travels in the land of Montezeuma, one of the heroes of Mexico! We find also in the budget Gottschalk's famous "Dance Ossianique."

THE OLD 'AURORA' AGAIN.

—A correspondent has called out attention to the paragraph copied from a New York Journal into the last number of Bizarre, (p. 61) in relation to the Philadelphia *Aurora*, and desires to have some errors therein noted.—At the time of Washington's retirement from

the Presidency there was no district of Spring Garden, and consequently no Spring Garden butchers, and as to the butchers of Philadelphia city and county in general, they were almost to a man members of the Republican party, as every old citizen of Philadelphia knows. There is not a word of truth in the statement that the *Aurora* office was attacked by any one, in consequence of the provocation referred to respecting President Washington's retirement from the Presidency. It is a piece of pure fiction. An attack was threatened at another time, but Benjamin Franklin Bache, editor of that time, armed all the hands in his office, and the attack was indefinitely postponed. The piece "Now let thy servant depart," &c., which was in very bad taste, was written by Dr. Michael Leib.—Philadelphia has enough riots to answer for, without the addition of imaginary ones.

CRAWFISH, TO THE EDITOR.

—We received, a day or two since, the following letter, with inclosures which are appended. Write again, good Christopher.

MR. EDITOR.—There are some people in this world who have an invincible propensity for punning, and it is not a little remarkable that such persons seem to enjoy bad puns quite as much as good ones. Your humble servant has a taste for such things, and sometimes ventures to perpetrate something desperate in this way. Being recently reproved, by a pious old lady, for reading your paper on Sunday, he replied that he thought it no harm to read a paper that had so recently come from *Church*. You may imagine the sensation which this effort caused.

I send you enclosed some of our most recent attempts: should they prove acceptable, we may feel encouraged to make more energetic essays in future.

Respectfully yours,

CHRISTOPHER CRAWFISH.

If Louis Napoleon knows which side of his bread is buttered he will not be too greedy for *Sandwiches*.

General Lane, it appears, has placed himself in an awkward attitude. If we may believe *Æsop* or *La Fontaine*, it is not the first time that *L'ane* (the'ass) has done so.

A hundred years ago Boston would not have patronised Sunday (Sontag) operas.

The Duchess of Sutherland has recently received two magnificent presents; viz., a lock of Mrs. Stowe's hair and the key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Poly Gamy is Brigham Young's wife.

The longest fishing-line we have yet heard of is the *Heron* line, from Philadelphia to Savannah.

A black tragedian has recently caused a great sensation in Hungary. The literati and

histriones of Pesth have given him a grand dinner and a valuable album. The dinner was certainly an appropriate compliment to a *Hung(a)ry* actor; but as for the *album*, it certainly would have been more apropos if it had been a *nigrum*.

THE SLOO TREATY.—Santa Anna has had a big blow out in honor of his return to Mexico. They say the whole party got *sloo'd* on the first instalment from the Tehautepec company.

The *Stowe* ovation in England appears to have turned out rather a *sheepish* affair, especially on the part of the masculine *Stowe*.

EMBLEMATIC.—The rays on the new quarters are significant of the efforts sometimes made to *raise* a quarter, when a fellow is thirsty; and the arrow-heads are indicative of the rapidity with which American money flies to England.

Ex-Senator Tallmadge is out in favor of spiritual rappings. Congress men are very apt to favor *spiritual* manifestations.

ACADEMY OF ARTS.

—The Academy of Arts opened in our city on Monday, the 9th. The collection of pictures is good, and will be noticed hereafter.

NEW BOOKS

—The following new books await notice at our hands:—From Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston, "Thalata, a Book for the Sea-Side;" from M. W. Dodd, New York, "Rachel Kell;" from Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, "Hart's Greek and Roman Mythology."

SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

—The connection of this institution with the Franklin Institute has been dissolved, and it has passed into the hands of a committee of prominent citizens, among whom are John Grigg, Judge Kelley, John W. Claghorn, J. R. Tyson, Robert Hare, Elliott Cresson, and the firms of Howell & Brothers and Cornelius & Co. This committee have received the furniture and property of the school, and assumed its debts. They publish a card announcing the fact, and urging a co-operative action on the part of their fellow-citizens, in order that the School may be placed on a permanent footing. They say:—

"The School had its origin with Mrs. Sarah Peter, who, with characteristic discernment, perceived its great public importance in connexion with the benefits it would confer upon women, and upon the arts and manufactures of the country. It has now been tried for about four years, and the experiment has justified the high promises which its first establishment excited. Patterns are produced of such excellence as to secure handsome returns to the pupils. Some young women, whose knowledge has been acquired and skill

formed at the school, obtain above thirty dollars a month from the sales. The compensation will be increased as higher skill is attained, and the inventive power is strengthened by longer practice and study.

"It opens to females a new and lucrative employment, requiring for its exercise those qualities in which they are peculiarly fitted to excel. It will raise the character of our fabrics, in imparting to them the aids of original, tasteful, and beautiful designs. In all that relates to useful, elegant, and ornamental art, the school possesses distinguished advantages from the presence of such institutions in our midst as the Academy of Fine Arts and the Academy of Natural Sciences. We may add to this, the facilities which abound among us for every variety of manufacture, and the duty which these impose of making all reasonable efforts for its improvement. In short, it requires but that aid to female ingenuity and taste, which the cultivation of drawing and designs confers, to make this community excel in all the arts which appertain to utility and ornament."

Schools of this kind have been established in New York and Boston since our own; and already have they advanced far beyond it, so liberal has been the aid which they have received from the citizens of those cities. These schools, we are told, are numerous in England and France; so much so, that in the former 2000 pupils availed themselves of their benefits in 1847,—only twelve years after their establishment,—while in the latter, the scholars exceed 10,000 in number, from the working classes alone. Our own school has numbered some 70 pupils, and unquestionably, in the language of the address before us, with ample funds "it may be made conducive to the higher aims of oil painting; to most beneficial results upon the pecuniary condition of women, and to the best effects upon the manufactured fabrics of the state and country."

We are assured that \$50,000 well invested will be ample to meet all the wants of this noble institution, even if the scholars were ten-fold the number they now are. And shall it die out for want of so small a sum? We trust not; particularly in a city where there is so much liberality shown in matters of art, and where charities of all kinds find a willing support. Boston gets time to attend to such enterprizes. Even New York can cease its cent-per-cent abstractions, and lend a hand to woman in her aspirations towards the acquisition of an art which, while it affords honest means of livelihood, does not cast her into uncongenial associations. And shall Philadelphia, with her wealth, her energy, her heart, and her universally acknowledged refined taste, be left behind in such a work? We earnestly hope not.

PARKINSON'S GARDEN

—Is now every evening brilliantly illuminated, and with its fine military band, and other inspiring properties, urgently invites visitors. The walks are in beautiful order, the shrubbery and trees, in their new spring green, impart the most refreshing odors, while the play of fountains in sparkling jets of Schuylkill, yields a pleasant humidity to the atmosphere. Here is enjoyment for the senses of sight, hearing and smell; the sense of feeling, of course, will be well pleased if you are locked arm-in-arm with your wife or sweetheart; while as for taste, may it not be regaled with many luxuries, not the least of which, at present, are rich, ripe, and juicy strawberries "smother'd in crame?"

FASHIONABLE NAMES.

—It is a noteworthy circumstance that hardly any young ladies named Sarah or Elizabeth have been married in Philadelphia for several years past. To make up for this, however, a number named Sallie, Bessie and Lizzie, have been led to the hymeneal altar. This new nomenclature must please every judicious mind. It ought not to stop here. Other names should be treated in the same fashion. Thus the name of Mary, the favorite of the poets, should be dropped at once, and *Pollie* or *Mollie* substituted for it: Jane should become *Jinnie*; Susan, *Sookie*; Ellen, *Nellie*; Margaret, *Peggie*; Catharine, *Kittie*; and Emily, *Emmie*. Nor is there any reason why this brilliant innovation should be confined to the female sex. How pleasant it would be to read in the papers of Mr. Josie Jones to Miss Tabbie Taylor; of Mr. Dickie Diggs to Miss Abbie Brown; and Mr. Tommie Smith to Miss Annie Tompkins! Let this delightful system spread. Is not this the age of progress?

PERELLI'S SOIREE.

—Maestro Perelli gave another *soiree* on Saturday evening last, which, we think, was the most brilliant of the season. The pieces executed, taken from the most popular operas, was given with fine effect, and the very select and recherche company present, testified their admiration by the heartiest plaudits. The much admired brunette-Contralto, gave the "Bird-song" and a *romanza* from Beatrice di Tenda, in her own exquisite style; while the no less finished *soprano*, and heroine of Carl Eckert's "Swiss Song," performed her part to the admiration of all who listened to her bewitching notes. Several duetts, trios, and choruses were sung: increased effect being given to them by the cultivated tenor voice of Signor Perelli, the very full rich basses and baritone of Messrs. D——d and H——tt, and the angelic notes of the two ladies already specified. We feel bold in asserting that no amateur entertainment was ever given in

Philadelphia to surpass the one in notice; indeed, we think we may venture to add, that very few concerts are got up by artists, having a tithe of the artistic merits of this modest re-union. "Quanto Amore," from "Elisire d' Amore," by our *prima donna soprano*, and Mr. D——d, won a warm round of hands; so did the trio, "Te sol quest anima" by a young lady, Mr. D——d and Sig. Perelli. Especially fine, moreover, was the grand "Scheda," from "Robert," by the stars, M'les. Soprano and Contralto, Sig. Perelli and Mr. H——tt. We cannot omit noticing, too, the *romanza*, "O vecchio cor," from "I due Foscari," the *duo*, from "Italiana in Algieri;" that from Lucia; the romance from the "Prophete," and the best rendering of the famous "Infelice," from "Ernani," which we have ever heard at an amateur concert; and for which the company were indebted to Mr. Rainer, a late pupil of Perelli's, and one of the prominent artists of Sanford's Opera troupe.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

—A correspondent of *Moore's Rural New-Yorker*,—a very capital paper by the way,—published at Rochester, writes from Philadelphia under a late date. We give our readers a taste of his notions:

"Philadelphia boast of romantic and beautiful scenery. The majestic Delaware gives it commerce and life. Around Philadelphia cluster many associations of early colonial history. Here is the old Independence Hall. It heard the first discussions, which gave America to the Revolutionary issues, and to Independence. Its walls heard the lofty eloquence of ADAMS, HANCOCK and of JEFFERSON. When the fullness of the time had come, it saw the sublime faith—the heroic resolution—of those men who gave the Declaration of Independence to the world, and—their names to immortality. Here is the bell which rung the notes of freedom abroad to the world.—Here is the chair which WASHINGTON occupied, and all around the room are memorials and associations which linger around the heart and can never be forgotten. It is natural when one visits a scene like this, that his imagination should be roused, and his patriotism receive new life. Whoever would visit the cradle of American liberty without emotions of more than an ordinary nature, has not an American heart, and is less than a man, if more than a brute.

"Philadelphia abounds in other objects of interest. The Girard College is the most splendid edifice in the United States. The building alone cost over one million of dollars. The Girard Bank, the Merchant's Exchange, the Custom House, are all fine buildings, worthy of admiration. The United States Mint is well worthy of a visit."

The following, touching our friends, Godey

and Graham, will cause these gentlemen to smile: particularly as what is said about their lists and glories departing, happens to be the purest romance in the world. These magazines were never more prosperous we learn.

"What young lady or sentimental young man has not read or heard of 'Graham and Godey?' Their Magazines, for many years before the advent of Harper and Putnam, were monarchs of the literary field. But now their glory and lists of subscribers is departing. I was introduced, and spent a pleasant social hour with Mr. GODEY and T. S. ARTHUR, veterans in the field of literary exertion. May their days be long in the land."

Business and Pleasure.

—Wiser's magnificent panorama of the "Creation, Garden of Eden, and the Deluge" continues to attract crowds of spectators to Masonic Hall. The proprietor thinks the whole of the half-dollar gift tickets will shortly be disposed of, and that the distribution will take place in the course of a few weeks. Magnificent and costly articles make up the prizes, which may be seen in the window of Mr. J. E. Gould.

—MESSRS. KLAUDER, DEGINTHER & Co., No. 284 Chestnut Street, have lately manufactured some beautiful suits of furniture for the parlors and chambers of the new part of the Girard House, as well as for the superb drinking-saloon lately opened on the lower floor of the same. The materials used are rose-wood, black-walnut, mahogany and oak; and all fashioned after the latest, most beautiful, and at the same time most unique designs. A set of chairs, with polished frames and green morocco backs and bottoms we noticed particularly; they were intended for taking one's ease in one's Inn. Considering that Messrs. K. D. & Co., have got up a set of the same pattern for the legislators at the capital of Texas, it may be expected they will have rather long sessions there hereafter. The ware-rooms of these gentlemen are situated at a point in Chestnut Street where some of the most magnificent establishments of the kind in the city are concentrated. They make a most imposing stand there, likewise, and hence, one which commands great attention. We hope they may continue to enjoy the high favor which is now accorded to them; yes, and with copious increase.

—DEPUY, No. 41 North Eighth street, has just added to his stock a beautiful invoice of light French goods. Observe his advertisement.

—COL. WARD, of the *Sontag Ledger*, had his head examined the other night by Elliott, the Phrenologist, Chestnut, below Eighth, who, says the Colonel, "read him like a book."—Elliott is certainly a master of the profession he follows.

—SLITER has been re-engaged by Sanford, and will, during the week, appear every evening in his wonderful dances. Signor Foghel, the great violinist, is also retained, and will nightly execute one of his superb solos. New songs are also added to the attractions of the present week, in which Lynch, Collins, Rainer, Kavanaugh and Sanford all take part.

—The distribution of the gifts which PERHAM has promised to all who buy dollar tickets of admission to the Panorama of California will soon take place. The Committee of Distribution, we understand, have already held one meeting to make arrangements therefor, and contemplate holding another during the present week, when the packages will be sealed and placed in a box and deposited in the vault of one of our banks to await the time when Mr. James H. Farrand shall distribute them.

—COL. MAURICE opened his new store on Saturday evening last, with a very pleasant little entertainment, when he was honored with the company of Gov. Bigler, Hon. T. B. Florence, Col. John Swift, Capt. Wylie, of the City of Glasgow, Alderman Elkington, Sergeant Andrews, and several other gentlemen of distinction, including many editors and reporters. Toasts were drank and speeches made by Gov. Bigler, Col. Swift, Col. Florence, Alderman Elkington, Sergeant Andrews, and Col. Maurice, himself. The Colonel gave the following sentiment as a winding up of his remarks:

"Advertising.—What oil is to machinery, and oxygen is to animal life, judicious but liberal advertising is to success in business."

The Colonel himself well knows the benefit of liberal advertising, and this pithy sentiment should be regarded as having Delphic sanctity. The Colonel's new place of business is at 123 Chestnut, below Fourth.

—WILLIAM T. FRY, 227 Arch Street, continues to receive beautiful articles of the Torbridge Mosaic Ware, as well as other elegant fancy and toilet goods. His own manufactures, consisting of rose-wood and mahogany writing-desks, dressing-cases and work-boxes, are hard to surpass.

—WHITE HATS, from the new Hat Company, at Sixth and Chestnut, and Messrs. Billings & Co., Girard House, are beginning to be as thick as—as—piles of brick and mortar on Chestnut street. Beautiful, beautiful!—the hats,—not the bricks and mortar.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1853.

THE HOFRAADINDE.*

A THRILLING TALE.

On the evening of the second of August, I and a number of young people, assembled at the house of a friend to celebrate the anniversary of his marriage. Our host possessed that courtesy and gaiety of manner which never fails to promote the mirth and enjoyment of a party; and as to his young wife, whose joyous and blooming countenance spoke the happiness of her lot, she was the first in every scheme suggested for the amusement of her guests. After having spent a most delightful evening, we were just about to bid good-night to our kind entertainers. When we heard a carriage roll down the street, upon which I stepped to the window, and by the light of the carriage lamps, I saw a splendid chariot stop at the opposite dwelling.

"Who comes home so late?" asked one of the party.

"That is our beautiful neighbor, the Hofraadinde," replied our host, who seldom returns before midnight from her fashionable parties."

"Is she a widow?" said one of the ladies.

"By no means," replied our hostess; "but she finds little pleasure in having her husband always by her side, who might almost be her father from the disparity of their years, and who would find some difficulty in keeping pace with the dissipation of his young wife; while she is amusing herself with the gaieties of the world, the old gentleman is shut up in his study, engrossed with his pen and his politics."

Meanwhile the step of the carriage was let down, and an elegant female alighted, whose costly attire showed the high rank to which she belonged. The important business of bonneting and shawling being accomplished we departed; but hardly had we got without the door, when the window of the opposite house was violently thrown open, and a female voice, in a tone of horror and anguish, exclaimed—

"Help! Murder! Help, for the love of Heaven?"

"What was that?" exclaimed our host, as he suddenly threw the light from his hand, with which he had lighted us down stairs.—

"Some villains must have got into the house of the counsellor—that is the voice of his lady."

With the shriek of horror still ringing in my ears, followed by my companions, I quickly crossed the street and knocked loudly at the door, which, after some time, was at length opened by a female, from whom we in vain endeavored to learn the cause of the disturbance, as she was too much terrified to bring forth a reply. We flew up stairs and rushed into the saloon, where we found the Hofraadinde; the flowers which had ornamented her beautiful hair lay strewn upon the carpet; her dress was in the greatest disorder, her countenance was pale as death, her hands were clasped convulsively together, and trembling with agitation, she motioned us to proceed to an adjoining department.

We hastily obeyed, and approaching the bed, round which the curtains were carefully wrapped, we quickly drew them aside, and with horror beheld the strangled body of the counsellor. A rope was round his neck, his countenance was fearfully distorted and perfectly black; his under lip was swelled and covered with blood, and his eyes protruded from their sockets. One hand hung out of bed, whilst the other appeared to have struggled hard with the murderer, who in the conflict had torn open the vest of the deceased.

A cabinet, which stood near, was burst open, the drawers of which were left closed, and a strange hand seemed to have discomposed the papers. I instantly untied the rope, while my friend ran for medical assistance; a vein was quickly opened, but all to no purpose, life was totally extinct, he was past the power of human aid. Just as I was about to leave the apartment, my eyes happened to fall on something steeped in blood, which was lying near the bed; I immediately picked it up, it was a handkerchief. "Has any one lost a handkerchief?" said I. All replied in the negative, and I was just going to throw it aside, when I accidentally noticed the letters with which it was marked.

"Now we will discover the owner," said I; it was marked D. L.

"You need not go far," said my friend, "to find the owner; these are your own initials."

"It does not belong to me," I replied, whilst I put it in a drawer of the bureau; "it may remain there till some one claims it."

I now returned to the Hofraadinde. I found her somewhat recovered, though still much agitated; she warmly expressed her acknowledgments for the kind interest we had taken in her distress, and her obligations for the very prompt assistance we had rendered her.

The officers of justice now ventured to inquire into the affair, and the Hofraadinde having again thanked us for our attentions, and

* From the Danish.

said she would no longer trespass upon our kindness, we took our departure.

The streets were deserted, and a light only occasionally glimmered here and there from a window: the lamps burnt dimly, and as my shadow flitted along I felt as if a spectre were pursuing me, and strode along at a more rapid rate. In — Place I was obliged to pass a mile-stone, and as I approached, a man suddenly started from beside it, as with the intention of attacking me; I started back—he came towards me, and laying his hand gently on my arm, and looking earnestly in my face, said in a significant tone:

"It is not the shadow which follows your footsteps, which you need fear; but the avenger of crime, if any lies upon your conscience."

The countenance of the stranger made a singular impression upon me, it is still as vividly before me as that moment, grief seemed to have altered its natural expression.

"What is the hour?" said he suddenly.

"It is not yet one," I replied.

"The awful stillness," he rejoined, "which precedes the hour is dreadful, but still more horrible is the tolling of that single one. I wish I were deaf that I might never hear the clock strike one."

He spoke as if his mind was wandering; but I felt as if there were truth and reason in what he said.

"Go home," he continued, "and pray to God to give you peaceful slumbers—every thing may become frightful in the midnight hour."

He left me, but suddenly returning, he whispered: "he has breathed his last sigh, poor man, and I was in danger of doing the same—but tell this to no one."

At this moment the clock of the neighboring belfry struck one, upon which the stranger—exclaiming, "*O Dio! che questa vita è funesta*, (O God! how wretched is this life,)"—hurried away.

On reaching home I threw myself in bed, and soon fell into a most disturbed and feverish slumber. The strangled counsellor, the agony of the Hofraadinde, the handkerchief marked with my initials, the mysterious looks of the officers of justice, and the wild looks of the Italian, were mingled together in a confused and horrible dream. Early the following morning I repaired to my friend. "What do you think of this business?" said I.

"What should I think of it?" he replied, "the murderer understood his profession too well to leave the widow a spark of hope for her husband's life. A physician has examined the body, and declares that the deceased died of apoplexy."

"You jest!" said I, in surprise, "and the Hofraadinde—"

"Even she," he rejoined; "it was herself

who told me, and with the most perfect composure too. It is incredible what this philosophical age will accomplish. A woman who yesterday was wringing her hands in the deepest despair, can to-day talk so composedly of the horrible adventure, and examines her husband's lifeless body as calmly as if he were some wax puppet. Louisa acknowledges she never met with so active a housewife; she has already seen that every thing is prepared for the funeral, and with the most praiseworthy composure, has given orders for her mourning, consoling herself with the thought how well her sable weeds will contrast with her fair complexion."

I could not conceal my horror and indignation at such unfeeling conduct.

"Does that surprise you?" said my friend,—"I have still more wonders to relate. The money and bills which were in the bureau, as also a valuable brooch and gold repeater, which was set with diamonds, remained untouched; but the will, in which the counsellor left the whole of his fortune to his nephew, is nowhere to be found. It would appear that the murderer had false keys to all the locks, as there was no marks of violence having been used, except to the bureau, the contents of which the counsellor kept secret even from the Hofraadinde."

"Who is his nephew?" asked I.

"You will be surprised," replied he, "when I tell you it is Mastorf, our brother soldier, who made the first campaign with us, and was taken prisoner by the French at Maresburgh."

"He!" I exclaimed in surprise, "as brave a fellow as ever lived, and one of my dearest friends. Has he been to the counsellor's?"

"The poor fellow is ill," he replied, "and confined to bed."

"Where does he live?" asked I; "I have a great desire to see him."

"That I cannot tell you, but I think I shall be able to find him out; but where do you go from this?"

"To Conditon-street."

"Good," he replied; "I shall meet you there."

As it was early when I reached Conditon-street, there were but few people in the coffee-room: however, I remarked, in one corner of the room, an elderly gentleman, who was busily employed in reading a paper; and in another, two young men, who were carrying on a whispering conversation, in which they appeared deeply interested. I knew not how it was, but I felt myself irresistibly impelled to approach them, and I placed myself at a table close beside them. One of them was a tall fine-looking man about thirty, his features were more expressive than handsome, his eyes indicated a haughty and impetuous soul, and the whole countenance bore

traces of deep and violent passion; his dark mustachios gave him a military air, and although his German was both elegant and fluent, yet from his foreign accent it was evident it was not his native tongue. The sight of the other surprised me,—yes, surely I had seen that face before; he was younger than his companion, and his appearance much more feminine; an eye of fire glared from under a pair of thick, shaggy eye-brows; and as I continued to examine him, I soon recognized the strange apparition of the previous evening. I now gave my whole attention to the strangers, who appeared to have some secret understanding together, and while apparently engrossed by my paper, I overheard a few sentences which gave me a clue to the purport of their conversation.

"Do you still keep your resolution?" said the Italian.

"The carriage is ordered at five," replied the officer; "I cannot delay a day longer, the earth seems to burn under my feet, and the sooner I am upon my way the better."

"You will reach it on Wednesday," replied his friend, "and will lodge as agreed upon, in Kralowna Unice; she will not expect you, and your arrival will surprise her." They whispered afterwards, but from what I could learn it appeared that their conversation related to a beautiful daughter and an old father, from whom something was to be concealed.

"You will know her at the first glance," said the Italian; "but in case you make any mistake, you may as well take another look;" and he gave the officer a box, on the lid of which was the miniature of a lovely female.

"I would have no fears, but all might yet go well," replied his friend, "were she but prudent; but who can have any dependance upon a changeable woman?"

"Leave that to me," said the Italian, "fulfil your promise; my happiness in your hands; give me only that, and I shall never forsake you; but remember, before you set off to leave out the letter; she does not know, and will not believe; tie a knot upon your handkerchief to remind you of it."

"I shall not forget," replied the officer; but to make certain of it—he felt in vain for the handkerchief; he reflected a moment—then searched again, and betrayed a considerable anxiety at not finding it. "Yes," said he, "yes, I must have left my handkerchief at home. Come, come with me rather, and I will give you the letter," and they departed.

My curiosity was roused, and I would have followed them, had I not promised to wait for my friend, who soon made his appearance, and to whom I related all I had heard and seen: but he thought I gave more weight to the behavior and conversation of the strangers than the circumstances warranted. He had

been fortunate to procure Mastorf's address, which he gave me.

"Have you had no opportunity," said I, "of going over to the Hofraadinde?"

"She requested me to call for this evening, as she wishes to consult me regarding some family affairs."

"Then I entreat," said I, "that you will obtain the handkerchief for me;" this he promised to do, and we parted.

Mastorf had just wakened from a short slumber when I entered. I was shocked and grieved at the change which illness had made on his once robust and handsome countenance; he was pale, and so exhausted as to be incapable of the slightest exertion. An inflammation of the lungs had brought him to the brink of the grave, and though all danger was now happily past, yet his physicians thought it would be long ere his health was restored.

I asked him if his uncle had visited him lately, but he was so agitated as to be unable to reply; and his attendant informed me, that not being aware of his relationship to the counsellor, she had told him of the dreadful occurrence.

"My poor fellow," said I, "have you been so unfortunate as to learn this in your weak state?"

"You may imagine," he replied, "how much it shocked me. I thought it would have killed me. But, tell me, is there any thing of consequence taken?"

"Nothing," said I, "except a brooch and a gold repeater—the money is untouched."

"My lot is cast," said he, "I dreaded what would happen; what a malicious artifice?"

Without inquiring the meaning of these words, I consoled him by assuring him, that we would do all in our power to serve him. He looked calmly upon me, and answered the pressure of my hand with silent emotion.

On reaching home, I found a small box, in which was the handkerchief; and a note from my friend informed me that he had sent a servant for it, as if one of his guests had dropped it,—it was found in the drawer where I had put it.

I now formed my plans, and determined to set out the following day, to endeavor to discover the murderer; but circumstances prevented me from carrying out my intentions; and after arranging matters with my friend, on the fourth day set off on my journey. I travelled day and night until I reached Dresden; but as I could get no information regarding the object of my search, and after resting a few hours, I again set off for Prague, where I arrived early the following morning. The first person I inquired for was a Mr. Henneberg, a rich merchant, who, on my return from Italy, received me with great hos-

pitality; he had been some years a widower, but was now engaged to the younger sister of his wife, and was just about to celebrate his marriage.

"You could not have come more opportunely," said he, as he shook me by the hand. "You must be my guest this evening, when you will meet my bride, the musical composer, Deedesdorf, whom you admire so much, and another agreeable guest. We shall have a very delightful evening—which your presence will add to—but I wish to give them a surprise; do not mention to any one that we are acquainted.

I promised to come, and we separated. I made a thousand inquiries regarding the object of my journey, but no one could give any intelligence of the stranger whom I described. I found it necessary to think of other means to trace him out, and meanwhile sauntered along to view the city. There was a considerable crowd on the bridge, which forced me to stop a few minutes before a toy-shop, from which at that moment there issued an elderly gentleman with a young girl leaning on his arm, who was playfully patting his cheek as if thanking him for some present he had given her. She had a little lap-dog in her arms, and as she turned to the shop-people to say she would send for her purchase, I had a full view of her countenance, and immediately recognized the original of the miniature I had seen on the lid of the box, in the coffee-house. Although not decidedly beautiful, yet she possessed that species of fascination which is even more engaging than beauty itself; animated and expressive eyes, and a smile so irresistible, that it found its way to every heart. She was dressed with great taste and elegance, and her air and manner seemed to indicate a cultivated mind. Astonishment for some moments rooted me to the spot, but on recovering myself, I determined to follow them. They crossed the bridge, then bent their way towards the ramparts of the town, where there was a pleasant promenade.—When they arrived below the trees, the girl put down her little favorite and seemed to enjoy its gambols. They took several turns up and down, and the more I examined her countenance, the more I was struck with the power and fidelity with which the artist had depicted her. At this moment a young man approached with a greyhound, which ran at the little spaniel, and though but in sport, it hurt the little creature, which yelled with pain. The young girl looked round and fancied her favorite wounded to death; the stranger paid no regard to what was passing, but coolly walked on! The opportunity was a favorable one; I ran to the dogs, and seizing the terrified little creature in my arms, carried it to its mistress, who was so overjoyed at its escape, she could hardly find

words to thank me. The old gentleman made ample amends for the silence of his daughter, he warmly expressed his acknowledgments for the service I had rendered them, and I was too anxious to improve my acquaintance with my new friends to allow the conversation to drop, and accordingly made good use of the adventure which fortune had thus thrown in my way. I remarked how very attentive the young girl became when she heard I had come from B—. We had not been long engaged in conversation when a gentleman, evidently a man of high rank, and who appeared to be intimate with my new acquaintance, joined us: he took the old gentleman aside, saying he had some private intelligence to give him.

"Are there many strangers in B—?" said my companion.

"A good many," I replied, "particularly Italians."

"Perhaps," she continued, with increasing curiosity, "you have met with one of that country who gives lessons in Italian?"

"Oh! yes," I replied; "we have met frequently at the coffee-house, and had much pleasant conversation together, but I never thought of inquiring his name."

"Cæsar Buonaventura," replied my companion: but she suddenly checked herself, and seemed provoked at having committed herself thus far.

"Quite right," said I. "I now recollect having seen a letter in his hand with that address"—she blushed deeply—"I think," I continued, "the poor man bears the traces of great unhappiness."

"Is that so very evident?" she replied, and she was just on the point of adding more, when the return of the old gentleman interrupted her.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, as he joined us, "that was my brother-in-law, the president, who followed me here on some particular business connected with his office;" and giving his address and an invitation for the following evening, which I gladly accepted, they departed.

I found my friend Henneberg waiting at the door to receive me—he led me to the drawing-room and presented me to his bride, a lovely young creature. Leidesdorf was already there, and we soon renewed our acquaintance.

"You will meet a very talented and interesting young man this evening," said my host, "who is also from B—. I think you will be happy to make his acquaintance; his name is Lionkowsky, he is highly accomplished and draws beautifully."

"So, we shall have some disciples of the muses," said the bride. "Here, Leidesdorf reigns supreme in the kingdom of harmony,

and I have already been indebted to him for many a pretty song."

The long-expected guest at length arrived, and with a beating heart I recognised the object of my journey; he was most elegantly dressed, his manners were extremely fascinating, and his behaviour to the ladies was so completely that of the finished gentleman, that they were all loud in his praise, and with one consent declared he was one of the most delightful companions they had ever met with; and I must confess that, under any other circumstances, I too would have joined in their opinions. I remarked how very attentive he became when our host informed him that I had just come from B——, a piece of intelligence, however, which appeared far from grateful. He could not recognise me again, as I never uttered a word when I met him in the coffee-house, and indeed hardly once raised my eyes from the papers which I held in my hands. He entertained us with an animated account of the manners and customs of the different countries he had visited, and he appeared to have travelled through most parts of Europe. With equal fidelity he described the most polished nations and the most savage hordes, and related many interesting scenes which he had witnessed in Italy, France, Hungary, and Poland. He gave us a most spirited account of the burning of a Polish village, which he had seen in his childhood, the fearful countenances of the incendiaries—the merciless plunderers—the blazing roofs—the shrieks of the spectators, and the screams of the terrified children, were depicted with a vividness which made us shudder; he talked most of those countries which none of us had visited, and it was evident he wished to turn the conversation from B——.

When the tea equipage was removed, the bride, who had a great deal of wit and fancy, opened the piano and said gaily—

"Come, here are you, three disciples of the muses, and I propose that each shall give us a specimen of his different talents; let a theme be chosen for the musician, the poet, and the painter, and while you are at work, I shall go and order refreshments. As for you, my love," she added, turning to her husband, "you shall snuff the candles."

"A noble employment really," said Henneberg, with a smile; "but come, what is the theme to be, on which our friends are to exercise their talents?"

"The choice belongs to our friend from B——," she replied; "he arrived first, therefore he shall choose."

"Agreed," said I; "will you, gentlemen, accept of the theme I shall give?"

"Yes," said all.

(Continued in number thirty-three.)

Bizarre among the New Books.

RACHEL KELL.

— This is the title of a domestic tale lately published by M. W. Dodd, of New York, the reading of which has considerably interested us. It embraces a net-work of tolerably engaging incident, and exceedingly wholesome moral. Sense is well blended with sentiment, and the influence of the union on the heart and mind should be decidedly health-giving. Rachel Kell was born in shame, and grew up in its shadow. She entered the world doubting, desponding, unelastic, and unhopeful. In the language of the author—

"Often she might be seen standing for a long time in some lone place at nightfall, vacant and absorbed, and heedless of the dews and shades that were falling on her. She marked gloomy passages, sometimes misanthropic ones, in the books she read; and at midnight hours wrote sombre passages in her album. The interesting pensiveness that, from a child, had come and gone in her face, like flitting clouds playing with the sunbeams on a vernal day, now seemed to be permanently there (or getting so), like the settled gloom that overcasts the sky universally, making the day rayless.

"Her grandparents did what they could to make her cheerful. They contrived methods to divert her; they reasoned with her: they encouraged her: they reminded her of the many pleasant things with which a kind providence had favored her, contrasting her condition with that of others, in many points, and by many degrees, less favored than hers. They sought especially to impress her with the cheerful sentiments of religion. But all these endeavors were at best but very imperfectly relevant to the case, inasmuch as they could not change the manner of society, or do away the fact of the poor girl's ostracism. They were sometimes worse than useless, aggravating the feelings they were intended to relieve."

Rachel had the love of Hannah, her grandparent's housekeeper, who the author describes as a middle-aged woman, "hale and rather fleshy," a fixture in the family. Hannah espoused Rachel's cause, and in her droll homely style cheered her up under the slights the world was disposed to extend her. She would say:—

"But never mind, Rachel: you are as good as the best of them, and they will find it out some day, the dunces. I do declare, it is nothing in the world but envy. And I don't wonder,' (in an under tone)—'things suffer by comparison.'"

Yet Hannah never spoiled her pet. "She could not bear spoiled children."

Rachel grows older, yet the shadow still follows her. She meets friends of her own sex, and among them Rebekah Raymond. Most delicate are the attentions she pays to her, who still feels a sense of degradation. Rachel is religiously disposed, but she is unblesed with that perfect communion with the Saviour, which lifts one above the world. She is "still subject, at times, to the depressing feeling of *loneliness*. Next to homesickness, which is similar to it, there is no more desolate *transient* feeling known to the human heart than that,—as some are constituted. She cannot say to herself, as another may, in a vacant hour, when work wearies and books are dull, come, let us go look in upon such or such a young friend. She cannot say to herself, at the coming on of a delightful evening, when many are out enjoying it, I will go and meet those cheerful voices yonder. When the day is dismal, or the night dark, and the rain is beating against her windows, she cannot beguile the time by writing a loving letter to some fond mate. Through many a slow-pacing hour she is obliged to pass, as drearily as possible, for want of those reliefs which society alone affords."

An incident soon occurs which gives her a living and breathing sense of her unhappy position. It is thus presented by the author:

"A stranger called at the house, and asked if Mr. Kell was in, or Mrs. Kell. Mr. Kell was not at home, but Mrs. Kell was in; and the stranger was shown into the parlor, where he was received by Rachel. He appeared to be about forty years of age, was well dressed, with a bland insinuating voice and manner. He might have been called a fine-looking man, decidedly, but for a certain equivocal—almost sinister—expression in his countenance, awakening slight distrust. His dark, unsteady eyes looked up obliquely through their lashes at you, and then were averted to the floor. This, with some might have passed for diffidence, or modesty, but to a better discernor would have been the index of an evil conscience. Rachel herself felt at once that sinister look, and was chilled by it. Still his appearance was that of a gentleman.

"He did not give his name.

"Mrs. Kell had lain down. Rachel proposed to call her; but the stranger desired her, very emphatically, not to disturb her rest, saying he would call at another time. His hat was in his hand, and he rose immediately, as if to go; but still lingered, detaining Rachel with various indifferent inquiries and remarks, and some that were not indifferent; all the while surveying her, in his oblique, but scrutinizing way, from head to foot, much to her annoyance,—with an interest deeper, evidently, than ordinary curiosity; less simple than complacency, too heartless for affection, but whose real nature it was

difficult to determine. At times he looked her full and intently in the face; and then her eyes, in turn, drooped and were averted. At some of his inquiries, indirectly put, she colored a little with surprise. They struck her as betraying more knowledge of her history than a mere stranger could be supposed to have, and more than he was disposed to avow. 'What could suggest such inquiries to a mere stranger, if he was one, or, if not, what occasion, what *business*, had he to make them?' She was puzzled with the man and with the manner.

"But the mystery was solved by her grandmother coming in, uncalled and unexpectedly.

"He immediately addressed her, in his blandest manner, hoping she was quite well, and advancing to offer her his hand. 'I was just leaving my regards for yourself and Mr. Kell,' he said, 'not being willing to have you called from your rest.'

"Mrs. Kell made no response to this salutation, except by a painful look of surprise, which seemed to say, What assurance! She trembled visibly, though slightly, as she remained on her feet, a step within the door at which she had entered.

"You do not recognize me, madam—do not remember me, I presume," said the stranger, in the same unabashed, bland tone and manner.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Kell, with a sigh. 'I do remember you,—quite too well, Mr. Wentworth,—and always shall. I cannot hope to be so happy as to forget you—ever—in this world.'

"A shriek, and a fall upon the floor, called her attention to her grand-daughter. '*Wentworth!*' That name, and her grandmother's manner, had disclosed the secret to Rachel. It was with her *father* that she had been holding, so unwittingly, this mysterious, strangely annoying interview.

"Hannah rushed in, in an agony of concern; the fainting girl was laid upon a bed, and camphor-spirits and cold water were used for her recovery.

"The unworthy man—*worse*, our tenderness for Rachel forbids our calling him—taking advantage of this confusion, instantly left the house, no one knowing whither he went, or whence he came.

"This was the first and last of Rachel's acquaintance with him: the first and last, probably, of his setting his eyes on her.

"He had seen his injured offspring for once. He had seen how comely and how interesting she naturally was; how much she might have been a father's love, a father's pride, a father's joy, and he hers; but how shocked she was at that father's presence! Whose curse follows him? Not hers; not ours. Remorse, shame, and voluntary exile, are his punishment. It needs no addition.

"He was a native of the place,—the unworthy scion of a better stock; and had highly respectable relations there. They were ashamed of him; and acknowledged no kindred with his child; except, indeed, indirectly, by a more marked reserve towards her than others; which was but natural.

"Whether it was owing wholly to the shock which Rachel received on this occasion, or in part to some other cause, she was feverish and indisposed, and kept her bed for a week."

Rachel finally falls in with a person with the unromantic name of Paddleford. They meet by accident, at a time when her horse "Chamois" has just given her the benefit of a fresh pond bath. Paddleford is captivated, proposes marriage, and Rachel finally rejects him. Paddleford buries his griefs in a new courtship, and before the gossips dream of the thing, is "published," as they say down East, to Miss Matilda Isabella Pettigrew.

There are some passages hereabouts in the simple tale, touching the treatment young ladies should give gentlemen who are addressing them, and upon whom they have made up their minds not to smile. It comes, evidently, from a lady;—the author of Rachel Kell must be of the feminine gender—and one who talks very sensibly on this very important subject.

Rachel has another lover—if lover he may be called—a bachelor somewhat advanced, one who has an eye to the more solid expectations. At once he essays to win, and commences visiting her grandfather. This does not seem to carry the point, so he employs a Mrs. Fain, a neighbor and acquaintance—one of those good, easy people to be found in every community—to speak for him. Mark the interview between this ambassadress from the court of Avarice to Rachel:

"Do you know, my dear, what brings Mr. Morehouse to your grandfather's so often, lately?"

"No, ma'am, not very particularly. He had some business with my grandfather, relating to town affairs, I understood. I think it might have been a question of repairs on a bridge, which belonged equally to their town and ours."

"It wasn't that," said Mrs. Fain, significantly.

"Perhaps not," said Rachel; "though I heard the words, *bridge, selectmen, costs*, and the like. However, I did not pay much attention to what passed between them, as it in no way concerned me."

"Perhaps it *did* concern you, Rachel."

"Me, Mrs. Fain? How?"

"Why, you *can't* be so simple, I am sure, as not to comprehend, or, at least, to surmise what I mean," said Mrs. Fain, looking archly.

"Oh, and besides the town business, what-

ever it was, it occurs to me now," said Rachel, "that Mr. Morehouse said something about wanting a good saddle-horse: do you think he was after Chamois? For that *would* concern me, in case he were sold to him."

"That is nigher to it," said Mrs. Fain.

"But I have no idea, Mrs. Fain, that my grandfather would *think* of such a thing, without my consent."

"But now, Rachel, are you really so innocent; or do you affect all this?"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Fain, I am really just so obtuse. I have no more inkling of your meaning than the man in the moon."

"To speak out plain, then; what I suspect, Rachel, and what I wanted to see you about, as a friend, is, that Mr. Morehouse is after—not Chamois—but Chamois' owner!"

Rachel threw up her hands, and laughed heartily.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Fain; [*coloring*] it is my blunder that I laugh at. But really your surmisings are quite groundless."

"How do you know that?"

"Judging from the extreme improbability of the thing in itself, and from his manner. He has been at our house three times—on town business, as I said, (the horse was incidental)—and there may have been ten words, possibly twice so many, passed between him and me, on the most indifferent subjects (I do not remember what) in the most indifferent manner. That is the total of our intercourse; and I am sure it looks quite the other way from that which you imagine."

"Mrs. Fain shook her head. 'The total of your intercourse in *words*, Rachel; and in looks, perhaps, on *your* part. But, mind, I do not say that he is positively thinking of you; but only that such is my suspicion, putting his calls at your house and several other things together. What I know for one thing, and for certain, and from himself, Rachel, (for he and I are old acquaintances) is, that he is thinking of a wife, and looking round to find one.'

"It is time, I should think," said Rachel.

"We shall not report this conversation further. Rachel, half amused and half indignant, forbore discussing the point with Mrs. Fain, and heard her quietly for the half hour or more that she had to talk about this 'rare chance for her, *provided* Mrs. Fain's suspicions were well founded, and if it could be brought about.'"

Next came, as a suitor, a young man named Elmer, who had been sent into the country by his parents—Bostonians—on account of dissipated habits; but Rachel dismisses him with good advice, which he does not take. Then follows the addresses of Forrest Woodson, a young lawyer, regarding the treatment of which Rachel finds difficulty in deciding. He has a strong mind, but a coarse one; is

possessed of no sensibilities, no delicate perceptions. Candid and hale, he yet lacks deep sympathies. He brags that he has no nerves; and is indifferent to atmospheric influences. He considers refinement of manner in men, effeminacy! Yet Woodson is popular with the people, and makes eloquent speeches at the bar. He likes to sit among loungers, and amuses himself and such a circle greatly. He has much in him to gratify a woman, as well as much also to try a wife.

Rachel hesitates when this new man addresses her; then she soon turns the matter over to her grand-parents, without coming to a conclusion; then she consults her friend, Rebekah; then another neighbor, who tells her an affecting story, embracing the particulars of an unfortunate marriage. So she rejects Woodson, seeing in him a counterpart of the hero of this story.

Rachel finally becomes pious, is courted by one William Geer well worthy of her, and marries him, first, however, receiving the warmest recognition as a relative from her guilty father's family. Her story is a natural one: just, indeed, what every day happens; and yet, it is full of engaging incident. The author has been an unquestionably close observer of nature. Those who read Rachel Kell may profit by it, if they choose. We consider it, in the counsel it gives to those who are coming up in the world, as possessing inestimable value. It is not a great book. No bold daring flights of genius does it contain; no feature calculated to make a stir in the world of romance. Its great merit is its naturalness. One sees in it a reflection of the world in which the scene is laid. We commend it cordially, as containing good lessons, happily presented to the reader.

COLLIER'S NOTES AND EMBELLISHMENTS
TO THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE.—Second
Edition.

—When the old folio, containing the notes and emendations to the text of Shakspeare—already noticed by BIZARRE, in connexion with the volume just published by Redfield—first came in Mr. Collier's hands, he says:—"I imagined that the binding was the original rough calf, in which many books of about the same date were clothed; but more recent examination has convinced me, that this was at least the second coat it had worn. It is, nevertheless, in a very shabby condition—quite consistent with the state of the interior; where, besides the loss of many leaves, as already mentioned, and the loosening of others, many stains of wine, beer and other liquids are observable: here and there, holes have been burned in the paper, either by the falling of the lighted snuff of a candle, or by the ashes of tobacco. In several places it is torn and disfigured by blots and dirt, and every margin

bears evidence to frequent and careless perusal. In short, to a choice collection, no book could well present a more forbidding appearance."

The question arises, why were such extraordinary pains bestowed upon this particular copy, and are we warranted in crediting the changes thus made? To this, no entirely satisfactory answer can be given; but there are certain facts, which may partially elucidate the mystery. It is most likely that the omission of many passages which are struck out with a pen, was for the shortening of the performance of the plays, by some company, about the year 1632. The numerous stage directions, too, can hardly be accounted for, except on the supposition that the folio once belonged to some one connected with the theatre. Many of the corrections are so obvious, that it seems most surprising that the plays should have passed through the hands of learned critics, without the blunders being detected. Such, for instance, is a passage from the "Taming of the Shrew," Act. 1, Scene 1, where Lucentio is entreated by Tranio, not to apply himself too closely to study.

"Only, good master, while we do admire,
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid's be an outcast quite absurd."

"Such has been the invariable text from the first publication of the comedy, in 1623, until our own day; yet it is unquestionably wrong in the most important word in the quotation, as the old corrector shows, and as the reader will be sure to acknowledge, the moment the emendation is proposed:

'Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's *Ethics*,
As Ovid's be an outcast quite absurd.'

"In the manuscript from which the printer worked, *Ethics* was no doubt written with a small letter, and with *ke* near the end of the word, as was then the custom, and the careless compositor mistook *ethikes*, for 'checks,' and so printed it: 'checks' is converted into *ethikes* in the hand-writing of the emendator of the folio, 1632; and it is hardly too much to say that this misprint can never be repeated." Another error of the same kind is found in "Coriolanus," where is a still more glaring corruption:

'Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick."

Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Douce and others, have vainly puzzled their brains, and written notes on this word, "woolvish;" but the proper word was never guessed, until found in the margin of the folio:

"Why in this *woolless* toge should I stand here."

When popular dramas were printed, it was generally done by copying the manuscript of short-hand writers, who took down every word as it was uttered. This fact has been

proven by Malone, and satisfactorily explains many strange mistakes. Actors were much averse to the publication of plays, fearing that the number of readers would diminish their audiences. It is well known, that about half of Shakspeare's productions remained in manuscript, until seven years after his death; and of those printed during his life time, not one can be designated to which he, in any way, contributed. One very amusing proof of the errors which thus crept in, is found in "Coriolanus," where Menenius is talking of himself to the Tribunes. "I am known (he says in all editions, ancient and modern,) to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tyber in it: said to be something imperfect in favoring the first complaint." The corrected folio restores the true sense and humor of the passage, by rendering "first complaint," "thirst complaint." Sometimes the change of a single letter, is of the utmost importance. In Macbeth, Act 1, Scene 7, where Lady Macbeth reproaches her husband for not being ready to murder Duncan, as he had determined to do:

"What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man."

This seemingly absurd question, is made pertinent and clear, when we find that the printer substituted *e* for *o* instead of printing,—"What *beast* was't then," &c., thus taunting him with cowardly shrinking from his resolution. *Whole lines* are in some cases omitted; and in the following example, it is easy to see what misled the printer: In "Coriolanus," Volumnia is entreating her son to be patient:

"Pray be counsel'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage."

We may well ask, to *what* is her heart as apt as that of Coriolanus? The sense is most incomplete until the lost line is restored:

"Pray be counsel'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
To brook control without the use of anger."

The repetition of the words, "use of anger," at the end of two successive lines, induced the compositor to suppose he had printed both, instead of one. We find in Act 4, Scene 1, of the "Tempest," Prospero commending Miranda to Ferdinand, in these words:

"For I
Have given you a third of my own life."

For the word *third*, the corrected folio has, *thrid* (i. e. thread) in the margin. In Act. 5, Scene 1, of the same play, all editions have

"Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even so visible to the show of thine,
Fall fallowly drops."

The folio of Mr. Collier gives:

"Noble Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even so visible to the *flow* of thine,
Fall fallowly drops."

The "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 3, Scene 3, contains a printer's blunder which has occasioned much conjecture. "It occurs at the end of one of the Host's speeches to Dr. Caius: 'I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried game, said I well?' The difficulty has been how to make any sense out of 'Cried game;' and various suggestions, such as *tried game*, *cry aim*, &c., have been made; but the truth seems to be, that the Host, having said that Anne Page was feasting at a farm-house, in order still more to incite Dr. Caius to go there, mentioned the most ordinary objects of feasting at farm-houses at that time, viz, *curds and cream*: 'curds and cream,' in the hands of the old compositor, became strangely metamorphosed into *cried game*:—at least this is the marginal explanation in the corrected folio, 1632." Some of the stage-directions, omitted in all editions, add much to the effectiveness of the scene. When Portia asks, "Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?" and Shylock answer, "I have them ready," at this point the actor should display the scales to the audience.

A comparatively insignificant error, is injurious to a very beautiful passage in the parting scene of "Romeo and Juliet."

"I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow."

"Cynthia's brow" would not occasion "pale reflex," and by the omission of one letter the light is at once cleared:

"'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's *brow*."

We find in "King Lear" a mistake of the first letter in a word which alters the sense entirely. "After Kent has spoken, Lear looks at him doubtingly, and observes, in all impressions:

"This is a dull sight—Are you not Kent?"

The words, 'This is a dull sight,' are not in the quartos; and Steevens parallels them by 'This is a sorry sight,' from Macbeth: while Blakeway contends that, Lear only means that his eye-sight is bedimmed. Lear has previously stated that his eyes 'are none of the best,' and here he means to complain of the badness, not of his 'sight,' but of the light:

"This is a dull *light*"

is the word in the folio, 1632, amended.—Lear would hardly call the sad spectacle before him 'a dull sight;' but his eyes being dim, and the *light* dull, he could not be sure whether the man before him was Kent." At the close of the play of "Titus Andronicus," Lucius, speaking of his father, says to his son:

"Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in weal or woe.
Bid him farewell: commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him."

"And take leave of him," besides marring the rhyme, sounds very tame, so that for both these reasons, the amendment of the manuscript is preferable :

"Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness—all that he can have."

We might quote many other similar passages, but enough has been given to show the value and interest attaching to Mr. Collier's book. This gentleman seems to anticipate ridicule and opposition, but he claims to have his folio judged on the principles of "common sense," and says he has been "anxious rather to underrate, than overrate," the importance of his manuscript. "I shall probably be told in the usual terms, by some, whose prejudices or interests may be effected by the ensuing volume, that the old corrector knew little about the spirit or language of Shakspeare : and that, in the remarks I have ventured on his emendations, I prove myself to be in a similar predicament. The last accusation is probably true: I have read and studied our great dramatist for nearly half a century, and if I could read and study him for half a century more, I should yet be far from arriving at an accurate knowledge of his works, or an adequate appreciation of his worth. He is an author whom no man can read enough, nor study enough ; and as my ambition has always been to understand him properly, and to estimate him sufficiently, I shall accept, in whatever terms reproof may be conveyed, any just correction thankfully." After this modest acknowledgment, we may safely presume that critics will pause, before inflicting condemnation on Mr. Collier's innocent folio, and that the most violent champions of the old editions, will decline doing battle against so an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare.

BYRON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

—We last week gave some extracts from *Moore's Journal and Correspondence*—at present in course of publication, both in England and America—which related particularly to Byron's famous Autobiography, and its suppression by Lady Byron's friends, with the concurrence of Moore himself. Touching the right of Mr. Moore so to deal with a document entrusted to him for publication, there are various opinions ; one of which—and as we think a very reasonable one—will be found in the following extracts from the London *Athenæum* :

"We are not going to maintain the rights of the public on the ground of any prurient curiosity which they may feel to pry into the scandals of private life : but the characters of great men are the property of the public, and in whatever degree that of Byron might have been illustrated by this lost manuscript, without offence to morals, in that degree the pub-

lic would have been wronged by Moore—who was a trustee for them. Every inference leads to the belief that the cause of morals was in no degree endangered by the intended publication. Mr. Moore, of course, knew well the contents of the manuscript,—and no suspicion seems to have crossed his mind that there was any reason for withholding it from the public until it was suggested. Afterwards, he expressly asserts the blamelessness of the work, with such slight exceptions as came easily within the management of that editorial liberty which had been reserved to him. Lord John Russell himself, who had read the manuscript, and appears to enter into the family view of the case, does not rest his argument on any such ground. He speaks expressly of only "three or four pages of it," which were in the sense in question unfit for publication.—Well, then, that objection removed,—we get at a party who had a vital interest in this publication of which Mr. Moore could by no right whatever dispose. Mr. Moore's personality in the matter went no degree beyond the 2,000*l.*, which was its incident, liberally assigned to him. The manuscript which was for this purpose the autobiographer's kind gift, was for other purposes a sacred trust. When Moore received the benefice, he took the duty. With the one he might deal—with the other not. Even had there been no beneficial gift, the duty would have been absolute,—but the personal kindness made it yet more binding, if anything can add to the obligation of an absolute duty. The autobiographer's character had been heavily assailed,—and if, as is understood this document contained a portion of his defence, to be uttered from the grave,—then, *he* took upon himself a solemn responsibility who suppressed it. It was the advocate destroying his client's brief, in the court of last appeal. Would Byron have put this appeal to posterity (supposing it to have been one) into the hands of Moore, if he could have foreseen that he was thereby providing for its interception on the way to that posterity which it was never to reach ? The very flutter and alarm which the news of Byron's death occasioned in reference to this document raises painful suggestions that it might contain matter which, though unwelcome to others, it was unjust to its author—and not morally permitted to his friend—to withhold. We do not think the public will ever be satisfied in the matter. To burn the manuscript was the last thing ; it will be felt that should have been done with it. There was no intelligible need for such pressing hurry :—the question of its publication then or in future—or at all—might have been decided at leisure. The very haste to destroy the witness raises suspicions ; and if they be unjust, it might have been convenient to the parties themselves who

are answerable if that witness had been kept in the background, and producible, to confute them."

— Since the above was prepared, we have received the London *Athenum*, of April 30th, containing a letter from the late Mr. Murray, and addressed to Robert Wilmot Horton, the friend of Lord Byron's family. This letter was written shortly after Byron's death, in answer to a statement of Moore relative to the sale and destruction of the autobiography. It asserts that Moore offered the MSS. to the Longmans before he took it to Murray, and that when the document was destroyed he (Moore) was not legally liable to repay the two thousand guineas to Murray. Mr. Murray says, he paid Moore two thousand guineas on the execution of an assignment of the Memoirs made by him (Moore,) and Byron, Mr. Moore covenanting in consideration of the said sum, to act as editor of the Memoirs, and to supply an account of the subsequent events of Lord Byron's life, &c. Some months after the execution of this assignment, Moore requested Murray, as a great personal favor to himself and to Lord Byron, to enter into a second agreement, by which he (Murray) should resign the absolute property which he had in the Memoirs, and give Mr. Moore and Lord Byron, or any of his friends, a power of his redemption, *during the life of Lord Byron*.

Mr. Murray adds, that under the impression there might be something in the Memoirs of an injurious character to the friends of Byron, he did not hesitate to make the alteration. Subsequently Moore, being pressed by Murray to redeem the MSS. according to the provisions of the last assignment, neglected to do so, and at Byron's death, by these provisions it became Murray's property. Mr. Murray adds, in conclusion :

"As I myself scrupulously refrained from looking into the Memoirs, I cannot from my own knowledge say whether such an opinion of the contents was correct or not; it was enough for me that the friends of Lord and Lady Byron united in wishing for their destruction. Why Mr. Moore should have wished to preserve them. I did not nor will inquire; but having satisfied myself that he had no right whatever in them, I was happy in having an opportunity of making, by a pecuniary sacrifice on my part, some return for the honor, and I must add, the profit, which I had derived from Lord Byron's patronage and friendship. You will also be able to bear witness that, although I could not presume to impose any obligation on the friends of Lord Byron or Mr. Moore, by refusing to receive the repayment of the 2,000 guineas advanced by me, yet that I had determined on the destruction of the Memoirs, without any previous agreement for such re-

payment, and you know the Memoirs were actually destroyed without any stipulation on my part, but even with a declaration that I had destroyed my own private property, and I therefore had no claim upon any party for remuneration."

SCHOOLCRAFT'S GREAT WORK.

— The third volume of Mr. Schoolcraft's great work on the Indian Tribes of the United States, contains a very interesting Journal of the Travels of Lewis Brantz of Baltimore, through the western country, in the year 1785, translated from the original German, by Mr. Brantz Mayer. Mr. Lewis Brantz, at the period of his death, in 1838, was President of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad.

The people of Tennessee, at that early day, are thus described :

"It is only about five years since this country was begun to be developed; and in the civilized portion of the Union, there are at present but few who even know its name.— During the war with the British, the inhabitants of this remote station suffered greatly from the inroads of the Indians, and were almost exterminated, when the peace of 1783 released them at once from their dreadful sufferings and horrid anxiety. The people resemble those whom I have already spoken of in Kentucky; but their reputation for some time past, has been rather worse than their northern neighbors'. It is said, however, that since they have come under the laws of North Carolina, their deportment has improved.— Some official distinguished personages, whose duty required their continuance at this post, have in some degree polished those rough dwellers of the wilderness, who in their comely and distant fastness, had in truth began to live very much like the Indians. Nevertheless I am sorry to learn that magistrates are occasionally found here with their ears cut off!"

The same volume contains a learned article from the pen of Peter A. Browne, L.L.D., of this city, upon the hair of the Indians. It is well known that hair and wool have been Mr. Browne's peculiar study for several years past. Comparisons are instituted between the hair of the aborigines and that of the white races, and cuts are given of both. Mr. Browne says :

"I have not in my possession any specimens of very long hair of the head of the oral-haired species. I have some of the beard of the Hon. Richard Vaux, presented by himself, which measures one foot eleven inches."

Truly this is a formidable beard! Had our worthy ex-Recorder lived in the middle ages, he would have been claimed by the Longbeards, or Longobardi, called Lombards by the moderns.

THALATTA.

— Charming book this—just the thing for the sea-side relaxation season, which is fast approaching. It comes to us from Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston; and the idea suggesting it, unquestionably, originated with the accomplished junior partner of that thriving and popular firm. We see his refined poetical taste in every selection; the style and execution of the book are his; indeed, to be brief, Fields reigns supreme everywhere, both in manner and matter.

"Thalatta" is mainly a gathering of the thoughts of some of the best poets, American and English, touching the sea and its associations. Now and then Schiller, and Heine, and Ruckert, and Muller, and Goethe, and Stolberg, are drawn upon for tributes, but generally speaking, the selections are confined to the inspired numbers of those who have written in the language of Shakspeare.

The reader doubtless desires a taste of the contents of this volume, so we furnish a few extracts. They have been seen and admired before, yet they lose nothing by repetition, especially when given in a group.

"The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given,
In ceaseless worshipping.

"They kneel upon the sloping sand
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.

"The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer."

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE LEE-SHORE.

"Sleet, and Hall, and Thunder!
And ye Winds that rave
Till the sands therounder
Tinge the sullen wave—

"Winds that like a demon
Howl with horrid note
Round the tolling seaman
In his tossing boat—

"From his humble dwelling
On the shingly shore;
Where the billows swelling
Keep such hollow roar—

"From that weeping woman
Seeking with her cries
Succor superhuman
From the frowning skies—

"From the urchin pining
For his father's knee—
From the lattice shining—
Drive him out to sea!

"Let broad leagues dis sever
Him from yonder foam;—
O God! to think man ever
Comes too near his Home!"

THOMAS HOOD.

FISHER'S SONG.

"Up and down, all day long,
Life glides by us, like our song;
In our little fisher-boat,
On the restless sea we float,
Up and down, all day long,
Life glides by us, like our song.

"Far from care, far from pain,
Far from thoughts of greedy gain,
Calmly, cheerfully we ride
Over life's tempestuous tide,
Far from care, far from pain,
Far from thoughts of greedy gain."

FROM THE GERMAN.

GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY.

— Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of our city, have lately published in a neat and substantial style, an Epitome of Greek and Roman Mythology. It is accompanied with explanatory notes and a vocabulary, and was prepared by Professor John S. Hart, of the Philadelphia High School, a gentleman whose classical attainments are of a high order. The volume is, we are told, a brief but comprehensive epitome of classical mythology, and written in the purest Latin: the diction being taken mostly from Ovid and Virgil. It is adapted to schools, each page containing questions calculated to bring out the facts of the text. Notes, explanatory of poetical and historical allusions, are given at the end of the volume.

Our Weekly Gossip.

— The London papers have a rumor of an opera, just finished by Otto Goldschmidt, accompanied by expectations that Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) will return to the stage for the purpose of introducing her husband's music.

— The French papers announce the death of M. Louis Emmanuel Jadin—patriarch among French musical composers. M. Jadin was eighty-six years of age.

— The Emperor has bestowed upon, the obese and dinner loving Signor Rossini, a commandership of the Legion of Honour.

— John Farrar, LL. D., late Hollis Professor of Mathematics in Harvard University, died at his residence in Cambridge, on Sunday last, the 8th inst., aged 73. Prof. Farrar was a native of Lincoln, Mass. He graduated at Harvard College about fifty years since, and after holding the office of Tutor for two years,

was appointed to the Chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in 1807, which he filled with eminent ability for twenty-nine years. Since 1836, when he resigned his Professorship, he has been a martyr to a protracted and excruciating form of paralytic disease.

—The delegates to the different Temperance organizations of New York, held a meeting one day last week, to take suitable measures for calling a World's Temperance Convention during the Crystal Palace opening. A committee of Bloomers, representing the female Temperance people, and headed by Rev'd or Dr. Lucy Stone, applied for admission as delegates but were refused. Thereupon they became furiously mad, and called a meeting which took place last Saturday evening, when they gave full vent to their wrath. We do not know which is most offensive, the intemperance of liquor or the intemperance of woman's-rightism.

—The London papers state that Jullien, had gone to the continent to engage some first-rate solo instrumentalists to accompany him on his American expedition. He has already secured M. Reichert of Brussels, who comes from the same band as the eminent clarinetist, M. Wuille, and intends fortifying his orchestra in all solo departments, so as to render it impregnable and impossible to attack.

"Jullien has also engaged two eminent basso players, and a horn player of high repute. He will be shortly at Berlin to close a treaty with a celebrated performer on the ophicleide." He sails for this country in June. His agent in New York has engaged Dodsworth's band and little Paul Jullien.

—Several books lie upon our table unnoticed; among them "Poetry of the Vegetable World" from Messrs. Moore, Anderson & Co., Cincinnati; "Old Neighborhoods and New Settlements," "The Slave Trade Domestic and Foreign," by Henry C. Carey, from A. Hart of our city; "The Last Leaf from Sunny-side," from Philips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

—M. Alexandre Thomas is about to deliver a course of lectures in London, which he entitles "Conférences" on French history. The prospectus embraces the large field of French society, political, religious, and literary, during the reign of Louis Quaterze. The lecturer will take the correspondence of Madame De George for his text.

—We learn from Rome, that the Minister of Peru in that city has invited sculptors to send in proposals for the execution of an equestrian statue of General Bolivar, and twelve other statues, in marble.

—A London paper says that among the oddities of musical performance employed *ad captandum*, must be signalized the exhibition

made the other day in Paris at the benefit concert of M. Henri Herz. Every one remembers the 'Hexameron,' or six variations on 'Suoni la tromba' from 'I Puritani,' which M. Liszt used to play, and which were composed by MM. Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, Pixis, Czerny, and Hertz. At the entertainment in question, each variation was played by a different pianist,—the half-dozen executants being MM. Ehrlich, Fumagalli, Gorla, Mulder, Ravina, and Herz.

—A paper was lately read to the London Asiatic Society "on some Chinese Inscriptions on Porcelain Bottles found in Ancient Egyptian Tombs." This paper comprised an examination of twelve such inscriptions on porcelain bottles brought from Egypt to Paris. The characters are rudely and roughly traced, and combine the peculiarities of the Tsao-shoo, or abbreviated character, and those of the Hing-shoo, or running hand. The former was partially employed about 200 B. C., but both forms came into general use in the third century of our era. Four of the legends are distinctly legible: and these consist of lines from poems the authorship and dates of which are well ascertained. The earliest is from a poet who flourished in the reign of Kao-yuen, A. D. 702-745; and the latest was taken from another who lived about A. D. 1068. A still further criterion of their age was found in the style of the poetry. The Chinese distinguish their poetry into two schools,—the Koo-te, or ancient style, and the Kinte, or modern, which came into vogue about the seventh century; and to this latter the lines upon the bottles unquestionably belong. Another paper before the same society embraced the announcement of a curious discovery viz:—that the Northern Arabs about the head of the Red Sea were really governed by Queens, and that Solomon's Queen of Sheba no doubt came from this quarter, about the Gulf of Akaba, and not from the Southern extremity of the peninsula. The proof of this is found in the list of the Syrian tributaries of Pul, or Tiglath Pileser, where the last name after Hurim, or Hebron, is "Sabibim, Queen of the Arabs." This list, which has been made out by joining Layard's fragmental inscriptions, is very curious. Eighteen tributaries are mentioned, among which are Kustaspa, of Comagene; Rezin, of Damascus; Sibit-bel, of Gubal; Menahem, of Samaria; Salurnal, of Melitene, &c. The list, together with that of Sennacherib's Syrian tributaries, and the conquests of Asur-akh-pal and Satgon, give a complete *tableau* of the great cities and provinces bordering on the Mediterranean.

—A penny subscription was lately taken in London by the friends of Kossuth with which a copy of Knight's Shakspeare, bound

in mulberry-coloured morocco, stamped with the great Magyar's bearings, and enclosed in a case which is an exact model of Shakspeare's house, beautifully executed in white holly and black oak, was purchased, and was to be presented to Governor Kossuth on the 6th of the present month, at the London Tavern, before a free meeting, of both sexes, by a literary deputation. Mr. Douglas Jerrold it was expected would be spokesman.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

NEWSPAPER OBITUARY VERSES.

—A few months ago, the New York *Knickerbocker* had some sprightly remarks upon this subject. Some of the choicest specimens were from the columns of the *Public Ledger*, of this city. Few who read the article will forget the lines about

"Sweet little Billy,
Whose breath was as pure as a lily,"
whose friends added, that

"Though we put thy death in the papers,
Still we miss thy innocent aspers."

The following verses often appear in the *Ledger*:

"Fare thee well my child forever,
In this world I've lost my joy;
In the next we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll meet my angel boy."

If the writer and the deceased are never to sever in the next world, the impropriety of bidding farewell *forever* ought to be obvious to the meanest capacity. Occasionally the word *girl* is substituted for *boy*, at the end of the last line, making it the blankest of blank verses.

The following appeared in the *Ledger* for May 7th:

"Dearest Mary Elizabeth, she is gone,
Her sister went before—
Now they both meet in heaven,
Never to part any more.
They have a little brother they left behind—
Nor do we know how soon
They may call on their dear little brother
To play around the silver moon."

This theory of the locality of heaven differs from that of the Rev. Mr. Harbaugh, who has suggested one of the Pleiades as the spot.

PHILHARMONIC.

—This old and very popular society, gave their last concert, for the season, at Musical Fund Hall, on Wednesday evening of this week; when Mrs. Emma Bostwick, Mr. Henry Appy, Julius Siede, and Herr Thiller appeared; Mr. B. Carr Cross presiding at the piano. We go to press at too early a day to say anything especial in our present number of the entertainment. Possibly we may give a notice in keeping with the merits of the subject hereafter. This much we may now venture to assert: the entertainment was of a very

pleasant character, like all those which have preceded it. A crowded room greeted the artists, and the applause was hearty, if not at all times judicious.

A GLIMPSE OF A TERRESTRIAL PARADISE

—Was afforded to us the other day. We by accident found ourselves at a high point in the Chinese Museum; and, casting our eyes across Ninth Street, we beheld the private garden of one of our wealthiest and most respected families, the *ensemble* of which, when seen from such a height, and at this youth-time of vegetation, is surpassingly beautiful. We looked with our whole eyes, we called into action every particle of olfactory sensibility which we possess. Both seeing and smelling were charmed to an ecstasy. We paused for a moment wrapt in a delirium of pleasure. There were those fresh, clean plats of grass, those flower-strewn shrubs, those lofty green-clad trees, those nicely-raked and profusely-graveled walks—and then that delicious atmosphere which floated above all, and which a gentle west wind brought over to us, and which we kissed with the mad rapture of a lover. We did not covet the ownership of those bewitching grounds,—no, no, with all our sins, we are not covetous,—but we could not help wishing that Providence had made us proprietor, in fee, of a spot equally attractive.

How few of these choice oases in the city's desert of bricks and mortar do we find; and how much more precious do they become on that account!

TO CORRESPONDENTS

—"Spiritual Dialogues," we are sorry to say, close with our next number. They have been much admired. The author promises us further contributions hereafter.

"The Hofraadinde" is a thrilling story. It was translated from the Danish many years ago.

CHANGES.

—Among the many changes which are taking place in Philadelphia, the additions to, and improvements of, the old Arcade, are decidedly striking. The squat old building is beginning to look quite spruce by means of them. Immense letters which defaced the front, indicating the location of bath-rooms and billiard saloons, have disappeared under the stone-cutter's chisel, and a clean, bright, smooth face takes the place of a very dirty one. Then the whole front has been enlivened and humanized—if we may so speak—by a graceful iron verandah running its entire width, so that the *ensemble* of the awkward looking pile is made quite agreeable to the eye. We do not know to what use the re-painted and refreshed entire up-stairs of the building is to be appropriated; but it is hinted that it is to become a hotel on the French plan of a bed

and eat where you please. Possibly such an establishment, at such a point, might succeed. A lady friend of ours, says she likes well enough the appearance of the verandah; indeed, it strikes her as wearing quite a poetical air; but "will it not," she adds, with an expression indicating an unpleasant taste in the mouth, "will it not become a lounging place for cigar smokers and tobacco-chewers?" We shall see. May the sense of sight, too, prove all the evidence vouchsafed us, in case the smokers and chewers are admitted to such an impending position.

"LIBRARY AND GARDEN."

— A very neat quarto, with this title has been commenced in Buffalo, (N. Y.) and promises to be popular. Its character is well indicated by its name. The editors are D. S. Manley, Elbert Perce and William R. Manley, assisted by A. L. Krause.

CRAWFISH AGAIN.

— Christopher Crawfish, of Manyunk Terrace, furnishes us this week with the following budget:—

CHRISTOPHER IN SCHOOL.

Chris. Geography Class, stand up!—What's the capital of Pennsylvania?

1st Boy. Philadelphia.

Chris. Next.

2d Boy. Wissahiccon.

Chris. Next.

3d Boy. Pill Pigler.

Chris. That's right: go up to the head. What's the capital of New Jersey?

1st Boy. Cooper's Creek.

Chris. Next.

2d Boy. Raccoon.

Chris. Next.

3d Boy. I know, sir!

Chris. Well, why don't you tell it? and not stand scratching your head.

3d Boy. The Camden and Amboy Railroad.

Chris. That's right. Now you may have a recess.

Why is it that a person travelling on a turn-pike very rarely loses his way? Because he is told'd at every gate.

Which is the largest part of France? *Bo-na-parte.*

The sentence of the law being executed upon the murderer, Spring, will be likely to make a short Summer,—because *Spring* and *Fall* will come close together.

What part of Pennsylvania must be most opposed to popular education? *Schuyl-kill county.*

Philadelphia has three establishments to furnish the people with water; and *three thousand* to furnish them with *whiskey*.

At the Lord Mayor's dinner, Mr. Dickens

had to make a speech for *Mrs. Uncletomscabin*. Now, what the *Dickens* is the matter, that the lady who can write such killing negro romances, cannot make a speech. Could she not give a *lecture*? Perhaps *Mr. Uncletomscabin* could tell?

John Bull has declared that *Turkey* shall not be dismembered. We doubt if John will stick to his declaration longer than next Christmas.

Santa Anna is begging Spain to protect him against the fillibusters. Is not this going to the goat's house for wool?

Miss-issippi is said to be the *father* of waters.

We laugh at a Dutchman when he calls a ship *he*; and yet we call the *John Stevens* *she*.

A daily paper states that a police officer has secured \$20,000 worth of counterfeit money.

We had no idea that counterfeit money was worth so much.

In what case can a crab best express its grief? In the *genitive* singular. Cancer (a crab) can-cri.

The address of the women of England on the subject of American Slavery, it is said, contains 571,000 names. Are there so many women in England who can write their names; or did some of them make their marks?

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

— A report of the 170th celebration of the anniversary of the Landing of Penn by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, has been placed upon our table. It contains besides a full account of the proceedings at the dinner given on the occasion at the United States Hotel, Judge Conrad's oration—an able and eloquent effort.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS

— We have received from G. P. Putnam & Co., through G. B. Zeiber "A Review of the Spiritual Manifestations," it comes from the pen of Rev. Charles Beecher Pastor of the First Congregational Church Newark, N. Y., and appears to be a very learned examination into a very great humbug.

'HELP THOSE WOMEN.'

— The ladies are getting up a Floral Fair for the benefit of the Northern Home for Friendless Children. It will take place at the Chinese Museum on the last day of the present and the two first days of the coming month, and will without question prove a brilliant enterprise.

PHILOLOGICAL LECTURES.

— We take pleasure in calling attention to the course of lectures on English Philology by Mr. Burns, to be commenced on Thursday evening next at the Franklin Institute. The novel feature of these lectures is the original,

and often amusing, manner in which words are illustrated. Without seeing these illustrations a person can hardly believe how much may be made (Philologically) of the ox. We have always had a high idea of the usefulness of this valuable animal, but until we saw some of these illustrations we had no idea of his importance in a literary point of view. For the rest of our life we shall look upon an ox with more respect than we have done heretofore. To all who have a taste for literature, or who desire to understand the philosophy of language, these lectures will be exceedingly interesting.

HIO NIGER EST.

—The *dramatis personæ* of Uncle Tom's Cabin have been "done up" in style by the French lithographers, as may be seen in a window up Chestnut street. Popular taste in our day has decidedly a negro tendency. Negro music has been in vogue for some time, negro literature has also been bestowed on us, and why shall not negro prints prevail? These are great days for the colored "populashum." White-washers, washerwomen, and boot-blacks, will eventually be constantly found in the *ateliers* of our artists; nay the time may come when our Raphaels and Vandykes will set such a value upon elongated heels, protruding lips, frizzy wool, and coal black skin, that they will pay any price to secure as sitters, those who are so fortunate as to possess them.

Business and Pleasure.

—MR. PERHAM distributes his gifts on the 28th inst. They consist, as we have repeatedly said, of \$12,500 valuable articles, including the Panorama of California, a superb piano, gold watches, gold pencils &c. The Panorama will be exhibited up to the time that it passes into the hands of the fortunate individual who secures the lucky package, containing an order for its delivery. Apropos of manager P., he has arranged excursions for the city of Washington the 23d and 24th instants, when those who desire may visit the Capitol the first day, and return the second, with only a damage to the pockets of ten dollars. The fare itself for the trip will be only six dollars. Those who are economical may enjoy the whole affair at an expense of between seven and eight dollars, and include Mount Vernon in the trip.

—SANFORD'S TROUPE at the Concert Hall, is unquestionably the best we have ever had in the city. The vocalism is admirable, solos, choruses, trios and duets being executed in the very best manner. The dances, too, for those who like that branch of the performance

are capital. We should not forget moreover in noticing the performance of Sanford's Troupe, that there is a good deal of pleasant jesting among the "colored gentlemen," in which Sanford himself is prominent. Some of the jokes are rather old, but being very well told, they go off with no little *eclat*.

—WISER'S PANORAMA of the "Creation, the Garden of Eden and the Deluge," at Masonic Hall continues to attract crowds both afternoons and evenings. It is a grand work, and reflects much credit upon the artist who executed it. The moving of the painting is accompanied by music of the piano, from Mr. Warden. We understand that this exhibition will be removed to Musical Fund Hall early next week, when a better effect will be given to it, than it could possibly receive at the place where it is now exhibited. It should be remembered in connexion with the exhibition that the purchaser of a fifty-cent ticket, entitles himself to two admissions and a chance for one of the valuable gifts to be distributed at an early day. These gifts may be seen in the window of Mr. J. E. Gould Swain's Buildings.

—COL. WILLIAM P. MAURICE has got well established in his new store at 123 Chestnut street, and will we presume for a long time be *stationary* there. His opening is every where talked about: and we have seen at least fifty notices of the brilliant event in the papers. He keeps as formerly, every thing in the stationers' line. His principle assistant, too, now, as in times past, is Mr. Kemble, a gentleman who is well worthy of the distinguished name he bears.

—MR. F. H. SMITH, Arch street below Sixth, and one of our most esteemed advertisers is constantly getting up beautiful articles in the way of portfolios, portmonnaies, pocket-books, and dressing-cases, while his general stock of fancy and toilet goods is of the best character.

—MESSRS. BURTON & LANING are daily opening new styles of Parisian decorative papers as well as hundreds of varieties, got up at their own manufactory in the northern part of the city.

—MR. A. A. JONES, of the well-known confectionary, Simes' Buildings, Chestnut above Twelfth, has opened the old Parkinson stand, No 38 South Eighth street in connexion with the former place, and one may go there as formerly and enjoy luxuries of all kinds. Just now strawberries and cream are in the ascendant.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Furquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1853.

THE HOFRAADINDE.*

A THRILLING TALE.

My theme was a night-scene. A young wife on returning home finds her husband strangled in bed. The company appeared surprised at the tragic nature of my choice, but certainly the subject was one which gave great scope to the imagination, and even Linkowsky, who thought it an unpleasant subject for company, was forced to acknowledge it was one particularly adapted for the pencil. The bride quitted the room, and we commenced our occupations. No sound, save a chord from the musician, broke the silence which reigned. About a quarter of an hour had elapsed when Linkowsky suddenly gazed at his sketch, then sprung from his seat, took several hurried steps through the apartment, again hastily approached the table, and seizing the drawing, prepared to destroy it.

"Hold!" exclaimed our host, as he arrested his hand. "Whatever is done in this apartment belongs to me. Is your drawing so powerfully executed as even to terrify yourself?—But, by Heavens, one's very hair might stand on end at the sight of it!" and on saying this, he handed me the drawing.

I shuddered as I looked at it; it was the Counsellor just as I had seen him, as he lay strangled on that eventful night.

"You may stop your employment," said I to Leidesdorf, "and I shall throw away my pen, for there is a power of deleniation in this sketch which we can never come in competition with; we are but bunglers—the drawing has gained the prize, and whoever has seen a strangled man must acknowledge its fidelity. I admire your power of imagination, Herr Linkowsky, but one may readily suppose that a genius such as your's must often be tormented with extraordinary dreams."

"Not at all," he replied, "I sleep too composedly to be so disturbed: it is only when I take my pencil in my hand that my imagination retains such mastery over me; but that sketch is not merely my own fancy. I saw, somewhere in my travels, I think in Geneva, a painting, the remembrance of which guided my hand."

At these words he stretched out his hand

to take my handkerchief, which lay on the table beside me, to wipe away the cold drops of perspiration which started to his forehead.

"Pardon me," said I, "that is my handkerchief."

"Excuse me," he replied, "if I have made a mistake—but no—my initials are upon it."

"My name has the same," I replied.

"You are right," answered he, as he took his from his pocket.

This occurrence drew us into conversation.

"Perhaps we may be namesakes," he continued, "and perhaps called for the same person?"

"Perhaps so," I replied; "my name is Daniel Lessman."

"It is then only our initials which are the same," he rejoined, "for my name is David."

The entrance of the bride put a stop to our conversation, and on finding that neither the poet nor the musician had completed their tasks, she asked Linkowsky what he had done, and requested he would show it to her.

"You must pardon me," said he "that I must deny your first request. These gentlemen flatter me that my drawing is powerfully done—no, no, it is only the beautiful that this art should have any thing to do with, and not the horrible. Away then with this sketch, it shall no longer disturb our cheerfulness;" he drew the sketch over to him, and then commenced another subject of conversation.

The attention of the lady being called away to something else, she soon forgot her awakened curiosity, while our host seemed well pleased that the amusement of the evening had taken another turn. Herr Linkowsky repeated some of his most entertaining anecdotes, but there was a total change in his manner. In fact, the cheerful tone of the company was evidently forced, and my attempts to restore our gaiety met with but indifferent success. Linkowsky would, on no account give up the drawing, and he several times looked inquiringly towards me.

"May I ask," said he, "before we separate, for your address?—your acquaintance interests me more than I shall take the liberty to express, and I shall be happy to pay you a visit."

I assured him that I should be extremely happy to see him; and giving him my address, he departed much sooner than the rest of the party.

"That is a most singular man," said the bride, as soon as he had disappeared, "and I assure you, my dear bridegroom, were we not already engaged, I know not what might happen, for I admire him excessively."

On inquiring of my friend Henneberg, where Linkowsky lodged, he informed me at Kralowna Unice, but said he had forgotten the number. The carriage having arrived for the bride and her friends, the party broke up,

and Ludesdorf accompanied me part of the way to my lodgings. On the following morning I began to reflect on the steps which I should take to accomplish my object; but in the meantime sat down to write to B—. I had not been long engaged in this occupation, when some one knocked at the door, a stranger entered, and, stepping up to me, said,

"Are you from B—?"

On expressing my displeasure at this intrusion, and refusing to answer his abrupt and impertinent question, he replied,

"I am one of the officers of justice, and you must answer me. Are you Herr Daniel Lessman, from B—?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then I have orders to arrest you; and in the name of the President, I command you to follow me."

"Willingly," said I, and having arranged my chamber, I quickly followed him to the street, where a carriage awaited us. After driving a considerable way, the carriage stopped at a spacious court, and we alighted. I followed my conductor along a vaulted passage, at the extremity of which we found a jailer awaiting our arrival; and the officer having delivered me over to his care, and wished me a happy termination to the business, took his departure. The jailer fixed his eyes upon me as if he would impress every feature on his mind, and then ushered me into my apartment. The chamber would not of itself have been disagreeable, but for the prospect without: not a living creature was to be seen—I had not even a glimpse of the blue heavens—and opposite was a dead wall. Though convinced of my perfect innocence, still it was a sad thought that here I must remain in this dreary solitude till the affair was inquired into. Except the jailer, I did not see the face of a human creature the first day of my imprisonment, and he looked so sympathising that I had nearly requested he would favor me with pen and paper; but it is so painful to meet with a disappointment where one has encouraged a hope, that I relinquished my intention. I went early to bed, and slept better than I expected. Next morning, when my jailer entered my prison, I remarked that his countenance was unusually cheerful; he desired me, in a friendly tone, to prepare to receive some visitors, who would be with me in the course of the day. At an early hour the door of my solitary prison was hastily thrown open, and the old gentleman, whose daughter's little favorite I had protected, stepped into the room.

"It grieves me much, my dear sir," he said, as he shook me warmly by the hand, "that in place of seeing you at my house, I visit you here. I beg to assure you how much both my daughters feel indebted to you for your

politeness, and also how deeply interested we are for your present distress."

I thanked him for his kindness, but added, "I cannot imagine how you became so soon acquainted with what has occurred."

"It was my brother-in-law, the President," he said, "who saw you alight from the carriage, he instantly recognized you, and mentioned it to me in the evening. It surprised me exceedingly—we must not, however, lose hope; all will yet go well."

"I suppose," said I, "that from your relationship to the President, he has told you the reason of my being here?"

"He did so, indeed, and seldom has any occurrence caused me more regret."

"May I entreat," I rejoined, "that you will inform me of what I am accused?—it will set my mind at rest to know the cause of my imprisonment."

"It is very painful to me to be obliged to tell it to you—but, how is it possible?—it is little more than twenty-four hours since you arrived, and you have already—the longer I look at you the less inclined am I to believe it—they say that you issued bank-notes which you have forged."

As the good old man said this, he looked half inquiringly, half sorrowfully at me. The accusation astonished me so much that for a moment I was unable to reply:—but I quickly regained my self-possession. Crime of any kind was so far from my mind that I did not allow it to make an impression upon me.

"I am too incompetent," continued the old man, "to give an opinion of the affair at present; but what I can do for you, be assured shall be done. Meanwhile, I have ordered a more comfortable apartment to be prepared for you: in the course of the day your lodgings will be searched, and I have obtained permission that you shall be present."

I thanked the old gentleman for his kindness, and could not but think how strange that the trifling incident of the fright of a little lap-dog should be the means of softening my present situation; the old man warmly pressed my hand, and then departed. His promise was fulfilled: a short time after he left me, the jailer came and conducted me to a chamber in the opposite side of the building, the windows of which looked into the street, and open view delighted me more than I can describe. I now took courage to ask my jailer for writing materials. He civilly replied, "that until my lodgings were searched he could not comply with my request." Dinner being over, after pacing my apartments for some time, I approached the window in the hope of seeing some known countenance.

Many were the pedestrians and carriages which hurried past my window; and I could scarcely believe my eyes, when in one of them I discovered David Linkowsky seated beside

my friend and his daughter, to whom he seemed to be addressing some animated conversation. He was quite as elegantly dressed as the evening I met him at Henneberg's, but there was some difference in his appearance which I could not at first account for, till I discovered he wore no moustachios. I had hardly recovered from my surprise at this event, when one of the officers of justice entered to conduct me to the examination of my lodgings.

"The moment you quitted your lodgings," he said, "your apartment and papers were sealed up—and if you have a clear conscience, you will feel tranquil as to the event."

"He entered a carriage, and soon reached my lodgings, where we found the officers of justice who had sealed my apartment, waiting for us. The seals being broken, and nothing being discovered to criminate me, they congratulated me on the result of the search, and assured me I should be set at liberty the following morning.

I thanked them for the interest they seemed to take in the matter, and said I was inclined to treat the affair as of no moment, and pointing jestingly to a coat which hung on the back of a chair, and which the servant, the evening I was taken prisoner, had brushed and thrown there, desired them to examine it as strictly as they thought necessary. They examined it with the closest scrutiny, and drew from one of the side pockets two papers carefully folded together, which, on examination, were found to be forged notes. What I felt at this moment it is impossible to describe; although my conscience was clear, I could scarcely stand the looks of the officers of justice. Every corner of the apartment was now minutely examined, but no further proof of my guilt appeared. Some of my clothes were thrown into a trunk, and I was led back to prison. The jailor, who was a good hearted fellow, shrugged his shoulders on being ordered to take me back to my former apartment. What had occurred seemed inadmissible to me—was it possible that the rascal could have put the forged notes in my pocket at Henneberg's; but no—suddenly a light broke in upon me. On that morning in which I sat writing to B—, the servant brought me a list of wares which he said a pedlar had given him to show the stranger—the man was unknown to him—was it not possible that it was the rogue himself?—could he not have hurriedly thrust the notes into my coat-pocket while the servant brought me in the list—yes, it must be so. I had passed three days in my dark dungeon, when, on the morning of the fourth the door of my apartment was suddenly thrown open, and the old gentleman burst in.

"Oh, my friend," he exclaimed, "the hour of your deliverance has arrived—yes,

you may look at me with inquiring eyes—yes, you are free, but I stood on the brink of a fearful gulph, and was unconsciously hastening my own destruction; and had not some good angel watched over the poor short-sighted mortal, my happiness would have been destroyed and the comfort of my old age lost forever. But God be praised, who has dealt so mercifully with the poor old man; but in place of standing here, I must go home, and show my gratitude to Heaven, by giving alms to the unfortunate."

Seeing me about to interrupt him, he continued:

"Ask me no questions, I cannot tell you what has happened, this business lies like a stone at my heart. Farewell, I must go home and see my happiness again with my own eyes—but come to me in the evening, and then you shall hear all. And now if you do not, with me, fall down on your knees and thank God for your preservation, I shall have nothing more to say to you," and with these words he left me.

At twelve o'clock my door was again opened—with a beating heart I approached it, thinking I was free; but no, it was only the jailor with my dinner—he looked gloomy, and my courage sunk again; but this was only assumed, for on taking another look at him, I saw he in vain tried to conceal a smile. Without uttering a word, he placed my repast upon the table, and then withdrew to a corner of the room, where he could observe me. I removed the cover from the dish where in place of food I found a letter from the President, in which he expressed his regret that his duty had forced him to treat me as he had done: that he would not rest satisfied until he done all in his power to obliterate from my mind the recollection of the late unpleasant occurrence, but that he would defer further explanation till the evening, when we would meet at the house of his brother-in-law.

"How do you relish your dinner?" said my attendant, as he suddenly approached and seized my hand. "Do you think I would treat you with common fare to-day? No doubt you will have better food at the President's, but it will not be offered with a warmer heart; for although for five years it has been my lot to lock up unhappy criminals from the light of heaven, my breast is not locked up to pity and compassion." Tears stood in the poor fellow's eyes, who appeared to have conceived an affection for me. An officer of justice now entered with instructions to conduct me to my lodgings. So bidding adieu to my kind jailor, I returned to my old abode, where I proposed to remain one night before taking up my quarters at the old gentleman's. Just as the carriage stopped at my lodgings, I saw two figures hurriedly ap-

proaching, and the next moment I was pressed in the arms of Henneberg and Leidesdorf.

"My dear friend," exclaimed the latter, "what anxiety have we not suffered on your account—it was only lately that we heard any thing of the matter, and were too certain of your innocence to fear the result."

"And yet," interrupted Henneberg, "that would not have prevented me from going to the President's to assure him of your honour and principle, had Linkowsky told me that your imprisonment was occasioned by some absurd mistake, and that you would be set at liberty immediately."

"Have you seen him to-day?"

"I have only seen him once," he replied, "when he gave this intelligence respecting you."

After talking the matter over for a while, we separated, with the promise of meeting at Henneberg's in the evening. On entering my apartment, I immediately proceeded to examine my trunk, and found every thing there but the handkerchief.

At an early hour the carriage of my kind and hospitable friend conveyed me to his dwelling, where I was received with the welcome of a son; and the old gentleman waited with impatience the arrival of his brother-in-law. In vain I looked for his daughter. My hunger was soon appeased, and my curiosity satisfied regarding this mysterious affair.

In Krowlina Unice there was a two-story house, the entrance to which was by a flight of steps; the owner lived upon his means, and as he was fond of pigeons, he had built a dovecot in the court; at the back of the house. One evening as he was returning home, just as night was closing in, he went to take some remedy to one of the doves which was sick. On entering the court he observed that the ladder, which usually stood against the dovecot, was placed under a window; the window was not open, nor was there any light in the apartment, which belonged to a lodger; he thought nothing more of the circumstance, but took the ladder to the dovecot and brought down the sick pigeon. As he was about to quit the court he heard a window hastily thrown open; he looked up and saw a man, with a bundle in his teeth, just ready to spring from the ledge of the window. Terrified at this, the good man threw the pigeon from him, and calling to the stranger to desist from his purpose, he seized the ladder and ran to his assistance; but the man thinking there was no great danger in the leap, and that he would escape through the house into the street, jumped down and ran into the house: but here his progress was arrested by one of the domestics, who instantly seized him, calling out stop thief! Finding escape impossible, the poor wretch begged hard for mercy; the landlord of the house now entered and

asked him what he got in the bundle, he confessed it was some articles which he had stolen from the apartment above, but declared that necessity alone, and the cries of his starving children had tempted him to this crime; he added that by means of the ladder he had entered the stranger's apartment, he had broken open his desk, and taken from it what the bundle contained; and also that if they would have compassion on his poor children, he would willingly endure the severest punishment they could inflict. The humane master of the house was moved by these words, and replied that had the stolen property been his, he would have instantly allowed him to escape, but as it was his lodgers who seemed to be a person of consequence, he might be severely blamed for permitting any one who had broken into his apartment to escape without further inquiry and therefore his duty compelled him to send for the officers of justice: but whatever his fate might be, he might rest assured that his children would be taken care of. This assurance appeared to comfort the unhappy criminal, for whom the kind-hearted landlord ordered a plentiful supply of food, but the wretched man was in no situation to taste it. A servant was instantly despatched after an officer of justice, who were not long in obeying the summons; they strictly examined the prisoner, and remarked that he had never been upon their list. They now proceeded to examine the bundle, the contents of which caused them no small surprise.

"By my faith," said the officer, as he unfolded something which was carefully wrapped up in paper, "the gentleman above stairs has not been born in a fisherman's hut," saying which he handed the landlord a magnificent brooch.

"This does not surprise me," replied the latter, "for at the first glance I said he was a man of fortune."

The next article which they took from the bundle was a small box, containing a gold repeater, which was still more splendid than the brooch.

"My poor fellow," said the landlord, turning to the prisoner, "you made a valuable capture, but you have not much luck with your prize: but what is that?" he continued, as he saw the officer take a long flat *casi* case from the bundle.

"This," said the officer, "certainly does not correspond with the other articles, it seems to be worn away from constant use; but what the devil—I cannot open it—try as I will, I can neither find clasp nor spring."

"Let me try," said the landlord. His efforts were for a time equally fruitless; but at length he accidentally touched a small cross on the under side of the box, which turned round and the box flew open. "Here is the

riddle," exclaimed the host, while the officers came near to examine the contents. They looked at them, contracted their brows, and then hastily approached the lights on a side-table to scrutinize them more narrowly; then turning to the landlord, said—

"May I request that you will instantly send one of your domestics to the Dresden Gate, to seek out the other officer who belongs to our district? I shall write him a note, which will bring him here in the space of an hour; therefore I request writing materials 'tis a matter of consequence."

The master of the house complied with his wish: the note was quickly written, and a servant instantly dispatched with it.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the host, "what can be of any consequence in that little case?"

"Fellow said the officer, turning to the criminal, "you have committed a great crime in breaking into your neighbor's house with such intentions; but justice itself might almost forgive you, nay, regard you as being the most honest man of the two. A flask of wine, if you please, the rogue shall moisten his tongue—I may venture to say that his punishment will not be very great."

"As much wine as you will, but surely you will let me see the contents of the little case?" said the landlord.

It was some time before he could prevail with the officer to gratify his curiosity; but at length he reached the case to him, under promise of the strictest secrecy. His curiosity was soon satisfied, but it was for some time ere he recovered from the shock of having harbored such instruments in his house. Along with a flask of ink, two pencils, and several very fine pointed pens, was a folded bank note, half executed. The thief learnt with astonishment that he had stolen from a greater rogue than himself, and looked upon himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence to bring him to justice. Meanwhile the servant who had been dispatched, found the officer surrounded by several friends, and he was in the middle of an animated speech at the moment he delivered him the note; he opened it with an air of indifference, but no sooner had he glanced at it, than he started up and seized his hat and stick.

"I am exceedingly sorry," said he, to leave this good company, but were one of my five girls changed to a boy, I would not be half so happy as the contents of this note have made me; I must now hasten away, for duty must be minded."

Followed by the messenger, the officer hurried on, and scarcely paused to take breath till they reached the road, which stretched far to the left of the Dresden Gate.

"What is that?" said the officer, "surely that is a carriage under the trees!"

"I think you are right," replied his companion.

"Plague on the fellow," he rejoined, "had he nothing to do but to drag us after him to Kralowna Unice, that is no step.

They approached the carriage.

"Look, look," whispered the domestic, "there is some one stealing away from the carriage and hastening towards the gate!"

"Faith, you are right," rejoined the officer; it approaches the houses, there is a light—ah, 'tis a woman, I'll venture my neck upon that: the carriage is there with no good intention, that is certain."

Hastily, but softly, they drew near the carriage, it was a travelling one, to which there was a large trunk strapped on behind.

"Are you asleep, coachman?" said the officer, but no answer was returned. The servant went close to him and tapped him on the back.

"What do you mean by that?" said the coachman, "get along, and leave honest people in peace."

"For whom are you waiting?" asked the officer.

"For whom do you inquire?" was the reply.

"Not so insolent, if you please, fellow,—'tis an officer of justice who speaks to you, and if you are not a little more civil, I must teach you to be so: turn round the carriage, and drive me to Krawlowna Unice; if you comply readily you shall have some money for drink, now mount and be off."

"Impossible, sir, I wait for some one here."

"For whom can you be waiting at this late hour, and so far from the gate too?"

"For a young gentleman of the university," replied the coachman, "who is going to his father, who is dangerously ill."

"Why not wait for him at his own lodgings," said the officer, "in place of on this distant spot?"

"Oh, one of his young friends gave an entertainment to-day, which prevented him getting away early, therefore he must steal quietly through the gates."

"Your story does not hang very well together," rejoined the officer; "turn round instantly, I command you, and do as I order you."

The postilion was frightened, and obeyed. The officer stepped in, the servant sprung up behind, and the carriage drove off. They had not gone far, when they saw a man running at full speed; he was hastening past, when he suddenly glanced at the carriage, and instantly stopped: the postilion drew up.

"Is it you, Joseph?" exclaimed the stranger, panting,— "in the devil's name," he continued, not observing the servant behind the carriage, "have you drank your five senses

away? What could possess you to turn back?"

"He is taking me to Krawlowna Unice," said the officer from the carriage.

"What is the meaning of this?" replied the stranger.

"He has my orders to do so," rejoined the officer, "and if you will do me the favor to step into the carriage and accompany me there, you can then proceed on your journey."

"What insolence is this?" rejoined the stranger, "and what right have you, sir, to take possession of any one's carriage?"

"The pressing duties of my situation," replied the officer, "which gives an officer of justice the right to make use of any carriage he may encounter."

The stranger was silent for a few moments, then turning to the coachman, he asked, in an unsteady voice, if the young man had come?

"Yes, and he is in the carriage," was the reply.

"My dear sir," said he to the officer, in a tone which had suddenly changed from fiery vehemence to gentleness, "I implore you to allow me to continue my journey; my father lies at the point of death, and I entreat you not to let him long for the last embrace of his only son in vain."

With these words he opened the door of the carriage, in the expectation that the officer would descend.

"Drive on," said the officer. "I cannot," he continued, addressing the stranger, "allow you to prosecute your journey; there is something suspicious in the whole affair."

At the same moment he made a movement as if to let the stranger get into the carriage.

"If prayers," exclaimed the latter, with looks of despair, "are unavailing, I must try what force will do."

He suddenly seized the officer, and dragged him from the carriage; but at this moment the servant leaped from the back of the carriage, and threw himself upon the stranger, who exclaimed,

"Turn, Joseph, and put your horses to their utmost speed."

And while the postillion prepared to obey, he measured with his eye the strength of his two opponents, and finding the servant the most powerful of the two, he suddenly pulled a pistol from his breast, and levelled it at him.

"Oh, Heavens!" shrieked a youthful voice from the carriage, as it drove off, but the ball missed, and passed harmless by the side of the servant, who, furious with passion, seized the stranger, and before he could strike the dagger, which he held in his hand, at the breast of the officer, struck down his hand, and wrested the weapon from his grasp; but on looking attentively at the stranger, the servant suddenly exclaimed,

"Help, for the sake of Heaven!" 'tis my master's lodger."

"Is it he?" said the officer, in surprise: "is it he? This is a fortunate occurrence; we must search him," he continued, "in case he may have other weapons upon him. Hold him fast, while I shall run after the carriage, which I think I shall be able to overtake and bring back."

(To be concluded in Number thirty-four.)

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE XVI.

JOHN SMITH—SIDNEY SMITH.

W. the Elder. Capt. Smith, how are you, how have you been? This is an honor of the very first water, I assure you. Indeed, I don't know a ghost in all history, or in all space, whose presence here could give me greater pleasure. Come, sit down, old fellow, and tell us all about yourself and travels.

John S. Do give a spectre time to breathe, man.

W. the Elder. I beg your pardon, Captain. Don't hurry yourself. I took it for granted however, that an old and hardened traveller like you, didn't mind a journey of this kind, occasionally. But perhaps a wee drop of *Schiedam* might—

John S. Nothing for me, I'm obliged to you.

W. the Elder. Well, where are you from last, and how are they all there? You left *Pocohontas* well, I trust, and the youngsters. A ghost of your enterprise John, and roving propensities, must of course have a good deal to say for himself. Come now give us a little of your spiritual experience; that's a dear spectre.

John S. Well, you are a free and easy old fellow, I must say; but what in the name of aged *Nicholis*, do you want any of my yarns for? Why am I here at all, and how? What is the reason of the present invocation? Holloa, what old folio is this? And these manuscripts too? You are surely not romantic enough old gentleman, to be bringing out a new edition of my *History of Virginia*? Eh, how is it?

W. the Elder. Oh no; I can't afford any such luxury as that, I assure you.

John S. Well, maybe you are writing my life, and want more copies and authentic information, than your lying predecessors had, or cared to have? Ah, that's it, evidently. You look guilty. Well, well, there's nothing like going to head-quarters, certainly. Here I am; pump away. To be sure, it is rather absurd for a ghost, to be giving his biographer the particulars of his earthly career, two centuries after it's all over. Never mind that,

though; go ahead. While I'm here, too, hadn't you better secure my likeness, and so have the genuine article, to face the title-page?

W. the Elder. Why, Captain, how you talk! I assure you, upon my honor, I am not engaged upon any biography of yourself. I would not presume to handle a subject so entirely beyond my powers. And then again, between ourselves, I can't help doubting, whether such a performance, however well done, would begin to pay expenses.

John S. I suppose not. I'm altogether too much of a fogie, and fighting character, to go down, in these days. Is it not so?

W. the Elder. No, that's not it; but somehow or other, there don't seem to be a rage, just now, for the lives of great benefactors. Washington himself, rather drags in the market, I'm told.

John S. The deuce he does!

W. the Elder. Jack Sheppard, Uncle Tom, The Wandering Jew, they are the boys to make the money for the publishers! John Marshall, on the other hand, is the veriest lumber; he positively hasn't reached his third thousand, yet, though his memoirs have been out, almost as many years; while Monte Cristo is already on his five hundredth thousand. So, at least, I have been informed. Ah no, Captain, it was for no such selfish purpose, that I presumed to ask the honor of your company here; but simply, because of my most profound and hearty admiration of your character, and of a natural wish to profit by any little spiritual small-talk, that you might feel disposed to indulge me with. That, and knowing besides, how wonderfully the facilities for ghostly travel, have been multiplied of late, all over the universe, emboldened me to—But I fear I have taken too great a liberty.

John S. Not at all, not at all.

W. the Elder. How fortunate, that my dispatch should have found you at home, and unoccupied; a ghost of your restless nature, too! But come now, my dear friend, open your budget. What's the best news from spirit-land? Where have you been roaming lately? What new worlds have you been exploring, what continents have you been christening, rivers tracing to their fountains? What ruffians, robbers, pirates have you been exterminating? What stronghold have you been capturing? What lovely creatures have you been rescuing from captivity, or been rescued by? Come let's have all the delicious particulars.

John S. Well, well, well, I should think I was a witness upon the stand, from the way you pour in the interrogatories. Gently, gently, if you please. Besides, old gentleman, I don't feel at liberty to answer questions of this sort. Confine yourself to terrestrial topics, if you please.

W. the Elder. You needn't be so squeam-

ish about it, Captain. Several of your spiritual brethern, let me tell you, who have done me the favor of a call lately, have discovered no such unwillingness to speak on these subjects, but on the contrary, have made some very interesting disclosures.

John S. I am sorry to hear it. I must say that I consider all such statements, both improper and injudicious. Still, I don't want to be unreasonable, or unsociable.

Sidney S. (Without.) Holloa there! where are you? How are Pennsylvania Securities?

John S. Why, who the deuce may this be?

W. the Elder. A namesake of yours, and a tip-top fellow, I tell you.

Sidney S. (without) Do you pay your interest yet?

W. the Elder. To be sure we do. Come in, come in.

Sidney S. (without) Are you quite certain, that there is no redemption left among you?

W. the Elder. Concern your picture, no. We pay up, like men.

Sidney S. (without) Enough said. (*He enters.*)

W. the Elder. Well, I'm embarrassed, I confess. I was on the point of saluting you, in my prettiest and heartiest manner; but confound it, old boy, this arrogant dictation of yours, as to the terms on which you accept my invitation, I didn't altogether like, I must say. You are a ghost of business, with a vengeance!

Sidney S. Pshaw, man, I was only quizzing. Don't be so touchy.

W. the Elder. Oh well, that alters the case. Putting your remarks, though, in connexion with that saucy letter you wrote us Yankees, on the subject, just before leaving the body, I was misled somewhat, I confess.

Sidney S. But you ought to know fun from earnest, by this time. You look venerable enough, certainly.

W. the Elder. And you ought to know, that that is one of the most difficult of all branches of earthly knowledge. But it seems to me that, for a ghost you are mightily interested in our State Stocks. However, there's the Money article of yesterday. Look for yourself.

Sidney S. Oh, hang the money article? Is it so strange, though, that I should be interested in Pennsylvania Fives? Haven't I dear representatives left behind me, in old England, who are large holders of them, and of Ohio 6's likewise?

W. the Elder. Have you, indeed? Lucky dogs they are; that's all I can say. I wish I had a plum or so, laid out in that safe and pleasant way. And they always were good stocks, too, let me tell you, Mr Reviewer: and you made a most unjustifiable and absurd onslaught—

Sidney S. Come, come, old fellow, don't undertake to apologise for repudiation.

W. the Elder. I doubt; but recollect that there are two sides to that story, if you please. Recollect that you English capitalists would persist in thrusting your surplus funds upon us, Willy willy; that you did all you could to keep alive that speculative spirit, that you afterwards cursed us for, so savagely. Yes, I think you were about as much to blame in that business, as we were, if the truth were known.

Sidney S. Pshaw, don't talk in that unprincipled style. Speculation's one thing, swindling another.

W. the Elder. Swindling?

John S. Boys, boys, don't get excited now, talking finances, or politics. Do change the subject, I beg of you. Why, Sydney, don't you know me?

Sidney S. Why, God bless me, Jack, is that you? My dear fellow, how are you? (*They hug most fraternally.*) But, what in the name of wonder, are you making a spiritual manifestation here, for? By the way, Smith, what ever became of Jones?

John S. Jones? what Jones?

Sidney S. Why, don't you remember, you were talking very earnestly, with Paul Jones, the last time I saw you? He appeared to be in great trouble, you know, about that bucca—

John S. Hush. hush, hush. We musn't speak of these things, before human beings.

Sidney S. True, true, I forget.

W. the Elder. Messrs Smith, you seem to be old cronies.

Sidney S. To be sure, we are. Thank the stars for it, too! I consider the acquaintance of John Smith, yes, the John Smith of the billions and billions of the universe, one of the most unqualified treats, that—

John S. Come, Sydney, none of your palaver, now.

Sidney S. But, Jack, you haven't told me what business brings you to Yankee land.

John S. No business; I am merely accepting the polite invitation of our old host here. Nothing particularly engaged at the time, and having moreover, received a similar kind message, just before, to come and see some descendants, at *Monticello*, I thought I couldn't do better than to respond in person, and in a word, here I am, *en route* for the Old Dominion.

W. the Elder. What, are you actually going to old Virginny, Captain?

John S. I am indeed.

W. the Elder. You will be warmly welcomed there.

John S. I expect they'll make a good deal of fuss with me. But come, Sydney, suppose you go along.

Sidney S. No, I believe not. Besides, I

don't altogether like the idea of going amongst slave-holders.

John S. Why, you old Pharisee! How dare you put on any such airs as those? Slave-holders, indeed!

W. the Elder. We'll drop the slavery question, if you please, ghosts.

Sidney S. What, do you mean to stop my mouth, old fellow? No, indeed. I'm in the habit of speaking my mind, pretty freely, wherever I go, let me tell you.

John S. Come, come, namesake, your'e wrong, quite wrong in this affair. It certainly was not courteous in you, under the circumstances, to introduce a topic that you know is a very painful and exciting one.

Sidney S. Well, well, I ask pardon.

John S. But what brings you to America, old Edinburgh?

Sidney S. Well, I came here expressly, and by invitation, to spend a week with this Yankee medium; but if he's going to flare up so, at every little word I say, I think I had better be returning forthwith.

W. the Elder. Oh no, no, no; we'll get along well enough, I reckon, after we've found each other out. Besides, if we do flare up somewhat, and break a dozen or two of crockery, occasionally, I shan't mind it. Any thing but your sulky people! Yes, Captain, I did invite the great reviewer here, expressly to let him see some of our Yankee improvements, and what giant strides we have been making, in all the honorable walks of life, since he used to write those biting, merciless criticisms about us, some thirty years ago.

Sidney S. Well, I don't think I was so very merciless. I gave you credit for many good points.

W. the Elder. Not merciless? And do you pretend to have forgotten that outrageously impertinent string of queries, that you tacked at the end of that grossly inaccurate article of yours, in the year 1820?

Sidney S. Inaccurate, say you? Gospel truth, every word of it, when I wrote it; and by George, I doubt whether you can answer many of those very questions, now, at all satisfactory. Yes, I repeat it. Where are your Foxes, your Burkes, your Sheridans, your Wilberforces? Where your Arkwrights, your Watts, your Davys? Where your Stewarts, Paleys, and Malthuses? Your Parris and Parsons? Your Scotts, Campbells, and Byrons? Your Siddons', Keans and Kembles, eh? There may possibly be a half dozen Yankee books, worth looking into, but who does ever go to see your pictures? Who ever thinks of consulting your doctors, or chemists, or of going to your telescopes for new stars? Who does drink out of your glasses, or eat from your plates, or wear your garments, or sleep in your blankets? Answer me that.

W. the Elder. Why, confound your mendacious and bigoted old soul! I ask, in return, where are not our Clays, and Calhouns, and Websters known and honored? Our Channings, our Everetts, our Choates, our Careys, our Fultons, and Morses? Who has not heard of our Bowditches, our Barnes's, our Authors? To whom is the fame of our divine Allston a stranger, or our glorious Cole? What palace might not be proud to receive the historical pictures of our Weir, or our Leutze, or the landscapes of our Durand, our Church, our Gignoux, or the Scripture-pieces of our Huntington? Who knows not the wonderful works of our Powers, our Crawford, our Greenough? Who has not read the magnificent verse of our Bryant, the sparkling lays of our Halleck, the exquisite creations of our Drake? Half a dozen Yankee books, say you? What monstrous arrogance! Is Irving nothing, then, and Paulding, and the world-searching Cooper, and Prescott, and Bancroft, and Dewey, and Ware, and Dana, and Emerson, and Hawthorne, and Longfellow, and Holmes and a whole Directory full of choice spirits besides? To sneer at our doctors and surgeons, too! Why who can begin to saw off a leg with us Yankees? Who first applied Ether to surgery? Who made dentistry a science? Who brought to light the virtues of India Rubber? In astronomy, too; let the observatory of Old Harvard speak; let Mitchell answer your impertinent questions. Ghost that you are, I doubt whether you know much more than he does, this very minute, of what's going on in the skies. But you *do* know, old fellow, though it galls your John Bull pride too much, too acknowledge it, that we are fast taking the shine out of you English, in all sorts of manufactures, and that millions are already drinking out of Yankee glasses, and eating from Yankee plates, and snoring in Yankee blankets. The idea of your ridiculing our coats, is too absurd! Why, don't your cockney tailors have to come to America, for the very shears they ply, and is there a man-maker of them all, can turn out a garment, to be named in the same age or system, with those of our Philadelphia artists! Is—

Sydney S. Oh, don't stop to take breath. Dash on; keep moving.

W. the Elder. But a'n't I right? Are we not going ahead of you, in all arts, fine and useful? Can you, to-day, show clippers with us, or steamers, or clocks, or cheese, or hams, or pippins, or confectionary? Have you any such oratory to produce, either in the pulpit, or in the senate, or on the stump? No, any more than you have any such rivers, or prairies, or banking privileges.

Sydney S. One article, I confess you *do* beat us in all hollow.

W. the Elder. Do we, indeed? And what may that be?

Sydney S. Self-glorification. But, my old friend, why so sensitive? Why take me up so fiercely? I was only half in earnest, I assure you. I do not pretend to deny the progress of your nation, in all these fine things, or to ignore the existence of all these bright boys, that you have just named: wits, artists, poets, essayists. I knew some of them in the flesh. I've had my old terrestrial legs, more than once, I can tell you, under the same mahogany with Irving, and Prescott, and other of your choice spirits. Glorious fellows they are. I've no doubt, either, that you *will*, in time, beat old Alma Mater, in pretty much every department of thought and action, any more than I doubt that she is, herself, far more civilized and christianized, to day, than she was when old Father John here, first went out to Virginia, on colonial business. But meanwhile, old gentleman, I must and will say, that there are a great many things in this broad land of yours, that I don't like at all; yes follies, vices, crimes, that call for all the lashing of the satirist, all the thunders of the pulpit. Don't be alarmed, now. I'm not going to preach a sermon on slaving. I consider my mouth stopped on that subject, while, while I am under your roof. Nor do I mean to favor you with a philippic on tobacco-juice: especially after the exhausting way, in which brother-spectre Hamilton treated that topic, when in the flesh.

John S. Well, what is your text? Come, Sidney, hurry up your discourse, for I must be off presently.

Sydney S. I'm not going to preach, I tell you. I'm here as a guest, not as a parson. None the less, however, are there materials for at least half a dozen barrels of—

W. the Elder. Oh, hang this vague and general abuse; the items, the items, if you please.

Sydney S. Items, say you? Can I turn my ghostly head, without seeing them? And as you insist upon it, I *will* glance at them, for a moment. Imprimis, then: you are always in such an infernal hurry, all of you, and about every thing, that there's no comfort, either for ghost or mortal, among you. You don't stop to do anything right; either to eat, or drink, or cook, or build, or plant, or paint, or write, or legislate, like christians. You can't wait, either to season your timber, or to test your iron: no, nor even to put steeples on your churches. You are always rushing after results, before their time: always anticipating your debts, and your crops, and disposing of your fruits, before they have fairly shown their blossoms; hurrying, hurrying to get rich, sacrificing thereto, all the proprieties and courtesies of life. If you

knock a fellow down, or run over him, as you do continually, you've no time to apologise, much less, to pick him up. In doors, or out of doors, it makes no difference; everywhere the same mad race with time. As to ever sitting out concert, play, or sermon, to the end, and then reclining in tranquil dignity, you never think of such a thing, but rush for the door, males and females alike, with a volocity, and want of decency truly porcine. Nothing less than a mile a minute ever satisfies you, no matter how sublime or beautiful the scenery you may be travelling amongst: no—

W. the Elder. Hold on, hold on: you are rattling away yourself, here like a perfect locomotive. What's the use now, old fellow, of serving up all this Trollope and Fiddler abuse, over again? You know, that—however, go ahead.

Sydney S. Item: you are so absurdly thin-skinned and sensitive; so afraid of the criticisms of those very cockneys that you affect to despise; so greedy of applause: so unwilling to admit your inferiority in those arts, and studies, and amenities, that are inherent in courts, and cannot, in the nature of things, co-exist with democracy; so enamored of those very pomps and vanities that you have openly renounced: so meanly deferential to titled foplings, while you turn your backs upon the true sons of genius; so—

W. the Elder. Well, well, that is a strange charge, that last, for an English ghost to prefer; go on, though.

Sydney S. Item: so bellicose and aggressive, withal; so ready to thrust your institutions upon your neighbors, and at the same time, so jealous of any fancied encroachment, on their part: so furious too, at any imagined insult to your flag, or tardy recognition of your rights, or position among nations; so bent on having exclusive control over all the seas and islands around you, without regard either to equanimity or courtesy:—

W. the Elder. Ay, and we mean to keep out you interlopers, to the end of the chapter.

Sydney S. Item: and the last and saddest of all that I shall allude to: you are so frightfully reckless, in all your transactions; so indifferent to the value of human life; so capitally negligent in seeing your laws enforced, while you are eternally making new and impracticable ones. You may boast of your freedom, indeed, but are you not virtually, at the mercy of a set of ruffians, who murder you by scores, every week almost, on all the rivers and railroads of your land? Is it not horrible, to think of the impunity, with which these wretches ply their murderous trade, in your midst; escaping almost invariably, with a mere nominal investigation into their enormities? To think too, of the ease, with which any unpalatable statute may be evaded by

the rich transgressor; of the terrible power every where wielded, the abject homage every where paid to Mammon among you?

W. the Elder. Too true, too true: we are indeed most vulnerable, most culpable in this regard. Your criticism, my friend, is just, perfectly just, and I honour you, for the bold and hearty way, in which you have made it. And so with the other items; there is quite too much foundation in truth, for your allegations.

Sydney S. Still, my old friend, as I said before, I am not at all disposed to overlook the right side of—

W. the Elder. I know that, I know that: and I like you all the better, my big-hearted and big-fisted brother, for your frankness. I always *did* like you, and look up to you, as a tip-top critic, and right royal reviewer: an invincible foe to cant and gammon of all sorts, and a true friend to your oppressed and down-trodden brethern.

Sydney S. Heartily said, and I hope truly so. I certainly *did* try to do some good, and to open some eyes, in my little day and generation.

John S. Well, brethern, I'm sorry to tear myself away from such pleasant company, but I must positively be off.

W. the Elder. Why, Captain, you don't call this a visit?

John S. Oh no: but I thought I would look in upon my Virginia friends first, and then spend a day or two with you, on my return.

W. the Elder. As you think best. You are always welcome, you know.

Sydney S. Speaking of gammon, landlord, I see a board under the table yonder. So, suppose we drop sermons and criticisms for a while, and have a game or two, before dinner.

W. the Elder. Agreed.

John S. Well, good bye, boys.

W. the Elder. Good bye, don't forget me now, as you fly by. (*Exit John Smith, Sydney Smith and W. the Elder, sit down to a social game of back-gammon.*)

Bizarre among the New Books.

THE LAST LEAF FROM SUNNYSIDE.

— This pretty little volume comes to us from Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. It embraces four stories from the pen of the late Mrs. Austen Phelps, her last work previous to her much lamented death. Their titles are "The Puritan Family," "The Cloudy Morning," "The Country Cousin," and "The Night after Christmas." They bear impressed on every line, the brilliant mind and pure heart of the author: indeed, we have said enough when we pronounce them fit success-

ors of "Sunnyside;" a charming story from the same pen, and said to have commanded fully half a million of delighted readers! The volume before us is very neatly printed, and is embellished with a mezzotint portrait of Mrs. Phelps. It contains, moreover, a narrative of her life and character, drawn by one who regarded his subject with the most affectionate interest; who writes of it with a heart-warm pen.

Mrs. Phelps was a Christian woman. Her death was an event that impressed all around with the triumphs which are secured to those who fall asleep on the bosom of the Saviour. She had lived in his smiles, she died with his arms under and about her. The sufferings of the body were forgotten in the bliss which filled the mind; the darkness of death was neutralized by the lights which streamed in from beyond the valley and the shadow.

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD AND NEW SETTLEMENTS.

—Mr. A. Hart has published a volume with this title. It emanates from the prolific pen of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, and embraces two stories, some of which are more than ordinarily interesting. The season is rapidly approaching when this style of literature will be generally acceptable, for people will be in a state of relaxation both of mind and body; and hence will prefer entertainment rather than instruction. "The Curse of Clifton," Mrs. S.'s last work previous to the one in notice, possessed no little merit; and, we believe, commanded quite a ready sale. We shall be happy if the present volume is equally successful.

POETRY OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

—A 12mo. volume of 360 pages, with this title, comes to us from Moore, Anderson & Co., of Cincinnati. It embraces a popular exposition of the science of botany and its relations to man; translated from the celebrated work of Dr. Schleiden of the University of Jena, by Hmfrey, of London. Moreover, it is illustrated with engravings, and edited by Alfonso Wood, an eminent botanist of our own country: who furnishes a brief and appropriate preface, as well as very valuable notes.

Professor Wood says of the author of this book, that he is "one of the most distinguished botanists of the present day. In the production of the present admirable work he has conferred a great favor upon every lover of Nature. By its peculiar character, it meets an actual want in literature which has long been felt. There is, indeed, no lack of floras and text-books for the schools—works which pursue the science of botany to its minutest details. But such treatises are necessarily dry, unimaginative—regarding plants and flowers chiefly as 'materials for an herbarium,' or, on the other hand, as food for animals. But the vegetable world has a higher signifi-

cance than either the education of man's intellect, or even the maintenance of animal life. With its sweet influences, man's heart,—his moral nature, is in intimate communion: and through them, God reveals himself to the soul in his most endearing attributes. By the teachings of the vegetable world the tone of our moral being is affected in no small degree, and flowers are often interwoven with the web of human destiny. In a word, the heart of man is susceptible of no purer or more enduring earthly pleasure, than that which it experiences in its free communion with the exhaustless beauties of the vegetable world.

"But this aspect of nature—its spirituality—lies beyond the reach of pure science. In vain are its microscopic researches, in vain its most refined analyses: for this principle, like the principle of life, is immaterial, and exists not in material nature, where we seek it, but within ourselves. That harp which is susceptible of such harmony, is strung within our own bosoms; but it is the sweet breath of Flora which awakens its mysterious power.

"Herein lies the charm of the present work. While its author has everywhere exhibited the principles of science in the most perspicuous and attractive style, he has also contrived to blend with them the imaginative and the spiritual, and thus to render his work the exponent of the relations of the plant to the human soul."

SINGULAR DEATH OF "L. E. L."

—Mr Brodie Cruickshank has written a book entitled "Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa," which has just been published in London. It contains one chapter which will be read with deep interest, as it describes the colonial life, the strange death and sudden burial of the famous L. E. L.; who it will be remembered soon after her marriage accompanied her husband Mr. Maclean to Cape Coast Castle; he having received a government appointment there.

Mr. Maclean was an invalid at the time of his wife's sudden and singular death. Mr. Cruickshank describes him as being very fond of her, so that the stories heretofore told of cruelty on the husband's part, cannot be true. But to the narrative: Mr. Cruickshank says he was about to return to England, and as the day drew near for his departure Mrs. Maclean occupied herself more or less in writing to her friends in England.

He adds: "It had been arranged that the vessel should sail on the forenoon of the 16th of October, and I agreed to dine and spend the evening of the 15th with the governor (Mr. M.) and his lady. It was in every respect a night to be remembered. * * At eleven o'clock I rose to leave. It was a fine clear night, and she strolled into the gallery, where we walked for half-an-hour. Mr. Maclean

joined us for a few minutes, but not liking the night air, in his weak state, he returned to the parlour. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens in those latitudes at night, and said it was when looking at the moon and stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. She pleased herself with thinking that the eyes of some beloved friend might be turned in the same direction, and that she had thus established a medium of communication for all that her heart wished to express. 'But you must not,' she said. "think me a foolish, moonstruck lady. I sometimes think of these things oftener than I should, and your departure for England has called up a world of delightful associations. You will tell Mr. F——, however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I knew he would be mistaken." We joined the governor in the parlour. I bade them good night, promising to call in the morning to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again."

At breakfast next day Mr. Cruickshank was alarmed by a summons—that Mrs. Maclean—whom he had left the previous night so well—was no more. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's countenance."

"We entered the room, where all that was mortal of poor L. E. L. was stretched upon the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from a close examination of her face, and told us all was over; she was beyond recovery. My heart would not believe it. It seemed impossible that she, from whom I had parted not many hours ago so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding."

An inquest was immediately held.—

"All that could be elicited, upon the strictest investigation, was simply this: It appeared that she had risen, and left her husband's bed-room about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to her own dressing-room,—which was up a short flight of stairs, and entered by a separate door from that leading to the bed-room. Before proceeding to dress, she had occupied herself an hour and a half in writing letters. She then called her servant, Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum. Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes. When she returned, she found difficulty in opening the door, on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. This she discovered to be the body of her mistress. She pushed it aside, and found that she was senseless. She immediately called Mr. Maclean. Dr. Cobbold was sent for: but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the

floor, there had not appeared any symptom of life. Mrs. Bailey further asserted that she found a small phial in the hand of the deceased, which she removed and placed upon the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when she sent her to fetch the pomatum. She had observed in her no appearance of unhappiness. Mr. Maclean stated, that his wife had left him about seven o'clock in the morning, and that he had never seen her again in life. When he was called to her dressing-room, he found her dead upon the floor. After some time, he observed a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from. She told him that she had found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife had been in the habit of using it for severe fits or spasms, to which she was subject. She had made use of it once on the passage from England to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no quarrel nor unkindness between him and his wife.—Dr. Cobbold, who had been requested to make a *post-mortem* examination, did not consider it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased: and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. My own evidence proved, that I had parted from Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at a very late hour on the evening before, and that they appeared then upon the happiest terms with each other. There was found upon her writing-desk a letter not yet folded, which she had written that morning, the ink of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter was read at the inquest. It was for Mrs. Fagan, upon whom she had wished me to call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no indication of unhappiness. In the postscript—the last words she ever wrote—she recommended me to the kind attentions of her friend. With the evidence before them, it was impossible for the jury to entertain for one instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had wilfully destroyed herself. On the other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor, that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. Their verdict, therefore, was, that she died from an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid taken inadvertently."

Mr. Cruickshank concurred in this verdict at the time,—but since his arrival in England he has found reason "to doubt of its correct-

ness." He now entertains the opinion, that death was caused by "some sudden affection of the heart."

We add a picture of the last scene of all from the narrative of this eye-witness.—

"In those warm latitudes interment follows death with a haste which often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents assisted at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, with an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service, one of those heavy showers only known in tropical climates suddenly came on. All departed for their houses. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the rain. Night had come on before the paving-stones were all put down over the grave, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts, as wrapped up in my cloak I stood beside the grave of L. E. L., under that pitiless torrent of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England, if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, and of that silent watcher! I thought of yesterday, when at the same time I was taking my seat beside her at dinner, and now, oh, how very—very sad the change!"

Our Weekly Gossip.

— Young Gottschalk lately gave a concert at New Orleans for the benefit of the charitable institutions of that city, when he was presented with a beautiful gold medal. The presentation was made by the Mayor. We are told that the young artist received the compliment in his usual modest manner, and that he was much moved, as he well might be. He replied briefly in English, saying that he valued this gift from his fellow townsmen more than any he had ever received. The medal is of pure gold, of an oval shape, and is valued at \$500. On one side is a bust of Gottschalk, carved by Perelli, the artist who designed and executed the marble bust of Samuel J. Peters, Esq. The bust is surrounded by a raised wreath of laurel. On the reverse side is the inscription in rich Gothic letters: "*A. L. M. Gottschalk ses compatriotes de la Nouvelle Orleans, 11 Mai, 1853.*"

Gottschalk returns shortly to the north, when our citizens will have another opportunity of hearing his beautiful performances on the piano.

— Jesse Hutchinson, whose death at Cincinnati has been announced, was the eldest of the large singing family of that name. He was at the time of his death on his way home from California. He went to the golden state, as manager of the Alleghenians. The enterprise was not successful.

— Mr. J. E. Gould, successor to A. Fiot, Swaim's Buildings, has sent us the following music: "Come to me dearest maiden," a Ballad, music by Meeyerbeer; "Swiss Spring Song," the English words by W. Bartholomew—composed and arranged for the piano by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy; "Can You not read in my Eyes," a Switzer's Song, written and adapted to a French melody by G. H. Hewitt; "Mina Dolce or Rose of Italy," a canzonetta written by Wm. Osgood, composed by Frederick Winter and dedicated to Miss Laura Hard. Apropos of Mr. Gould:—he gave a very pleasant little soiree the other evening at his piano saloon, which was attended by a select circle of amateurs of both sexes. Mr. Goeckel a lately-arrived German pianist, performed to the great delight of all present, as did also Mr. Siede the flutist, and a most remarkable young musical genius, the son of Mr. Jarvis of our city.

— The distinguished physiologist, Ehrenberg, whose researches and microscopical observations, on the Infusoria, and other minute departments of animal life, have attracted so much attention, is said now to have completed his great work on the influence of microscopic life on the formation of the earth and of rocks. This work is expected to form an epoch in the history of scientific observation. Dr. Hitchcock's new work on the "Geology of the Globe" is nearly ready for publication, and will appear first in England, securing the benefit of copyright to the author. The second volume is just completed of Mr. Morris's national work on "British Birds;" and Messrs. Binns and Goodwin have issued one of their most attractive little works lately, illustrating the "Eggs of British Birds," copied and colored from nature, with descriptions and anecdotes of the Birds.

— Messrs. Stanford & Swords of New York, have sent us, a beautiful edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*, and the *Proper Lessons*, bound up in one vol, 18mo. We have also received from the same publishers other favors which will be duly noticed.

— Mr. Gibson, an English artist residing at Rome, has completed an exquisite statue of Venus, and aroused the connoisseurs by giving a slight flesh tint to the figure, blue eyes, yellow hair, and a delicately colored border to the drapery. There is much difference of opinion, it is said, as to the judiciousness of this proceeding, which, is not strictly in ac-

cordance with classic precedents: but the voice of the majority of visitors to the studio appears to be favorable to the tint, as it certainly contrasts strongly with the coldness of the surrounding marbles.

— It is stated that Charles Hill, a colored man, lately arrived at Liverpool from Boston in the "Parliament" liner and represented himself to have escaped from Dr. Allen, of Baltimore, saying also that his wife was owned by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, a Presbyterian Clergyman, of Baltimore, who would sell her for \$800. Subscriptions were accordingly set on foot for Hill, who in the mean time had attached himself to a panorama of Uncle Tom, where he exhibited as a Liverpool paper has it, "several diabolical instruments made at Liverpool under his direction." Brother Bull, will be bled pretty freely by Uncle Tom's family we fancy: members of which are constantly leaving our shores for his hospitable hearthstone. We hope that the tear of sympathy may not dry, until all these unhappy pilgrims are provided with warm corners.

— The Paris *Revue des Beaux Arts* states that the expense of disinterring the ashes of the body of Napoleon will be 100,000 francs, and the programme of the ceremonial is to be published. A proposition in Council being made to divide the remains of the Emperor, after the fashion pursued under the Kings—the body to be under the Mausoleum and the heart at St. Denis—Prince Jerome started up, saying that he would never lend himself to such a proposition for mutilating "his glorious brother."

— A new submarine-telegraphic cable was laid down with perfect success between Dover and Ostend on the 5th ult. This second submarine-telegraph belongs to the same Company as that from Dover to Calais, and will we are told supply the means of transmitting telegraphic dispatches to the Continent of Europe, without their being subject to the delay and annoyance of the *voie* of the French authorities. The new line is 70 miles in length, and contains six wires.

— The Editor of the New York *Herald* was shown not long since a very interesting relic of old times in Philadelphia. It consisted of a picture frame composed of two kinds of wood, oak and maple and was made in 1846 by Mr. Thomas C. James, of this city. The oaken portion of the frame is a piece of the old ship Lyon, which vessel bore the first stars and stripes that ever waved between heaven and earth. The other portion of the frame is a piece of the root of the self-same tree beneath whose shade Wm. Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians. It contains a continental \$600 bill, with a Washington and Independence cent, made in 1783.

It is supported by a small ring and staple made from a piece of the chain that was stretched across the North river at West Point, to prevent the British ships of war from ascending that river in the days of the revolution.

— John S. Taylor of New York has sent us "Clouds and Sunshine," a new work from the pen of the brilliant author of "Musings of an Invalid," "Fancies of a whimsical Man," "Fun and Earnest," as well as the series of "Spiritual Dialogues," which we have been publishing. We shall notice it at length hereafter. We have also received from Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston, "Alexander Smith's Poems;" and from Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of our city, Simm's new tale of "Marie de Berniere," &c.

— Mrs. Bostwick's singing at the late Philharmonic Concert, was good, and the applause which she received was warm and at the same time well-earned. The programme generally of this concert was excellent. The orchestra under Mr. Cross, particularly distinguished themselves.

— "Correspondence of the Revolution," edited by Jared Sparks, will shortly be published by Little & Brown, of Boston. It will extend to four octavo volumes, and will consist of letters to Gen. Washington from upwards of an hundred individuals who acted conspicuous parts in the great struggle for American Independence, and afterwards to the close of his career. The editor intends these letters as a continuation of his "Washington Writings."

— A Boston correspondent of a New York paper states that Messrs. Little & Brown announce a large number of reprints of standard English works, among them being "Plutarch's Lives," selected from Dryden's translation, and from other sources. The writer adds and with truth, it is rather odd that they should pass over George Long's versions from the old Greek of Chaerona. Less than ten years ago Long translated thirteen of the Roman lives—T. Gracchus, C. Gracchus, C. Marius, Sulla, Sertorius, Lucullus, Pompeius, Caesar, Crassus, Cicero, Cato of Utica, Brutus, and Antonius—and published them under the title of "Civil Wars of Rome;" a very happy idea, for you will perceive that these thirteen lives cover the precise period of time, and probably contain all the main incidents of that great contest, which, commencing with the tongue in the forum, had its closing scenes on the fields of Pharsalia, Philippi, and Actium. The notes of Mr. Long are learned, and, unlike most notes, not only do not further obscure the subject, but actually illuminate it.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

GAVAZZI.

— We have listened to Gavazzi, and with the most decided interest. He is a strangely effective speaker. If not honest in his conversion from the Romish church,—which many charge,—he is certainly a consummate dissembler, a capital actor. We can hardly conceive, however, of his not being sincere; just as sincere as certain eminent individuals who have lately left the Protestant, and attached themselves to the Romish church. Leaving this matter, though, to Gavazzi and his God, let us briefly tell the reader what kind of an impression he has made upon us.

First, then, imagine a giant form, at least six feet in stockings, habited in the robes of a monk of our times. The face is strongly marked—eyes dark-brown, bright and piercing—hair also dark-brown, neatly parted on one side. Lines of care and thought are gathered about the mouth, yet the whole expression is at once elegant and impressive. Imagine, too, a voice of great depth, richly musical; action graceful, yet impressive. Sometimes you see that form extended to its utmost height, the arm uplifted, emphatic of the propounding of a truth; sometimes it is bent nearly double, the arms outstretched, with the palms of the hands turned outwards from the face, the whole action and expression speaking horror and loathing.

Then again you have an attitude of affection; a gathering of the whole man, about some deeply-loved object or principle; and then, there is a side-long pointing of the finger, accompanying a keen satirical thrust; or an air of complete *abandon*, as some droll conceit or witty sally is made. You have before you a perfect orator; and, we repeat, you cannot fail to be profoundly impressed.

There is a great contrast between Gavazzi and Bishop Hughes as speakers. The former is wild, tempestuous, smooth, rough, cold, hot; the latter is collected and calm, never given to passionate outbursts, and yet extremely engaging. In Gavazzi, you have a discharge of all kinds of ordnance from the smallest to the heaviest calibre. In Bishop Hughes, there is one steady continuous cannonading of heavy pieces. In Gavazzi you get earthquake, blue sky, thunder-gust, rainbow, wind, calm, in rapid succession: in Bishop Hughes you have, all the time, what sailors call a steady breeze. The one, it will be seen, is just the man to excite passion and reason by turns: the other, reason alone. Gavazzi makes the best reformer, Hughes the best keeper of things as they are; Gavazzi is the true come-outer, Hughes the true Jesuit.

ALBONI

— Is going home, after a short and, upon the whole, unprofitable visit. A finer *artiste* never visited our shores, but there were circumstances connected with her career here which prevented the uprising of a *furor*. We need not specify all these circumstances; but we may say that principal among them were poor assistants, a want of personal attractiveness on the part of the lady herself, and the extraordinarily high prices charged for admission to her concerts. The day of exorbitant prices has passed. They cannot be sustained for any period of time, even with the aid of the best talent which the world offers. Sontag and her *troupe* will find it difficult to procure a house at her old prices, particularly with the little sympathy which the press are beginning to have with her management.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE ILLUSTRATED

— The lectures of Mr. Burns at the Franklin Institute, on Thursday evening of last, and Monday of the present week, were attended by very intelligent and appreciating audiences, and we think the time spent there could not have been better or more agreeably employed. The design of these lectures appears to be, to offer to the world a novelty in the art of teaching; which consists in *illustrating language pictorially*. A number of primitive words and their derivatives are exhibited in connection with pictures, diagrams, &c., to show their meaning and impress it upon the mind through the medium of the eye. The origin and history of each word are explained, and some curious examples given of the manner in which words sometimes change their meaning. Some of the illustrations are of a very humorous character. We think there can be no doubt of the advantages of such a method of teaching, if it be *practicable* to carry it fully into operation. An intelligent gentleman, present on the first evening, observed that "this is not merely the best, but the *only* method of teaching a language *thoroughly*." We understand that Mr. B. has been engaged for more than ten years preparing these illustrations. He lectures again on Thursday of this and Monday of the next week.

CRAWFISH AGAIN.

— Our funny correspondent, "Kittie Krawfish,"—as he now chooses to call himself, in obedience to fashionable usage—writes us this week the following budget:

Manayunk Terrace, May 19th.

Messrs. Editors:—We have noticed an article in your paper concerning the fashion of young ladies, in our day, modifying the old-fashioned names. Now, we must say, that notwithstanding our antiquated notions of some things, we like to keep up to the fashion; and besides this, those old Hebrew names are

pretty well worn, and people don't so well know the meaning of them as they probably do of the modernized forms. For instance: *Sallie* is from the Latin *sal* and means *salty*, a very pretty name for a witty young lady. *Mollie* is also from the Latin and means *soft*; we will not be ungallant enough to say that such a name would suit many fashionable ladies of our enlightened age. *Jennie* is the name of a valuable domestic animal; and *Maggie* means a witch. We like these nice little names so much that we intend to modernize our own, and hereafter hope to be called and known by the euphonious title of

KITTIE KRAWFISH.

The Southern Papers say "there is great suffering throughout South Carolina, from drought." The Eastern States are also suffering in the same way, since the "Main Law" has been in operation.

O mare! As the Latin Scholar said when he was walking the beach at Cape May, with an interesting young lady.

The Commissioners of Southwark have got into a fever about a bill for plastering a market house. Perhaps a *White-Washing Committee* could help them out of the difficulty.

NEGRO SLAVERY.

—It is hoped that the philanthropy of the English aristocracy, and the genius of the Beecher Stowes will not be entirely exhausted upon the Uncle Tommys; for the investigations of naturalists have brought to light a species of slavery calculated to excite the horror of all abolitionists and anti-slavery associations. Let us have another book, and let it be called "Aunt Emmy's (emmet's) Novel." Surely the Negro Aunts are as much entitled to aristocratic and abolitionist sympathies as the Negro Uncles: and as we have British authority for what we assert of the horrors of this species of slavery, no one will presume to doubt it. In Brande's Dictionary, under 'Formica,' will be found the following authenticated account of the horrors of slavery and the slave trade among the "Ant Emmys."

"M. P. Huber states as a fact the startling circumstances of certain species of ants (*F. rufescens*, and *F. sanguinea*, Latr.) procuring slaves which they carry off in predatory excursions while in an infant state. These slaves are of a small black species, and when reared perform the offices which generally devolve upon the neuters or workers in other societies: besides which they have to feed their masters and carry them about the nest. Indeed, so totally dependant are their masters upon these indefatigable little slaves, that the term should rather be reversed; for it appears that these lords of the community may not venture forth from the nest but with permission of the negroes; and M. P. Huber proved by experiment, that they would die of star-

vation if not fed by these indispensable servants. There is likewise another species (the *F. cunicularia*, L.), which are forcibly carried off by the rufescent ants; but from their being more courageous than the negro species, the depredators are obliged to go with greater strength of numbers and more precaution."

Business and Pleasure.

—SANFORD, of the New Orleans Opera troupe, at Concert Hall, is building a new opera house, which will shortly be completed. His band continues to draw crowded audiences. Never have we had in Philadelphia an Ethiopian band which has been better patronized. Much of this success is owing to the excellent quality of the company itself as artists, while an immense deal must also be conceded to the able and liberal direction of Sanford himself.

—By the time this number reaches our subscribers, Perham's grand gift distribution will have commenced. It will be continued for several days. Meantime, the Panorama of California will continue to be exhibited at the Assembly Buildings. The distribution of gifts has been left to Mr. James H. Farrand, an excellent person. He will commence handing them out early on Thursday morning. We shall soon know who is to be the happy owner of the \$10,000 panorama; of the piano; the watches, &c.

—WISER's beautiful panorama of the "Creation, the Garden of Eden, and the Deluge" has been removed from Masonic to Musical Fund Hall, where it will be exhibited until the distribution of gifts takes place. In addition to the panorama, the exhibition will embrace the singing of Mr. Goodall and Mad. Julien, and the remarkable violin performance of Master Goodall—le petit Ole Bull. All this, it should be remembered, is given for twenty-five cents! A gift-ticket entitles the holder to two admissions, and a chance of one of the splendid articles in the window of J. E. Gould: a \$370 piano, or the magnificent panorama itself. Thousands of these tickets have been sold, and it may be expected that the distribution will shortly come off.

—COL. MAURICE will forgive the printer for making him, as he did in our last, William P. instead of William H. Maurice. Where a man is so well known as Col. M. such a mistake is rather a remarkable one. However, no matter; all will be the same in the next century. Errors have frequently occurred in our pages. They were of course unavoidable. French and Italian words suffer much at the hands of the compositor: thus, *schena* for *scena*, *atelier* for *atelier*. To return to Col. Maurice, he is now established in his new store, 123 Chestnut street.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1853.

THE HOFRAADINDE.*

A THRILLING TALE.

The stranger was searched, but there was nothing found upon him: his hands were tied together with his own handkerchief, and his arms closely pinioned by the servant, while the officer hurried away to the direction in which the carriage had driven off. He feared that it might have turned aside, and so escape him, but he was delighted to find it had stopped near the wall of a house. As he drew near he observed that the door of the carriage was standing open, and a few steps from it was the slender figure of a youth, carefully enveloped in a cloak, who advanced towards him.

"Is it you, my friend?" said the figure, in an anxious voice.

"All has gone well," whispered the officer, in reply.

The youth, seemingly relieved, extended his hand, as with the intention of leading him to the carriage; but as a light from one of the lamps gave him a view of his companion, the youth suddenly shrunk, altogether unable to utter a word.

"Fear nothing, young man," said the officer; "get into the carriage, we shall return to the city: your youth leads me to hope that you are innocent, but I must immediately know what you have to do with that villain."

"Oh, Heavens! I am lost," exclaimed he, wringing his hands; "would to God that the ball had pierced my heart!"

Meanwhile the servant, with his prisoner, joined them; the officer seated himself in the carriage along with him and the young man, while the servant got up behind; and in a short time they found themselves at the house in Kralowna Unice.

It was a fresh shock to the prisoner to find his case, with all its contents, in the hands of the officers of justice.

On finding that matters were in this state, and fearing a tumult from the crowd,—whom the news of the robbery had assembled together, and who seemed to expect some great discovery,—after a few moments' hesitation, he at length determined to lay every thing before the President. When this request was

conveyed to the President, he was engaged with his brother-in-law, and some other friends, but being curious to see the criminals, he gave orders to admit them. The supposed criminal was first led in; he entered the apartment with an assumed composure.

"Herr Linkowsky!" exclaimed the President, in a tone of astonishment, while the rest of the company looked at him with wonder and expectation. In a few moments after, his youthful companion was ushered in: he appeared scarcely able to support himself, from excess of agitation; he fixed his eyes on the ground, while he covered his face with both hands, and it was only by force that the officers of justice could remove them. A pair of beautiful eyes and a lovely countenance met the astonished gaze of the spectators.

"Julia! unhappy girl!" exclaimed the brother-in-law of the President, in a tone of terror, and clasping his hands together he sank insensible on his seat.

"Now, my friend," said the old gentleman the following morning, as he reached me a pipe, "may our sentiments blend like the smoke of our pipes."

"Have you spoken with your daughter?" said I, "and extended your parental forgiveness to her?"

"Forgive!" he replied; "you don't seem to understand how a man should guide his children. No, no, forgiveness must not so soon follow the commission of a fault. It would only lead to its repetition. Heavens! she is all that is left to me. I have lost my wife, my only son, and she, my only consolation, would leave her old father to throw herself into the arms of an unprincipled scoundrel. It is very grievous that one must share the love of one's only child with a villain!"

I had great difficulty in calming the old man. He depicted to me the felicity he enjoyed with his amiable wife, but added, that even while she lived the sun of his happiness began to be overcast. The whooping-cough had raged in Prague, and had proved fatal to a great many children; anxiety for the life of his boy induced him to send him to his brother, on his estate near the Polish frontier; the boy was received and watched over with a father's care, but the angel of destruction was not to be cheated of his prey. In a few weeks the child died, his brother brought him the melancholy tidings, and deeply sympathised in a father's affliction. He bore this stroke with Christian resignation. It seemed as if Providence designed to repair this loss, by giving them the promise of another; but his wife survived her confinement but a few hours, and all that now remained to him was his daughter, that daughter who would have deserted him. "I had her instructed," continued the old man, "in every accomplish-

ment; no expense was spared on her education; heaven had given her a charming voice. I gave her a master, and she soon made wonderful progress. She then entreated that I would allow her to learn Italian, as she said it was the only language, combined with music, which would touch the heart."

"But how," said I, "could you admit such a character into your house, and by whom was he introduced to you?"

"He had been here several months before I knew it," he replied: "one of our bankers was acquainted with him at Leipsic, and he it was who brought him to me. He gave himself out as the son of a Florentine, who, for some crime against the state, was obliged to leave Europe. This stranger was highly accomplished, was an excellent linguist, and also a finished musician; so that his society was much courted, and in short, no party was thought complete unless Buonaventura made one of it. I could not deny my daughter's request; and Buonaventura assured me that, before a year had passed, she would speak Italian as if she were born on the banks of the Arno; but this stranger never pleased me; there was a shyness of manner, a look that could not openly meet yours. Meanwhile my daughter certainly did great credit to her master, and any one who ventured to breathe a word against the Italian was sure to incur her displeasure. It happened that one evening when a party of young ladies were assembled, they commenced the game of Who is the most beautiful of Libussa's daughters? and each begun to describe her in rhyme. Buonaventura called the goddess of his idolatry Julia, and in every line it was evident that the portrait of my daughter was meant. Some one told her of it, and it seemed to bewitch her, and she soon became deeply attached to him. Soon after this, I one day surprised her embroidering a purse for him: alarmed at this, I instantly forbid him the house—Julia promised to think no more of him; and to convince me of it, she gave me all the letters she had received from him. About three months after this, some debts which he had incurred forced him to leave Prague; I was delighted at this, as I thought that absence would entirely extinguish the flame. Fool that I was! it was as vivid as ever. They corresponded, and then arrived this rascal Linkowsky, who prevailed upon her to elope with him in boy's apparel. Read that!" he exclaimed, as he took a letter from his desk; "it is short, but full of deep passion."

"Linkowsky," it began, "is the only human being, except yourself, on whom my heart relies—trust to him as love's protecting angel; he will bring you to me; it is only by such a step that the gates of happiness can be opened to us." Linkowsky had known in

B—— a friend of the old gentleman, and through him he obtained an introduction to the house, where he was received with the greatest hospitality. The old gentleman was charmed with his agreeable manners, which rendered him at all times a welcome guest, and his daughter lost no opportunity of instructing him how to win the favor of her father; above all, she counselled him to avoid showing a partiality for any thing military, as her father could not endure them. In consequence of which he instantly laid aside his moustachois, and spoke of the military with great dislike.

"There is a widow in B——," said the old man, "whom Linkowsky assured my daughter would afford her protection for the present, and from whom she would always experience the tenderness of a parent."

"Can you describe the widow to me?" said I.

"I found a letter in my daughter's chamber," he replied, "but without signature; and the only thing that I could discover regarding her was, that she lived in K—— street."

"In K—— street!" exclaimed I, in amazement, "and a widow!"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "and my daughter tells me that her husband was a counsellor, and that Linkowsky is nearly related to her, and resided with her the last time he was in B——."

"Her husband a counsellor, and she a widow?" said I, in still greater amazement.

"So it appears," replied my friend; "but Julia assuredly does not know her name; but, however, I shall ask her again." He desired his daughter to be called; she entered pale and dejected: grief had so changed her, that had I met her anywhere but in her father's house, I would not have recognised her; she bent down and kissed her father's hand.

"Julia," said he, "I ask you once more if you really do not know the name of the counsellor whose widow invited you to B——?" She earnestly assured him that she really did not.

"You would perhaps remember it if you heard it," said I, while I named the strangled counsellor. Julia looked as if she had heard the name before.

"Good Heavens!" said the old gentleman, "that is my old friend, the same who introduced the rascal who would have carried off my daughter."

"Merciful powers!" I exclaimed, "he has introduced his own murderer to you. Your friend is no more; the grave covers him—and it was this widow who robbed him of life." The old gentleman was speechless from astonishment, while Julia walked to the window in agitation and doubt whether she

ought to give credit to so horrible a disclosure.

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "how appearances deceive one! for even without letters from the counsellor, I would have given up my whole heart to him. I know not what powerful feeling attracted me towards him, but I could have confided to him the most private of my affairs; and I found a singular pleasure in looking on his manly and expressive countenance. Go to your chamber, Julia," he continued, "and thank heaven for having saved you from the hands of such a monster." She threw a distrustful look towards me, which grieved me much, and then quitted the apartment. Scarcely had she left us when the President entered; my friend informed him of the information I had just given him.

"I do not doubt it," he replied. "Last night I received letters from B—, which caused me to observe the criminal narrowly: he shows a determination of mind which, with my long experience, I have never seen equalled. Nothing will induce him to utter a syllable: he resolutely refuses to allow a morsel of food to pass his lips, and it is my opinion that he means to starve himself to death, to escape the hands of justice."

"Have you searched his papers?" said I, "that will surely bring something to light."

"They are still unopened," he replied, "but I shall have them examined this evening."

"May I request," said I to the President, "that you will allow me to glance at these papers?" He paused for a moment, and then replied:

"Let it be so then; but you must come to my chamber, as I cannot allow them to go out of my hands." We entered the carriage and drove to the President's. The first thing that we saw was the handkerchief, with my initials. I asked how it came there.

"It belongs to the prisoner," he answered; "it was that, with which his hands were bound the night he was taken, but I promise him he shall soon have fetters of a different kind to keep him fast."

"He must," said I, "have taken it away the morning he contrived to slip the forged bank-note into my pocket; but I shall retain it as a remembrance of these extraordinary events." I then related to him my reasons for attaching so much importance to it, and he immediately acquiesced in my wish to retain it. The trunk of the criminal was now opened, and amongst his clothes were found a great many papers in Italian, French, and German. Every thing was arranged with the utmost care. I can scarcely describe the eagerness with which I glanced over those papers; but the contents were of greater moment than I had even anticipated.

Before proceeding further I shall unfold the plan of the runaways. Leipsic was the place where they had appointed to meet. Buonaventura had intrusted Julia to the care of his friend, as his greatest worldly treasure. The deepest solicitude and anxiety seemed to guide his pen. The further I read, the more the traces of crime appeared to diminish, and I felt my sympathy powerfully excited, but though not criminal, yet still he did not appear to be totally free from error: his peace of mind was evidently lost, and fate had precipitated him into an abyss of sorrow, through the means of a villain, who bound him to himself with chains of iron.

My opinion regarding these two men underwent a change which a few hours previous I little dreamt of. I gave the papers to the President, at the same time entreating, for Heaven's sake, to keep them from his brother-in-law, and then hastened home. The old gentleman had gone out, and I took advantage of his absence to soften the displeasure of his daughter towards me. I could not but remark that my presence was anything but agreeable to her, though she endeavored to overcome her dislike. I expressed my regret that my presence should be so distasteful to her, but added, that she should reflect that had it not been for me, she would have fallen into the hands of an unprincipled villain; that I had not only endeavored to soften the displeasure of her father, but that having read over the papers of Linkowsky, I was now ready to do all in my power to promote her wishes; that Buonaventura was far from being the criminal that I had imagined, and that the only thing against him was his connexion with Linkowsky: that it was my most anxious desire to give her every consolation in my power, but that she must shew no distrust of me, but meet me with the fullest confidence. She listened attentively while I spoke, then raising her dark eyes to my face, gazed fixedly on me, as if reflecting if I were acting sincerely by her. She then seized my hand, and vehemently pressing it, implored me to tell her if I indeed spoke truth. After a short time, I happily succeeded in convincing her of my sincerity. She entreated me to pardon her distrust of me, and then, in the most engaging manner possible, related how she and Buonaventura had become attached.

Little conversation passed this day at table, and I could not but feel melancholy, when I looked at the benevolent countenance of the old man, and thought how soon it would be darkened by sorrow. After dinner, I went to Leidsdorf, to bid him farewell, and requested he would make my apologies to Henneberg; and in a few hours I was on my journey to Leipsic. I was still some miles from the termination of my journey, and could with difficulty distinguish the towers of Leipsic in

the distance—when, upon a little rising ground to the left, I saw two men standing, one of whom pointed towards me with a stick; as they approached, I perceived that one was a shepherd, the other a stranger, who looked earnestly at the carriage through a glass. I instantly conjectured that this must be Buonaventura, and my conjecture proved right. He approached the carriage, into which he looked with great anxiety, as if in search of some one, but not finding the object of his inquiry, he suddenly crushed his hands together, as if stung by disappointment, but still remained standing by the carriage.

"Perhaps," said I, "you expect some travellers from Prague!"

"I do, sir," he replied; "perhaps you have encountered them?"

"They are detained," I replied, "in a little village some miles from this, by an accident to their carriage. They cannot reach Leipsic before to-morrow, at mid-day, and they entreat me to take their friend, who would probably come to a considerable distance to meet them, back to town with me.

The Italian turned round and looked towards the sun.

"It will be some hours before it is dark," he replied, "so I shall continue my way, and hope to reach my friends before midnight. What," he continued, "is the name of the village?"

"That I must not tell you," said I, "as the youngest of your friends entreated me to keep it from you."

"Did he indeed?" he rejoined. "Oh, she is so kind, so considerate; with your permission, then," he added, "I shall accept of your kind offer,"—and with these words he stepped into the carriage.

"The young friend," said I, "to whom you seem so tenderly devoted, appears to be a very amiable girl?"

"A girl!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes," I answered, "I once saw her picture on the lid of a box." He looked alarmed. "It is a shame," I continued, "that she should travel with such a companion: she appears like an angel of light by the side of a demon of darkness. How can you entrust so precious a gem to a David Linkowsky!"

"Sir, he is a man of honour," he replied, "a man whose friendship I am proud to possess; but how do you know—I cannot imagine—"

"Friendship!" interrupted I, "'tis easy to conceive what kind of friendship that must be which had its origin in a house where a midnight murder was committed, and an intimacy commenced during the flight in consequence of it."

"Heavenly powers!" exclaimed my companion—"who are you? your words make me shudder."

"'Tis no wonder that you tremble," said I, "to have such a friend! but be calm, it is not yet the hour for spectres—your conscience may be quiet for the clock has not yet tolled one, and you see I am alone."

The Italian became pale as death, and starting from his seat would have sprung from the carriage.

"Be composed, Buonaventura," said I, "and thank God for having saved you from the fangs of a demon, and torn asunder the disgraceful bonds in which he held you. Linkowsky has fallen into the hands of justice, and it is doubtful whether he is yet alive. Julia is not on her way to hasten to your arms, but she is in her father's house: but I, who bring you this disappointment, am also love's messenger, and should the inquiries which I must make prove satisfactory, I shall return with you to Prague, and hope to unite two hearts which have suffered so deeply for their errors." Buonaventura listened to me in speechless astonishment, and overwhelmed with shame and confusion, he covered his face with his hands and wept. After various questions, I at length asked if he was present at the Counsellor's murder? He solemnly swore, that at the time it happened he knew nothing of it, but that after the event he suspected it, but never had the courage to ask the murderer anything concerning it.

"Then hope the best," said I, "and to-morrow we shall return to Prague." We spent most of the night together, and if I gained on Buonaventura's confidence, he rose rapidly in my estimation. The more I saw of him, the more deeply did I deplore that a mind so noble should have been tarnished by the seduction of the world. I asked my companion if he knew the Hofraadinde; he assured me he had never spoken to her, but that he had frequently met her in company, when Linkowsky always paid her the most marked attentions.

We returned to Prague. I stopped at the place where I had formerly lodged, and desiring my companion not to quit the house for the present, I bent my steps towards my old friend's dwelling. I found him seated at the tea-table; Julia was pouring out his coffee, and it gratified me much to observe that confidence seemed again restored between them. Julia appeared to greet me with pleasure, and she trembled a little as she handed me my cup. Linkowsky, they informed me, was still alive, but death hovered over him; he continued to refuse all sustenance, lay immovable upon his bed, and no one could force a word from him.

After some time I led the conversation to Buonaventura, and I could easily perceive how much the old gentleman was surprised at the different style in which I now talked of him. It was in vain that I tried to moderate

his indignation against him; but from the benevolence and mildness of his disposition, I did not lose hope of accomplishing this at some future period.

About eight days after his imprisonment Linkowsky died, and though his last struggles were violent in the extreme, he did not allow one exclamation to escape him. Determined to accomplish my purpose, I never ceased speaking in favor of the Italian, until I softened in some degree, the displeasure of the old gentleman. The president gave a splendid entertainment, at which Julia was to appear in her brilliancy and beauty. Buonaventura could not deny himself the gratification of stealing a glance at Julia as she stepped from the carriage. I could not join the party at the president's, having engaged myself at Henneberg's. The entertainment passed off with great eclat, and although there was scarcely a countenance there that was not a lovely one, still Julia was acknowledged by all, to be queen of the night. The company continued their amusement with great spirit till a late hour, when the elder part of it began to retire, leaving the young people to continue their enjoyments; but Julia's father had promised to remain to the last.

The president now hastily called a servant to attend one of the guests who was departing, and in his haste to obey this summons, the domestic carelessly set a lamp on a table in the cabinet of the president! A lustre hung above it, over which was thrown a gauze covering; this instantly caught fire, and a dense smoke quickly filled the apartments, while flames began to burst forth; the company, seized with affright, ran against each other and rushed towards the staircase.

While the president was at the other end of the house, and found it impossible to force his way through the crowd, his brother-in-law recollecting that he had some valuable papers in a closet adjoining his cabinet, hurried to the spot, and seizing a box gave it in charge to a servant, with orders to carry it home immediately and place it in his chamber.—Meanwhile the fire was happily extinguished, and the old gentleman hastened home with Julia; but the fright he had undergone would not permit him to sleep, and after tossing in bed for some time, he impatiently arose, and his eyes happening to fall upon the box which he had sent from the president's, and thinking that it might possibly contain Linkowsky's papers, which his brother-in-law had not yet shown him, he could not resist the desire of opening it. His supposition was correct. After glancing over several, he took from amongst them a letter addressed to a lady whose name was not unknown to him or to the reader, and in which he imparted to her some remarkable circumstances. The old man was standing while he read—suddenly his hand trembled—

his countenance became pale as death, and he fell insensible to the ground. David Linkowsky was his own son.

David Linkowsky was, indeed, the son of my old friend. The boy had not been long with his uncle, when one evening a band of robbers attacked the house, to which they set fire, and along with the plunder, carried off the child to Poland, with the intention of selling him as a serf to some nobleman. His uncle believing that the boy had been murdered, and fearing the reproaches of his brother, he told him that his son had died of the very hooping-cough which they had so much dreaded. An Illyrian who was in the Venetian service, saw the boy, took a fancy to him, and bought him: he treated him with the greatest kindness, educated him, and taught him drawing, the only thing for which he shewed a decided partiality. But when he grew up, he repaid his benefactor's kindness with the blackest ingratitude, deserted him in a dangerous illness, went to Venice, and from that, travelled through the greatest part of Italy.

His engaging appearance and manners gained him admittance into many families, but under the most polished exterior he concealed a depraved and vicious heart. His powers of fascination won many an amiable heart, but pure feelings found no corresponding ones in his bosom, and the most devoted affection had no influence over him. He wandered over the Alps, and in the south of France he became acquainted with Cæsar Buonaventura; without a guide and with no object in view, this unhappy young man wandered through the world. The turbulent and seditious spirit of his father had occasioned his banishment from Florence, and he left his son in a very desolate situation. With no one to love him, he clung to Linkowsky with all the confiding feelings of his nature: however, he was not long in discovering something of the evil spirit, to whose guidance he had given himself up; yet he did not possess energy sufficient to free himself from the bonds, in which the more powerful mind of Linkowsky held him prisoner, and with reluctance he allowed himself to be dragged by him into the haunts of vice. A passion more powerful, and of longer continuance than usual, now took possession of Linkowsky's mind.

A woman whose grace and beauty were universally acknowledged, had at length touched his heart, and he gave her more of his confidence than he had ever before done to any human being. Linkowsky and his mistress had appointed a meeting, and Buonaventura promised to watch in the anti-chamber, to prevent their being surprised: but he witnessed a scene that night, which destroyed his peace, and had nearly deprived him of his senses. This house is branded in the history of human crime, as the scene of the horrible

murder of Fauldes, and Linkowsky's mistress was that very Madame Manson, whose beauty and fascination had so powerful an influence upon her judges. It was from her that he had received the watch and brooch, which were found in his possession; and it was to her that the letter was addressed, in which he imparted to her all his youthful feelings and recollections, even from the days of his childhood. He depicted to her the burning of his uncle's property, and the wild plunderers who had carried him off; he also related to her, in the most interesting manner, how his father, whom he never could recollect under any other circumstance, had taken him one evening to see a windmill which had taken fire, and who said to him, whilst pointing to its blazing arms—

"Look, my child, it is thus that the chastising angel stretches forth his arm to punish wicked men and children who will not obey their parents."

It was this circumstance which revealed to the old gentleman that Linkowsky was his son. While Buonaventura was concealed in this chamber, Bankal, the landlord of the house, and his accomplices, entered, and locking the doors they proceeded to execute their bloody purpose; but on discovering Buonaventura, they instantly seized him, and terrified that he would betray them, they determined to make him an accomplice in their crime. They forced him into an adjoining closet, where the horrible deed was committed, and compelled him to hold the vessel in which they shed the blood of their unhappy victim, and from that time the miserable Buonaventura shuddered even to look upon the hands which had been thus polluted, and whenever the clock struck one he trembled, and involuntarily clasped them together.

Bankal and his companions having completed the bloody purpose, hastened to carry the body to the river, and Buonaventura and Linkowsky seized the opportunity of their absence to escape from the house. They immediately took to flight and were soon a considerable way from the scene of crime.

They fixed on Basil as their place of residence, where Linkowsky gave instructions in drawing, and Buonaventura taught Italian; but with all Linkowsky's powers of persuasion, he could not prevail on his companion to remain long with him—Buonaventura went first to Leipsic, and from that to Prague, while Linkowsky took his departure for B—, where, from want of money, he was forced to dispose of his brooch and watch to a jeweller. While at B—, he happened one evening to meet the counsellor's lady at a party, and during the games of the evening, he was desired to kiss the hand of the lady in company whom he thought he could love with most truth and fidelity: he chose the Hofraa-

dinde, and this compliment gained him her favour; he accompanied her home, was received by her husband with great hospitality, and was soon upon the most intimate footing in the house. But notwithstanding this, his visits were not frequent, and he never went to the house when the counsellor was from home. He soon obtained an extraordinary influence over the Hofraadinde, they often met elsewhere, as Linkowsky always felt unpleasant at the counsellor's, perhaps from the sight of his watch and brooch, which the latter had bought from the jeweller to whom he had sold it, as a present to his nephew, whose promotion he shortly expected.

About a week before Linkowsky strangled the counsellor, Buonaventura arrived in B—, Linkowsky soon saw how deep his attachment was to Julia, and he was delighted to learn from him that her father was a man of fortune.

He fervently entreated him not to lose hope, and suggested several plans by which he might accomplish his wishes, and gave him every assurance of his unchanged regard and interest in him, and he concluded by saying—

"Be composed, my friend, I shall go myself and bring your Julia, when once you are married the old gentleman must forgive you; and were my beloved but separated from the counsellor, then we would all go to some delightful valley in Switzerland, and enjoy our happiness unseen by all the world."

A lover's heart could not withstand any thing that held out hope to him, and throwing himself into the arms of his friend, he gave himself up to his guidance; but while he beguiled the credulous Buonaventura with a picture of future fecility, the murderous plan was already formed in his breast; every thing was arranged, and he determined that the 12th of August should secure to his mistress the possession of her fortune. In the morning the counsellor wrote the letter he requested, to his old friend in Prague, and by night he lay murdered in his bed.

The President was not a little alarmed, when, on the morning after the fire, he missed the box with Linkowsky's papers, and learnt who had taken them; he hastened to his brother-in-law's, found him stretched upon his bed, and the box with the papers lying open on the table; he hurried towards the bed, and in the deepest anxiety seized his hand: he found him almost speechless, but the physician whom he summoned gave him hope of his recovery. Julia and Buonaventura never quitted his couch; in a few days he sat amongst us again: he was pale and depressed, it is true, but perfectly resigned to the stroke of fate.

Some weeks after this I quitted Prague, leaving Julia and Buonaventura a betrothed pair. I carried away the handkerchief to

B—, and carefully preserve it. I found Mastor restored to health, his fortune was secured to him; whether or not the Hofraadiade had participated in the murder of her husband. I could never learn; it rests with her conscience.

PITY 'TIS TRUE.

There is something melancholy in the contemplation of decaying nature—to see the old oak sapless, dying, withering away, while around and about it roses bloom, and tendrils twine. To witness in the autumn the falling leaf, to see the yellow tint on many a floating waiflet of the forest, and know that they are the emblems of life the portraiture of man and his destiny.

Life, human life, to see it gradually sink, to behold the once blooming cheek pale and marked with the finger of age, to witness the bright eye fade, and become lustreless; that eye which was wont to flash with joy, and anger, that eye which rested on all that was beautiful in nature, delighting in the blossoms of the fields, and the gaieties of life, now sinking away from view, and tracing through its shadowy lattices, the dark, and gloomy things of the world: age in ruins, age in the obscure corner of the world, in its cold and cheerless degree—age shut out from the ease and elegancies of life—removed from the associations and adventitious aids of wealth; age in its sear and yellow leaf, helpless, homeless, houseless, presents a sight to the reflecting mind at once fearful, and sad. In the marbled palace, soothed, petted, and fed, tottering age finds relief in the grandeur, its courts. There the weak and palsied limbs, recline on rich stuffs, and soft cushions; it can fall back into its first infancy of care and attention; again does he become a child, and all his wants anticipated, and provided for. But alas! how different is age in poverty. We may imagine that it glides on, as old age seems, calmly, and quietly; for in poverty old age, is incipient insanity, beyond which it seldom goes; it pauses on the verge of that dark gulf, and lingers on in trouble, in care, in suffering, and silly mutterings. There is due to old age not only respect but a debt, which relatives are not always prepared to pay. Old age commands all who have christian hearts, sympathy, and help. If mankind as a body, in their legislations neglect to provide for the poor suffering aged, they are neither christians nor statesmen. And yet has not our government neglected, and cheated the soldiers of our revolution out of their just rights and dues? Did it reward them for all their sufferings, and the inevitable blessing—the cause for which they fought—brought us? Did the paltry eight dollars a month soothe, and make

happy the latter days of the old grey headed veteran of '76? Have we not seen them begging a morsel of bread?—have we not seen the old soldier who followed the immortal Washington through all his battles—*sawing wood in our public streets** to provide food for himself and aged partner? have we not seen the old soldier, when his strength failed him at last, go from door to door, begging bread to keep himself and wife out of the alms house. Ask the old merchants along Market street, if Adam Hepple, was not a pauper on their bounty for years, and while asking that question, couple it with another—would eight dollars a month, pay the expense of this or any other old soldier living, without some addition, and that addition was to be made either by labor, or begging? Nearly all of our revolutionary soldiers are gone now, those that are living, are too old to labor, hence they must beg. What a commentary upon our country. Thousands of dollars have been squandered away upon vagrant foreigners, millions, for the display of national pride, and political power, but not a dollar, added to the humble pittance of the soldier of the Revolution!

Age in poverty is a melancholy picture; equally startling to sense and feeling is the one wherein is seen the old soldier, the pioneer of our country's glory, eating the bread of charity, while our country mocks him with a paltry gift of two dollars per week! These reflections are caused, not by mere thought of the sad fact existing in our midst, but from witnessing within a few weeks its stern reality. We have seen misery, poverty and wretchedness in all forms; we have seen little children huddled together on a coverless bed, while the winter wind was whistling around their rickety dwelling; we have seen age, palsied age, weeping bitter tears beside the sick bed of youth, and from the dim and imperfect orb of vision looked out the broken spirit, on desolation and starvation! Misery, wretchedness and squalid poverty exists in all populous cities, and amid the heterogeneous mass of human misery old age moves on in its suffering, its ruin, and wreck, until death steps in and closes up the remnant of its sufferings in the everlasting tomb of forgetfulness.

On the step of one rich and miserly, sat a shivering object of the worlds charity, beside her stood a basket, over which an old newspaper was thrown, beneath were morsels of bread, and broken meat. The recipient of man's bounty, was old, very old, her head leaned against the iron railing of that rich man's house. The poor, feeble creature, was asleep, age had wrinkled up a once beauteous face, yet there was the outline of a symmetrical formation of features; and although pover-

ty, and suffering had left their seal upon her, the observer could see upon the calm face, a sort of indistinct light which came up as it were from the deep and hidden caverns of the human heart: it was the light of resignation. She was old, very old, feeble, very feeble, tired nature had sought the marble steps as a fitting place for rest. And so it was: for in that old stately mansion this poor ragged creature was born—it was the home of her ancestors, the home of her youth, the spot of all others most beloved; she sought it in rags—she who was wont to stand upon those marble steps and welcome the young and gay, when she was like them, now slept in age and poverty, on the lower step. She had married young—met losses, had children, poverty came, misery, and death—all passed away, and left her in the world, childless—portionless—and—but the door opens, a rich and pompous man appears—he shuns the beggar—he knows her not—he cares not—she falls from the step—her basket is upset, her little store is scattered on the pavement. She rises, gazes around—beholds her nephew stalk away—and she, his aunt, wanders on to her wretched home, to dream, and find upon awakening, that life is but a fearful reality.

SINGULAR CHURCH TROUBLES IN ALBANY IN 1680.

The third volume of the Documentary History of New York, recently published by the state, contains an amusing account of some church disputes that occurred in the village of Albany in its early days. Matters of church and state were then mixed up in a way that does not suit the opinions of us moderns. Accordingly, the first entry upon the subject is the record of an "Extraordinary Court held at Albany 11 March 1679-80," and is as follows:

"The Court met at the request of Domine Gideon Schaets, accompanied by the Worshipful Consistory, who complains that Myndert Fredericksee Smidt came to his house and told him, the Domine, never to presume to speak to any of his children on religious matters; and that he the Domine went sneaking through all the houses like the Devil; adding our Domine (meaning Domine Bernardus, Minister of the Lutheran Congregation) does not do so.

"Dom: Schaets further complains that Myndert Fredericksee's wife greivously abused and calumniated him behind his back at Gabriel Thompson's house, as an old Rogue, Sneak, &c., and that if she had him by the pate, she should drag his grey hairs out of it; which the Domine offered to prove by witnesses."

Whereupon Myndert Fredericksee and wife are sent for to Court and Dom: Schaet's

"accusation is read to Myndert, who denies it all, declaring that he had not given the Domine an ill word."

Pietertie, wife of Myndert Fredericksee, denies having abused Domine Schaets as a Rogue and Sneak: but that the Domine hath abused her Religion as a Devilish Religion.

"Hend Rooseboon sworn, says that he was at Gabriel Thompson's last Monday when Pietertie, Myndert Fredericksee's wife entered, and wishing to go away was called back by Gabriel and conversing on the subject of Dom: Schaets and her daughter, she said—What business hath Dom: Schaets to question mine daughter? To this Gabriel said—Why should he not do so? The Domine does well to question people. Whereupon Pietertie said, Dom: Schaets, the old rogue and sneak; had she been by, she should have caught him by the grey pate—adding he ought to look to his daughter * * * * * and take care of her—To which Gabriel replied, Why say that and scold the Domine so? who answered him—You dog, you protect * * * * * and knaves."

After some further evidence the Court postponed the matter, recommending the parties to be reconciled. The next sitting was at

"Albany 12 March 1679-80.

Myndt. Fredericksee and his wife appear before their Worship of the Court, requesting that they may be reconciled in love and friendship with Dom. Schaets, which, being immediately done

"Dom: Schaets appearing before their Worship is asked—if he were willing to be reconciled with the aforesaid persons? who answers, yes, on condition that they both acknowledge him an honorable man, and that they know nought of him except what is honest and virtuous (always excepting the Dispute out of which this case arose, namely, Universal Grace—being no political question) also the Sheriff's claim.

Whereupon Myndert aforesaid, and his wife acknowledge the Domine in open court to be an honest man and that they know nought of him except all honour and virtue and are willing to bear all the costs hereof, also to settle with the Sheriff.

"N. B. It is settled by And. Fetter and—for 6 Beavers and 6 cases of wine."

The most reasonable Sheriff's bill ever known.

This amicable conclusion did not end all Domine Schaet's troubles in Albany. His daughter, above referred to, had had some difficulty with her husband in New York, and had left him to return to her father's residence in Albany. Thereupon the good women of Albany felt called upon to talk a good deal of scandal concerning her. Then some of the Domine's congregation refused to partake of the communion unless his daughter absented

herself therefrom. Her father, for peace's sake, abjured her to do so for the present. Further difficulties followed and another "Extraordinary court" was held on the First of April 1681 to settle them.

The Bode summoned the Domine twice to appear before their Worships, to which the Domine twice replied that he would not come. At a third visit the Domine was not at home but the Bode received a tart reply from his daughter. A fourth visit of the Bode had no better result; and thereupon the constable was sent with a special warrant to bring the Domine forthwith.

The constable could not find him: he "then asked his daughter Anneke Schaets, where her father was? She answered—'know you not what Cain said? Is he his brothers' keeper? Am I my father's keeper.'"

The Domine finally appeared in court, the difficulties between himself and his Consistory "were arranged in love and friendship in presence of the court aforesaid; Dom. Schaets admitting he was under a misconception."

Then follows a memorandum setting forth that the Domine's daughter, Aneke, was sent back to her husband Thomas Davidsee in New York. The authorities of New York sent her immediately back with her husband to arrange their difficulties in Albany; and at another "Extraordinary court held in Albany" 29th day of July A. Dom. 1681," the following paper was filed by the husband and wife.

"Thomas Davidtse promises to conduct himself well and honorably towards his wife Anneke Schaets: to love and never to neglect her and properly to maintain and support her with her children according to his means, hereby making null and void all questions that have occurred and transpired between them both, never to repeat them but are entirely reconciled; and for better assurance of his real intention and good resolution to observe the same, he requests that two good men be named to observe his conduct at N. York towards his said wife: being entirely disposed and inclined to live honorably and well with her, as a christian man ought: subjecting himself willingly to the rule and censure of the said men. On the other hand his wife Anneke Schaets promises also to conduct herself quietly and well and to accompany him to N. York with her children and property here, not leaving him any more, but to serve and help him, and with him to share the sweets and the sour, as becomes a christian spouse: Requesting that all differences which had ever existed between them both may be hereby quashed and brought no more to light or cast up, as she on her side is heartily disposed to."

Their Worships of the court recommended parties on both sides to observe strictly their reconciliation now made, and the gentlemen

at N. York were to be informed that the matter was so far arranged.

Bizarre among the New Books.

POEMS.—BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

—Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston, have issued these poems in a volume sympathetic in size, types, paper, and binding with "Thalatta," published by them a few weeks since, and duly noticed by us.

We are disposed to regard the author with more than ordinary favor. He is an original; abounds in much fresh thought, but more exuberant fancy. There is a very odd arrangement of idea, odd even for poetry, which is always expected to be somewhat eccentric. Mr. Smith is not so much a poet of thought, of philosophy, as of imagination. The subjects he touches upon are fairly covered up with sensuous images and fantastic combinations. He courts the beautiful—oftentimes, too, the sublime—weaves the most gorgeous images together, and is, altogether, calculated to charm the fancy.

The principal poem is a "Life Drama," and appears to be a kind of picture of a poet's—perhaps the poet's—life. As another has said, we have in this effort "the struggle of strong will against circumstance,—the consequent mental exacerbation,—the influence of beauty on poetic predisposition,—the disappointment of too hastily cherished hopes,—the ruthless destruction of certain sentimental ideals,—the temptations of female sympathy, the too ready lapse,—the reproaches of conscience,—the susceptibilities of repentance,—the return to duty,—and the triumph of love." There is, at times, a profanity which greatly mars the work, but without which the author would hardly have been up to the standard of modern poetic genius. We give his opening:—

"As a wild maiden, with love-drinking eyes,
Sees in sweet dreams a beaming youth of Glory,
And wakes to weep, and over after sighs
For that bright vision till her hair is hoary;
Ev'n so, alas! is my life's passion story.
For Poesy my blood runs red and fleet,
As Moses' serpent the Egyptians' swallow'd,
One passion eats the rest.

I am fain

To feed upon the beauty of the moon!

[Opens the casement.

Sorrowful moon! seeming so drowned in woe,
A queen, whom some grand battle-day has left
Unkingdom'd and a widow, while the stars,
Thy handmaidens, are standing back in awe,
Gazing in silence on thy mighty grief!
All men have loved thee for thy beauty, moon!

Adam has turned from Eve's fair face to thine,
And drank thy beauty with his serene eyes.

How tenderly the moon doth fill the night!
Not like the passion that doth fill my soul;
It burns within me like an Indian sun.
A star is trembling on the horizon's verge,
That star shall grow and broaden on the night,
Until it hangs divine and beautiful
In the proud zenith—

Might I so broaden on the skies of fame!
O Fame! Fame! next grandest word to God!
I seek the look of Fame! Poor fool—so tries
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx,
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes."

The poet is sleeping in an Italian forest, where a lady finds him, and falls desperately in love with him. He wakes and loves in return, but tells his love in a poem, the hero of which is situated exactly like himself. The heroine is of course charmed to ecstasy, but nevertheless is doomed to wed an old man, because of his wealth. The poet is almost crazy. Time, and the meeting of another lady-love, cures him, however.

Mr. Smith is a great hand for sun-set describing. Take the following very original varieties on the subject:—

"The sun is dying like a cloven king
In his own blood; the while the distant moon,
Like a pale prophetess, whom he has wronged,
Leans eager forward, with most hungry eyes,
Watching him bleed to death, and, as he faints,
She brightens and dilates; revenge complete,
She walks in lonely triumph through the night."

"The sun was down,
And all the west was paved with sullen fire.
I cried, 'Behold! the barren beach of hell
At ebb of tide.' The ghost of one bright hour
Comes from its grave and stands before me now.
'Twas at the close of a long summer day,
As we were sitting on yon grassy slope,
The sunset hung before us like a dream
That shakes a demon in his fiery lair;
The clouds were standing round the setting sun
Like gaping caves, fantastic pinnacles,
Citadels throbbing in their own fierce light,
Tall spires that came and went like spires of flame,
Cliffs quivering with fire-snow, and peaks
Of piled gorgeousness, and rocks of fire
A-tilt and poised, bare beaches, crimson seas,
All these were huddled in that dreadful west,
All shook and trembled in unsteady light,
And from the centre blazed the angry sun,
Stern as the unblinded eye of God a-glare
O'er evening city with its boom of sin.
I do remember as we journeyed home,
(That dreadful sunset burnt into our brains,
With what a soothing came the naked moon.
She, like a swimmer who has found his ground,
Came rippling up a silver strand of cloud,
And plunged from the other side into the night."

"Sunset is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day. This very hour

Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms
To chase the flying Sun, whose flight has left
Footprints of glory in the clouded west:
Swift is she baled by winged swimming steeds,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot wheels.
Soft in her lap lies drowsy-lidded Sleep,
Brainful of dreams, as summer hive with bees;
And round her in the pale and spectral light
Flock bats and grisly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying sun goes down the burning west,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.
Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes."

Mr. Smith indulges in some very striking, very expressive, and very natural designations of well-known objects. Thus he talks, in the above extract, about "drowsy-lidded sleep," "passion-panting seas," "frantic rain," and "remorseful winds," all of which the reader has often encountered.

The present work gives fine promise of a bright future for the author. He possesses a wealth of poetic thought, the richest cabinet of tropes and figures imaginable, a perfect California of words. We close with two extracts which, we think, sufficiently sustain the opinion we have expressed.

TO ———.

"The broken moon lay in the autumn sky,
And I lay at thy feet;
You bent above me; in the silence I
Could hear my wild heart beat.

I spoke; my soul was full of trembling fears
At what my words would bring:
You raised your face, your eyes were full of tears,
As the sweet eyes of Spring.

You kissed me then, I worshipped at thy feet
Upon the shadowy sod.
Oh, fool, I loved thee! loved thee, lovely cheat!
Better than Fame or God.

My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss:
What then to me were groans,
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss,
I seemed to walk on thrones.

And you were with me 'mong the rushing wheels,
'Mid Trade's tumultuous jars;
And where to awe-struck wilds the Night reveals
Her hollow gulfs of stars.

Before your window, as before a shrine,
I've knelt 'mong dew-soaked flowers,
While distant music-bells, with voices fine,
Measured the midnight hours.

There came a fearful moment: I was pale,
You wept, and never spoke,
But clung around me as the woodbine frill
Clings, pleading, round an oak.

Upon my wrong I steadied up my soul,
And flung thee from myself;
I spurned thy love as 'twere a rich man's dole,—
It was my only wealth.

I spurned thee! I, who loved thee, could have died,
That hoped to call thee 'wife,'
And bear thee, gently smiling at my side,
Through all the shocks of life!

Too late, thy fatal beauty and thy tears,
Thy vows, thy passionate breath;
I'll meet thee not in life, nor in the spheres
Made visible by Death."

SONNET.

"Beauty still walketh on the earth and air,
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the *Iliad's* music was out-rolled;
The roses of the Spring are ever fair,
'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old.
So, if we are at all divinely souled,
This beauty will unloose our bonds of care.
Th' pleasant, when blue skies are o'er us bending
Within old starry-gated Poesy,
To meet a soul set to no worldly tune,
Like thine, sweet Friend! Oh, dearer this to me
Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music with a golden ending."

CYRILLA, A TALE.

—Is the title of a new fiction from the pen of the author of "The Initials," which has been republished by D. Appleton & Co. It contains too many bad lessons in domestic morals for us to recommend it; though it will be eagerly sought after by all those who have a taste for such a style of literature,—of whom, by the way, there are too many in every community, for a healthy state of society.

HINTS ON THE DAGUERRETYPE.

—Mr. Hart, of our city, has just published a volume of some 224 pages,—got up in exceedingly neat style, and embellished quite liberally,—the object of which seems to be to give directions for obtaining photographic pictures by the Calotype and Energatype; also upon albumenized paper and glass. It includes, moreover, a practical treatise on photography, and a supplement containing the heliochrome process; and, besides, gives many practical hints touching the whole process of Daguerreotyping, including the latest improvements in fixing, coloring, and engraving pictures, with a description of the apparatus. There are hundreds of daguerreotypists in our country who will want this work, while it must have an extensive sale among scientific men generally.

MAVE DE BERNIERE

—Is the title of a new book, just published

by Lippincott, Gramto & Co., of our city. It contains three very interesting stories by Simms,—the principal of which gives the volume its name—and will be sought after with avidity, especially at this romance-reading season. Mr. Simms has written many good stories, and some poor ones. He is justly considered, however, an honor to our literature, and has enough admirers to give a remunerating sale to any book, the title-page of which bears his name.

THE MAGAZINES.

—"The Illustrated Magazine of Art," "Godey," "Graham," "Harper," and "Putnam," for June, are all on our table. For the first, we are indebted to Mr. J. W. Moore, the sole agent in Philadelphia, while the four last were sent to us by the respective publishers. The magazine literature of our country never occupied a higher stand than it does at present. Graham and Godey are entitled to much credit for setting the ball in motion, while to the Harpers and Putnam must be conceded full measures of honor, in urging it onward. Harper, for this month, has a multitude of interesting articles, among which are sketches of "Life in Paris," with illustrations from designs by Gavarni; a continuation of Mr. Abbott's romance of Napoleon; "Gray's Elegy," each stanza charmingly illustrated, the designs being those of a neat volume some years since published in London; besides, "Ancient Peru," a paper which also is beautifully illustrated. Putnam we have not had time to examine particularly, but it has a very taking look. The "Illustrated Magazine of Art" has greatly improved since its commencement, and promises, we hear, to attain a wide popularity.

THE NEW ORLEANS SKETCH BOOK.

—Mr. Hart, of our city, has just published a little book with this title, which forms another volume of the "Library of Humorous American Works." It is from the pen of Dr. G. M. Wharton, lately connected with the New Orleans *Delta*, and a very pleasant painter of every day scenes. The illustrations—capital of course—are by Darley. The author furnishes a preface which is sufficiently modest. He says his inclination has been "more to feel pulses, than to press the grey-goose quill," that he has during his connexion with the *Delta*, however, "managed to throw physic to the dogs, and to live by the plume of that foolish bird alone;" he acknowledges that he writes a good deal of nonsense, but that some of his friends have condescended to think it amusing enough to be reissued in book-form; Well, these friends are not such bad advisers after all, as the reader will acknowledge we opine, after he reads the few extracts which we give.

The following is from a description of the

New Orleans Dutch Gardens, a place of public resort for the Germans.

"Five cents is paid by each male partner for the privilege of one waltz, which occupies nearly ten minutes: the *frauen* paying nothing, heaven bless them! Often, as many as twenty couples are whirling around at one time. Strangers, and mere spectators, crowd outside of the balustrade, gazing listlessly upon the waltzers. The Germans proper, not engaged in the dance, are seated upon the diminutive benches under the trees, gargling gutturals and beer. The good Almans are not the slimmest people in the world, that is a fact; but their large broad faces only furnish the more canvass for incomparable pictures of amiability—if it is a little too sleepy-looking. They are the quietest, happiest folks in the world. How indifferent to observation they are! You can go up and inspect them closely—incapable of impertinence themselves, they never suspect you of it. It is a tribe of human beings remarkably free of tattlers, gossips and satirists, and very slightly influenced by malicious motives. Meaning no more offence than when we apply the term "Bull" to an Englishman—they are the Dray-horses of mankind. It is they who do the hard work and heavy pulling in the mines of learning, as well as in physical fields. They have the patience, slow industry, enduring strength, and harmless temper of that noble animal—which of course, when it *dees* kick up, plays the devil.

"There is less association of improper ideas in a beer drinker embrace than in anybody else's. Thus, you see the vrow, in the waltz, actually reposing on the breast of her partner, one hand over his shoulder, clasping the other over his waist, while his arms are hugging her as closely; but you don't see the least harm. We noticed several pairs whose cheeks, in addition, rested against each other. This we thought to condemn, until, on clearer observation, we discovered that Mynheer was certainly asleep and Fraulien would have been so too, for her eyes were also shut, but that the India-rubber she was chewing occasionally aroused her on the verge of strangulation; meantime, they were waltzing instinctively, and in perfect keeping with the music—*tira li la, tira li la, la, la!*

The "Lost Child" is in another but by no means less clever vein,

"We first heard the drum in Mysterious street. What it meant, we did not ascertain. Perhaps some military company parading its new uniform in the sun. It is a sound common enough in New Orleans, however.

In History street, we heard the drum again, several days after.

A plainly clad old man, who wore a shabby white hat, and had a pair of cracked spectacles astride of his nose, was beating it. He

would beat a brief roll, then three or four quick taps, and cry—

"Lost child! Lost child!"

Men were generally away, in their offices, or upon the levee, attending to business. But women, their toddling offspring, and servants, would appear at the windows of the houses, or come to the doors, or step out on the verandas. A few would linger awhile, listening to what the old man might say, not asking any questions. The rest, little interested, would soon retire, or disappear. Their children were at home, or at school, well, and beautiful!

"Lost child!" cried the old man, tapping his drum with one hand and adjusting his spectacles with the other, as he turned the corner. "A very pretty boy. Eleven years old. Deaf and dumb. Sharp, bright black eyes; and spells with his fingers. Italian. Wandered away from Good Children street, two weeks since. Mother, a poor, lone widow. An only child, and lost! Lost child! Lost child!"

* * * * *

"In Great Men street, we last met with the old drummer. One month had elapsed. Nevertheless, he continued his kind search, the woman in mourning, her features paler than ever, following at a short distance.

"Not found the little boy yet?" pausing, we asked.

"Alas, no, sir," answered the old man. "I have been seeking for him over the city for a month. People told me, it was no use. But he was a very pretty boy. Eleven years old. Deaf and dumb. And harder to find than other boys of course. He spelled with his fingers, but Italian words—he was an Italian, sir,—except oranges, olives and figs, which I taught him. He had sharp, bright black eyes. His mother is a poor lone widow, living in Good Children street. But all this fortnight she has been following me. There she is, sir. *She* is his mother.

The woman in mourning—the mother—drew nearer, piercing us with her dark eyes; tearless eyes, shining with the lustre of the despairing love of a woman, for the imperfectly endowed, but therefore doubly endeared, offspring of her womb, wandering so long, and, perchance, still wandering, bewildered, speechless, and with unheeding ears, away from the warm enfoldings of her arms.

"We have concluded to search for him no more, after to-day," said the old drummer. "Dear Giuseppe! He must have been run over, or drowned, having only his fingers to call for help, though it was a pleasant sight to see him spelling with them. If you should chance to hear of a stray boy anywhere, will you please inform me or my wife, at the fruit store on Good Children street, where we are neighbors to Giuseppe's mother?"

Neighbors, in truth and in deed.
We promised.

* * * * *

"He was moved into this ward last night, sir, as being less crowded. He was brought into the hospital, half-starved and with a burning fever, three weeks ago. He has never spoken a word. He is a pretty little boy, about eleven years of age. It seems to be a hopeless case, sir," said the nurse, yesterday, as we paid our usual morning visit to the ward in the Charity Hospital, which the kindness of the surgeon-in-chief has assigned to our care.

We approached the bedside. The sharp, bright black eyes lighting up the pinched and wasted features, and the continued peculiar motions of his fingers, confirmed our suspicion. In seasons past, we had studied the digital alphabet of the deaf and dumb. We framed his name—Giuseppe?

"Si, si—yes, yes!" the blanched, wan hand of the boy made quick reply. "Ho male a un lato—I have such a pain in my side."

We felt the pulse of the lad. It was a feeble thread, vibrating irregularly. He breathed with difficulty. He was sinking rapidly.

"A chi pensa Ella—whom are you thinking of, Giuseppe?"

"La mia madre—my mother!"

We complied with our promise, sending word to the fruiterer on Good Children street, that the lost Giuseppe was found.

In a few minutes the child's mother came. At length tears began to flow, and exclaiming, "Mio figlio—O la piete, la piete!—My son—O the pity, the pity!" she pressed him to her breast.

The fruiterer and his wife came also, bringing a basket filled with the child's favorite fruits.

"Quanta gente—how many people!" said the poor boy, looking happy, but moving his fingers more and more languidly.

We touched his wrist again. The breath of life, whose gentle vibrations stir the small vessel beneath the physician's slight pressure, was fast lulling into the calm of—death; and the tiny strokes of the pulse had ceased.

Giuseppe glanced from his mother towards us. "Il medico," he said, slowly—"quanto e buono—How good you are."

"Abbiamo tutti da morire—there is a time appointed unto us all, to die," we said.

Then, in his beautiful language, whether of words or signs, he bravely replied, with a sentiment worthy of one much older—often stopping in his mechanical weariness, but looking manfully resigned out of his sharp, bright black eyes when he stopped, "Ora poiche Dio mi ha fatto tanto grazia, io morro contento—I shall be content to die"—and he

clasped his weeping mother's hand—"since God has granted me so much grace."

A moment after, returning his parent's kiss, he spelled upon his fingers the word, "Addio," at once fall of human affection and expressive of reliance upon Deity; and as he framed the last letter, expired.

"A Touching Story" has an account of the admirable manner in which Miss Martineau was hoaxed by Colonel Grimes, a distinguished lawyer of New Orleans, and winds up with the following capital anecdote:—

"An acquaintance of ours, who shall be nameless, an elegant gentleman, and as susceptible as he was a chivalrous admirer of the sex,—the other day, was comfortably lounging in his office, and looking out upon Camp street, when his attention was attracted by the splendid dress, superb carriage, and superlative loveliness of a lady passing down the street, on whom his regards at once became riveted. Instantly he satisfied himself that she was a belle,—the daughter or wife of some one of our wealthiest citizens,—"the glass of fashion, and the mould of form." Never did Eastern devotee gaze with more ardent adoration upon the shrine of his divinity, than did our friend upon the attractive vision—all beauty compassed in a female form,—passing by the window of his office.

But, see, she hesitates in her promenade—she pauses—she turns into a quiet and retired alley! What can be her object, going thus where no lady was ever seen to go before? Heavens! can so magnificent a creature be engaged in an intrigue? No, it is some divine mission of charity which diverts her steps from the ordinary thoroughfare. Yet, it cannot be,—for why does she look around so suspiciously? *Mon Dieu!* who is the happy man she seeks! For—observe—she raises her hand, withdrawing it from her bosom! Our friend leans from out of the window—yes, it is the signal! How his heart beats with the excitement of a mingled curiosity and envy! Is she not producing a *billet-doux*? To be sure, to be sure?

Ha! What? Oh, countrymen! what a fall was there! It is not a signal she is making—it is not a love epistle she is producing! She has drawn from her bosom—where it rose and fell, "like a light barge, safe-moored,"—a bottle! SHE STEPPED ASIDE TO TAKE A DRINK!

Our Weekly Gossip.

—The New York papers announce the death of J. H. L. McCracken Esq., a gentleman at one time of no little prominence in the literary circles of New York. Mr. McC. died on the coast of Africa whither he had gone for his

health. His mind was a very eccentric, but at the same time a very strong one. He leaves a widow and two children.

— "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox," edited by Lord John Russell, and just published in London by Bentley: contains the following story connected with Pitt's first speech, in which Fox bears a part:—

"Mr. Pitt's first speech, brilliant and wonderful as it was, was scarcely more remarkable than the warmth and generosity with which Mr. Fox greeted the appearance and extolled the performance of his future rival. Incapable of jealousy, and delighted at the sudden display of talents nearly equal to his own, he hurried up to the young member to compliment and encourage him. As he was doing so, an old member of the House (I think a General Grant) passed by them and said, 'Aye, Mr. Fox, you are praising young Pitt for his speech. You may well do so: for, excepting yourself, there's no man in the House can make such another: and, old as I am, I expect and hope to hear you battling it within these walls as I have done your fathers before you.' Mr. Fox, disconcerted at the awkward turn of the compliment, was silent and looked foolish: but young Pitt, with great delicacy, readiness, and felicity of expression, answered, 'I have no doubt, General, you would like to attain the age of Methusalem.'"

We learn also by this work, that when Fox was a young man he paid a visit to Voltaire in company with Uvedale Price. Price gives his recollections of the visit in the form of a letter to Mr. Rogers, from which we extract the following:—

"My stay at Geneva was short. I was then travelling with Charles Fox, who wrote to Voltaire to beg he would allow us to come. He very civilly answered, the name of Fox was sufficient, though he received hardly any visitors, et que nous venions pour l'enterrer. He did not ask us to dine with him, but conversed a short time, walking backwards and forwards in his garden, gave us some chocolate, and dismissed us. I am sorry to give you so meagre an account, but all I can recollect of his conversation, and that a mere nothing, is that, after giving us a list of some of his works, which he thought might open our minds and free them from any religious prejudices, he said, 'voilà des livres dont il faut se munir.'"

— "Thalatta," the beautiful volume of seaside poetry, lately published by Ticknor Reed and Fields, of Boston, is it seems a collection made by Revs. S. H. Longfellow and T. W. Higginson, and not by Mr. Fields, as we suspected.

— A correspondent enquires of us the origin

of the word "honeymoon," that seems, in some form or other, to have crept into all the modern languages. We have to reply that the word "honeymoon" is traceable to a Teutonic origin. Among the Teutones was a favorite drink called metheglin. It was made of mead of honey, and was much like the mead of European countries. The same beverage was also in use among the Saxons, but flavored with mulberries. These honeyed drinks were used more specially at marriage festivals, which were kept up among the nobility one lunar month; the festive board being well supplied with metheglin. "Honah Moon," signified the moon or moonath of the marriage festival. Alaric the Goth, celebrated by Southey's poem, died on his wedding-night, from a too free indulgence in the honeyed drink.

— Some few years ago we remember seeing in the windows of the print-shops, a number of prints of human figures, formed by the strangest materials, as diamonds, hoops, bladders, battle-doors, chains, culinary utensils &c. The idea, however, was not new—the same things may be seen in Giovanni Bracelli's *Bizarrerie di varie figure*, 8 vo.—Paris, 1624.

— A drawing of the head of Charles I., preserved in the library of St. John's College, Oxford, is wholly composed of minutely written characters, which at a distance, resemble the lines of engraving. The lines of the head and ruff contain the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer.

— John Bunyan's Bible, bound in moreocco, and which had been his companion during his twelve years unjustifiable confinement in Bedford jail, where he wrote his "*Pilgrim's Progress*," was purchased at the sale of the library of the Rev. S. Palmer, of Hackney, England, some years ago for £21 by Samuel Whithead, esquire. This Bible and the *Book of Martyrs*, are said to have constituted the whole library of Bunyan during his imprisonment.

— A mushroom poet of Paisley, Scotland, had got up what he calls, "The Philosopher's Stone of Buomeas Figures," the worth of which may be judged from the following trumpet-blowing:—

Base Practice here is fairly routed,
Reduction it is likewise scouted,
And poor Interest's standing quaking,
While its bowels out are taking.

— We learn by a report of a meeting of the subscribers to the Moore Testimonial, lately held in Dublin, under the presidency of the Earl of Charlemont, that £1,315 had been subscribed,—out of which £1,161 has been paid up, and an expenditure of £138 incurred. The testimonial is to take the shape of a statue on a pedestal; the figure to be of bronze, and executed from the marble portrait taken

of the poet by Mr. Charles Moore. It is to be placed in an open space fronting what was the Old Parliament House of Ireland, and close to Trinity College, where Moore received his education.

—CLARKE MILLS's new project is to make a group, consisting of the buffalo and wild horses, and two Indians, the whole representing the capture of a buffalo, and exhibiting the Indian hunters, their horses and their game, all in a condition of excited action.

—It is stated in the *New York Home Journal*, that the Editor of the *Lady's Book*, has recently purchased a fine property in the neighborhood of our city, whereon he intends to erect a handsome country residence. No man deserves elegant *otium* [more than our pleasant friend of the *Lady's Book*, and we hope he will get it.

—It is stated that when Ole Bull appeared, a few days ago, in Peoria, Illinois, some of the people were astonished to see him so young looking: as they innocently supposed "Ole" to be, not a part of his name, but an affectionate and familiar spelling of the adjective *old*. The *old* fellow was in town a few days since.

—The following books, received since our last number, will be noticed hereafter. From Harper and Brothers, of New York, Coleridge's works," vol. v., "Lamartine's Restoration of Monarchy in France," vol. IV., "Adventures in Boston," by Jacob Abbott (Marco Paul). From G. P. Putnam & Co., "Rural Essays," by Downing: "Babylon and Ninevah," by Layard: "Echoes of a Belle;" "Behind the Curtain;" "Hand-Book for Americans in Europe." From M. W. Dodd, of New York, "The Old and the New;" "The Young Lady's Guide." From Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia, "The Race for Riches."

—MR. J. E. GOULD, No. 164 Chestnut street, has sent us the following new music:—"Llewelyn's Bride," arranged for the guitar by F. Wieland; "Gentle Moon," composed by Bellini: the original of "Katy Darling;" "The Bagatelle Schottisch," composed and arranged for the piano by Franklin L. Harris.

—Madame Pfeiffer, the bold and intrepid traveller, whose books have been read with so much pleasure, when last heard from was in Sumatra. She thus describes a tete-a-tete, she had with some cannibal Batacks of that country:—

"Since 1835, when the Batacks killed and devoured two missionaries, the appearance of Europeans among these people had become a rare phenomenon:—hence, the news of my visit spread through the country like wildfire. On approaching a *uta* I found the whole male population, armed with spears, swords, and

parangs, assembled at the entrance, and myself soon surrounded by a crowd looking savage and horrible beyond all description. The men were tall and strong,—but frightfully ugly, with tremendous mouths, and the upper jaws not only protruding, but in many cases furnished with teeth protruding like tusks. Some had their hair long, others short, when it would stand off the head like bristles; and they had covered their heads either with a dirty cotton cloth, or with neat straw caps resembling square baskets,—many, however, having only a coloured rag or straw ribbon tied round them. Their ears were all perforated,—the hole being large enough to admit one or two segars, which they kept there as in a case. They were decently dressed; a *sarong* covering the lower part of the body and the legs as far down as the calves, and another (*sarong*) the upper part. But their cries were horrible; and they made the most frightful gesticulations, indicating that they would not allow me to proceed,—such as, putting the hand to the throat to make me think of my own, or gnawing the flesh of their arms as a hint that they would eat me. I had, however, seen too many similar scenes to be frightened,—and soon succeeded in smoothing their temper by gentle words and a quiet, confiding conduct. My language made them laugh: they offered to shake hands with me,—and ere long I sat among them, protected by the most sacred laws of hospitality. A trifle is sufficient to enrage savage people, and a trifle will make them friends again. This I always kept in view."

Editors' Sans-Souci.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE ILLUSTRATED.

—The lectures of Mr. Burns continue to increase in interest. The illustrations of "the Greek element," on Monday night were very numerous and some of them very happy. If languages can be taught in this way; if everything in education is to be turned to sport and fun; we cannot see why it required so much "rattan and ferula" to impress Latin and Greek idioms and inflections upon our memory. We have a *feeling* remembrance of our efforts in the "accidence;" and do not think it at all fair that the youngsters of our time should get for nothing what cost us so many drubbings. Mr. B. repudiates the "whipping in" process of learning altogether; and makes the play *inside* of the school room, instead of out of it. But,, seriously, this manner of illustrating primitive and radical words is certainly a great improvement in teaching, and if it were generally adopted would enable young persons to get a much

more thorough knowledge of our language than they usually get, at the same time that they are learning the ground-work of other languages. In other departments of science we go to the root of the matter, and teach the elements at the beginning; and we can see no good reason why languages should not be taught in the same way; especially when it appears that it may be done by so pleasing a process. The materials which enter into our language, form the substance out of which many other languages are made; and as a thorough knowledge of these materials is essential to the proper understanding of our own language; and as moreover, the peculiarities of our language are better understood by comparison with the idioms of other languages; it certainly is philosophical to present them in such a form as will enable the learner to get the substance of them all, and so understand the character of each by showing what is like, and what is unlike, in the languages of different nations. As a matter of recreation we think these illustrations of words as pleasant as anything to which a person of taste can turn his attention.

A GOOD DINNER.

— A friend looked unusually smiling the other afternoon. We inquired the cause. "I have had a superb dinner," said he. "Where did you dine?" quoth we. "At the United States Hotel," quoth he; "it is now under the direction of Captain Charles H. Miller, your old Florentine friend." And so it is. Of course it is admirably kept, and will continue to be so, as long as Capt. M. has the helm; for he has large experience as a public caterer, and enjoys, moreover, a most happy disposition; one, indeed, that is calculated to make all about him happy. The United States has been thoroughly renovated for the Captain, and presents a most refreshingly tidy interior and exterior. Our dinner-made-happy friend handed us a bill of fare, issued by the Captain. It begins with black-fish, baked, with Genoese sauce, and ends with omelette soufflé, blanc mange, ice-cream, strawberries and cream, and café Noir! Then for wines—such a variety! However, for claret we can be appeased with Haut-Brion; while for sparkling wines. Sharzburg, Fleur de Bouzy, and Cliquot will do.

BARNACLES.

— How BIZARRE should have fallen on barnacles, let the reader marvel for himself! They have fastened to our ship's bottom, and for a few moments must impede our course. The truth is, we have fallen on a prose work written five hundred years ago: "*Voiage and Travaile* of Sir John Maundeville," an extract from which is curious for showing how far imagination even then could travel. The specific name of barnacles is *anatifera*, or

goose-bearing—their feathery appearance having suggested this idea—and, will it be believed, they were originally thought the product of the Bernacle goose! But behold sufficient warrant for giving credit to a tale, not less marvellous, of *young lambs* being produced by a fruit-bearing tree. The passage from Maundeville is worth quoting, as an instructive example of the strange things to which men have assented, even in a department of science which ought to be based on correct information:

"In pasynge be the Lond of Cathaye toward the highe Ynde, and toward Bacharye, men passen be a Kyngdom that men clepen Caldilhe: that is, a fulle fair contree. And there growethe a manner of Fruyt, as thoughte it weren Gowrdes; and whan thei ben ripe, men kутten hem a to, and men synden with-inne, a lytelle Best, in Flessche, in Bon and Blode, as though it were a lytyle Lomb, with outen wolle. And men eten both the Fruyt, and the Best: and that is a gret Marveylle. Of that Fruyt I have eten: all thoughte it were wondirfulle: but that I knowe wel, that God is marvellous in his werkes. And natheless I tolde hem, that is amonges: and that was of the Bernakes. For I tolde hem, that in our contree weren Trees, that beren a Fruyt, that becomen Briddes fleeynge: and tho that fallen in the water, lyven; and thei that fallen on the Erthe, dyen anon: and the ben right gode to Mannes mete. And here of had thei gret marvaylle, that sume of him trowed, it was an impossible thing to be."

KITTIE KRAWFISH AGAIN.

— The Germans are very fond of beer. The lower classes indulge to excess in *lager-beer*, but the more refined people prefer *Mayer-beer*.

The flesh, gristle, and sinews of Napoleon the Great, have long since mouldered to dust; but Napoleon the little seems determined to make a little capital out of the *Bony-part*.

There's three days' grace, but no mercy, as the man said when he could not raise the wind to pay his note.

Six thousand dollars have been already raised for the "Uncle Tom testimonial." The money, no doubt, will be safely *stowed away*. Would it not be well for the English sympathizers to procure a *bronze* statue of the fair authoress?

ANOTHER PENNY COLLECTION. — Captain Penny will leave England in the Lady Franklin sailing vessel, accompanied by the Sophia, to form a colony on the shores of Cumberland, where the Equimaux have reported there is an abundance of plumbago and copper, with other minerals. Mrs. Penny goes out with her husband, and it is their intention to have a permanent residence in the Arctic regions. Could not the Stowes be prevailed upon to go along, and form another anti-slavery society?

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1853.

THE INNKEEPER AND THE SKULL.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

"Shall I tell you a story about the Inn-keeper and the Skull?" said the old Captain. "By all means," replied we—lighting our fourth cigar.

"Very well," quoth our companion "I once sailed from London in the ship *Lion*, as a common sailor. She was bound for India. On her deck just before starting were several groups—merchants' clerks bustling about to deliver packets of letters—the Captain conversing apart with two or three of his employers—commercial acquaintances exchanging cent-per-cent adieus—passengers arranging their baggage—and eight or ten sailors, under the superintendence of the mate, standing ready to hoist anchor, when the command should be given.

In the "aft" part of the ship, stood a fair young man, of the middle size, an elderly lady, dressed in widow's weeds, and two remarkably handsome girls. The widow reclining against a mast, seemed overwhelmed with sorrow; and every now and then, with a mother's importunity, she reiterated her injunctions on her son, to write often, and take care of his health.

The young man, Charles Endicott, had taken each sister by the hand, and was endeavoring, in a playful way, though a tear stood in his bright blue eye, to beguile them of their grief. "What's the use, girls," said he, "of making such a fuss—you know I have always plagued you to death. I should think you'd rejoice to be rid of me. However, I—I—shall soon return as rich as *Cresus*—and—and then, my pretty Bess," giving his younger sister an affectionate kiss, "you shall come and be house-keeper for your old-bachelor brother." Here the summons of the bell interrupted the conference; and those who were not passengers began to leave the vessel. Charles threw himself into his mother's arms and wept out a farewell; embraced each sister; saw them all leave the ship in the boat and reach the landing place; waved his handkerchief to them till their beloved forms vanished in the distance; and then reclining over the taffarel, gave himself up to melancholy reflections, tinged with a slight glow of anticipated happiness.

Mrs. E. was the widow of a once opulent London merchant. Her husband had been an influential member of the East India Company, but frequent losses affected his spirits so much, that he fell into a lingering disorder, and after an illness of a few months died. Mr. and Mrs. E. had three children, of whom Charles was the oldest, and only son. On this account, as well as on account of his being remarkably lively and intelligent, both his parents were doatingly fond of him. Charles' father had been anxious that his son should follow the same business in which he was engaged himself; and, to attain this object, had always gratified Charles' childish passion for stories with such as related to the Indies. But, at his father's death-bed, C. had pledged himself, for the sake of his mother and sisters, to recover, if he could, certain moneys of which his parent had been unjustly defrauded, in those fruitful regions.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. E. retired with a small annuity, to a neat cottage which she owned in the northwest part of England. Here, under the tuition of the village master, Charles became a proficient in various branches of learning. Possessed of a handsome person, a noble and ingenuous disposition, a discriminating mind, and the most dauntless courage, he became the delight of the whole village. No one ever engaged in more daring exploits than Charles; his laugh was the gladdest one ever heard, and his stories were told with an air of naivete and humor, that irresistibly relaxed the muscles of the most grave.

The years of manhood soon arrived, and Charles, amidst the laments of the whole village, prepared for a residence of some years in the East Indies.

For many years Mrs. Endicott received remittances of money and presents from her son. His letters uniformly contained accounts of his good health, and increasing prosperity. At length a letter was received, in which Charles stated, that, having settled all his father's affairs, and enriched himself to equal his reasonable expectations, having reduced his wealth to as compact a form as possible, he was about to return to his native country; and that as a good opportunity offered, he was going overland to the Mediterranean, and thence, by water, home. Once more did the mother hear from the son, and then years and years rolled away, and no tidings of him came. Inquiry was made for him in almost every port of the Mediterranean, and in various places along the coast of England; but all in vain. At one time it was stated that an Englishman, apparently from the Indies, and answering in many respects to the description given of Mr. E. had landed at Dover, from France; but owing to the multitude of travellers who disembarked daily and almost

education, &c. But every candid and intelligent person must acknowledge that morality, at least, is not making such progress in our large cities as might be desired. In Philadelphia, we are wont to view with pride, and speak with exultation of the growth and magnificence of our beautiful and pleasant city. But when we look beneath the surface, we see that vice, in its ugliest forms, "is festering all within," and that rampant disorder, outrage, and crime, are only held in check by a powerful and expensive police force, which has but

"Scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close and be herself again."

We do not say that things are worse in our city than in others; perhaps they are not so bad; but with all our prejudices in favor of our native city, we must acknowledge that things are not as they should be. Rectitude and integrity do not receive the encouragement they deserve, nor do vice and crime meet such retribution and rebuke as they should find in our community: and it is not the part of wisdom to cover up the moral disease which, like a cankerous sore, is gnawing at our vitals.

"It will but skin and flim the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, ruining all within,
Infects unseen."

Nor should we find excuse for those disorders which so frequently "render night hideous," and put in jeopardy the lives and property of citizens. It is time that the patriotism of our honest citizens should be aroused, that they may look the danger full in the face. For all these things there is a remedy; but our moralists and philanthropists do not appear to have found it. It is our purpose to point out the remedy. The evils are great; the benefits which would flow from correcting them are incalculable: and it must not be supposed that these evils can be cured, nor the consequent benefits gained without a great effort. Not only a great and merited effort must be made by all who love our pleasant home, but it must be a well-directed effort. The means must be adapted to the end desired. We have in our city a number of institutions designed to promote morality and good order, and a number of active persons are busily engaged in what are regarded as great *moral reforms*. We do not hesitate to say, that the very men most active in these movements are the stumbling-blocks in the way of any real improvement. It will perhaps be said that these are persons of worth, and examples of morality and integrity; that they are actuated by worthy motives, and are energetic in their endeavors to do good. If all this be conceded, Philadelphia may well exclaim, "Save me from my friends." When Cæsar's virtues were lauded, and held up as a reason why his

movements should not be opposed, a noble Roman exclaimed, "Curse on his virtues—they've destroyed his country." If active agitators keep the attention of the people directed to efforts which will never cure the growing evils of our cities, and amuse them with matters with which they have little or no concern, they will be prevented from looking for efficient means to check the flood of vice and disorder which threatens to inundate our country.

Let us look at some of the great reforms of our day. We will begin with the "temperance movement." For a quarter of a century we have been told that the "temperance reform" would cure all our moral evils. Temperance associations, conventions, speeches, songs, parades and pledges, have all this time been doing wonders. Is the evil cured? Has it been abated? There are over three thousand places in Philadelphia where liquors are sold. More than three thousand persons, many of them supporting families, make their living, and some make fortunes, in this business. We believe that retailing liquors is—in a pecuniary point of view—the most certainly profitable business a man can enter into. Every candid person must acknowledge that "the temperance movement" has been a signal failure. But do the active agents in this great reform acknowledge that they have been mistaken: that the means made use of were not proportioned to the end? Do they acknowledge that they have not acted wisely, and that "moral suasion" did not accomplish the reform they so confidently predicted? Not at all. They now assert, with as much confidence as before, that *prohibitory laws* will do every thing; and we do not hesitate to assert, with as much confidence, that *their efforts*, in the next quarter of a century, will accomplish just about as much as they have done in the last. Let us look at the probability of getting prohibitory laws passed in Pennsylvania. Suppose that the average number of patrons to each liquor shop may be twenty. This will make sixty thousand, most of whom are voters, let any one compare this number with the popular vote of our city and county, and he may form his own estimate of the probability of getting a prohibitory law sanctioned by the people. A rum-seller's vote, or a rum-drinker's vote, counts as much in the ballot-box as that of the most ardent advocate of the temperance cause: and we do not think that any shrewd politician, in our city or country, would like to rest his hopes of election upon his advocacy of such a measure. Candidates for the legislature are made in liquor shops—and in effect they are elected there, too—and the advocacy of a "prohibitory liquor law" would be the poorest capital a candidate for a nomination could start upon.

If it were practicable to get a prohibitory law passed, it would be found objectionable and inefficient. In our country no law which has not an honest public opinion to support it, will ever accomplish a great reform; and in our country public opinion will not sanction the entire prohibition of the sale of liquors. We believe that laws might be enacted to restrict the *retailing* of liquors, which would greatly mitigate the evil of tipping; but we must not depend upon such laws to eradicate the giant evils which threaten the destruction of our noble republic. The greatest result which "the temperance movement" has accomplished, has been to create a "spurious public opinion" in its favor; men affect to look upon indulgence of this kind with horror, who do not hesitate to indulge themselves when an excuse can be found for it. The mass of the community look upon the "temperance reform" as one of the "humbugs" of the day; and as all regard it as an innocent one, most persons give their voice in its favor; but when it is brought into a political contest, its weakness is soon evident.

Most of our reformers look upon intemperance as the root of the evils which flow from it. This, also, is a mistake. Intemperance is a *result*; and, in most cases, of indolence and unoccupied leisure. Persons, usually, become intemperate because they get into the habit of spending their leisure time in places where liquors are sold.

We do not intend to write long articles, and therefore will leave the discussion of this matter for the present. It is our intention to point out the *real* sources of the evils which afflict society so grievously, and then to show the remedy.

Bizarre among the New Books.

THE SLAVE TRADE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

This is the title of a 12 mo. of 426 pages, from the pen of Henry C. Carey, and published by A. Hart. For one to declare that he entirely concides in opinion with the author of a volume of such magnitude and importance, as the one under consideration, would be equivalent to a supposition that a work was perfect in all its postulates and indisputable in all its corollaries. And even if a book possessed such faultless qualities, it might require an immaculate critic to perceive them, and to appreciate them. Then, as neither the one or the other may be rationally supposed to exist, it could answer no good purpose for us to assert that we endorse all the doctrines promulgated in Mr. Carey's system of political economy.

But if we cannot approve everything in the volume before us, yet we may safely say that it contains many truths of such high import, and deductions of such indisputable value, as to merit the hearty commendations of the American press. It is undeniably one of the most thoroughly American productions which has ever fallen under our notice; and if it should not be subjected to the most furious assaults that foreign reviewers are capable of inflicting, we shall be mistaken in our calculations; for Mr. Carey has undoubtedly proved that there exists a condition of slavery, under the British government, in India, in Ireland, and in England itself, more degrading, more horrible, and more hopeless, than that of the African in this country,—which latter seems to be at this moment exciting such a superabundance of holy sympathy, in the breasts of *passé* duchesses of doubtful character and exhausted *roués* in Exeter Hall.

If any one should suppose, from merely seeing the title of Mr. Carey's book, that it is a production calculated to encourage the insane efforts of the fanatical abolitionists, it would be doing great injustice to the author. It is of quite a different character, and is replete with valuable lessons throughout the whole range of political economy. The array of facts adduced relating to the agriculture, manufactures and commerce of the different nations, would alone be sufficient to stamp the volume with the hearty approval of enlightened legislators and statesmen. In some respects it might serve as a manual for many of the members of our federal legislature; and if so used, it is not to be doubted that numbers of their constituents would be disposed to hail its author as a public benefactor.

DOWNING'S RURAL ESSAYS.

—This is a collection from the editorial papers of the late A. J. Downing, as they appeared in the "Horticulturalist." The gathering of them was made by George Wm. Curtis, Esq., who adds an extremely graceful and appropriate memoir of the author. A tribute to the genius and character of Downing, from the pen of Frederika Bremer, is also incorporated in the very handsome volume. There are, besides, numerous illustrations, nicely executed, the subjects of which are mainly connected with the writings of the gifted deceased. His unhappy fate is very generally known, for he was a passenger on the ill-fated Henry Clay—destroyed by fire last year on the Hudson River—and lost his own life from too great a solicitude to save those of his fellows. He seems to have been in all respects a charming person. It is rarely the case, indeed, even in our day of cheaply-earned eulogies, that the death of a man causes so general an exclamation of regret as did his; an exclamation of

regret, too, so full of real earnest feeling, so truly warm from wounded bosoms.

Messrs. Putnam & Co. publish the volume, and were kind enough to send us a copy some time since; its notice, however, has been unavoidably postponed until the present time.

RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE.

— The Messrs. Harper have issued the fourth and concluding volume of this admirable work. It embraces the period which elapsed between the death of Napoleon, and the fall of Charles X. Coming, as it does, from the polished pen of Lamartine, it has all the richness of thought and expression, peculiar to him. It lacks the enthusiasm, the poetic fire and energy which its author might have displayed had he written without the experience gained by the flurry of '48; but still possesses almost the fascination of romance.

The enthusiasm felt by Lamartine, when contemplating liberal movements in France, whether of the past or the present, is a good deal like that of the world in general. In other words, it is an enthusiasm such as is exhibited by a fine play. We are stirred up to quick breathing, we fill with rapturous emotion, we huzza and toss up our hats, while the acting is going on; but we grow calm again, nay, we feel a little silly in remembrance of our noisy delights, when the bell tinkles down the green curtain, and we discover that it is only acting! The French are all the time acting; and sometimes they act so well, that even those who have been again and again cheated by them, think that they are in earnest, and laugh or cry, as the scene invites them.

The following extracts, relating to the departure of Charles X. from France, in Lamartine's best style, will be read with interest. They possess very high dramatic interest. One is led by them almost to regret that their hero was the recipient of such a fate; for if Charles X. was weak, he was in our opinion honest, the slave of unlimited circumstance. Certainly no hypocrisy can be laid at his door, as, we maintain, it may be at that of his successor from the moment he sneaked into the Tuilleries to the day of his rapid departure from the same, by the very route taken by his predecessor.

"The King left his kingdom a poorer man than he had entered it. What little gold he had at St. Cloud in his coffer for his private expenses, had been laid out for provisions to supply the troops, and in pay to the guards. He was driven to the necessity of selling his plate at Dreux and Verneuil, to pay for the food of the latter. The faithful servants who surrounded him, still kept up, and observed towards him and the royal family, at every halting-place on the road and in the poorest

house, under the roof of which they were sheltered, all the ceremonial and etiquette of the Tuilleries. Every day was like the rest in the sad sameness of this procession. In order to avoid in the towns through which they went, the scornful and insulting looks of the people, the King rode out in his carriage every morning from the house he had slept at; and half-an-hour afterwards got on horseback, and rode by his son's side, between the ranks of his escort. Half-an-hour before reaching the night quarters he entered his carriage again. Marmont rode on horseback behind the King's carriage. The court attending on the princes and princesses was limited, but respectful, and as faithful to misfortune as it had been to grandeur. It comprised names to which history must pay the tribute due to duty and gratitude honourably fulfilled: Marmont, unfortunate, irresolute, but only culpable of weakness of character; the Duke of Luxembourg; the Prince of Croi; Solre, captain of the guards; General Auguste de Larochejaquelein, a name which grows with the reverses of the monarchy; the Duke Armand de Polignac, principal equerry; the Duke of Guiche and the Duke de Levis, aides-de-camp to Duke d'Angoulême; Madame de Saint-Maure, lady of honour to the duchess; the Countess de Bouille, lady of honour to the Duchess de Berry; Count de Mesnard, her principal equerry, and Count de Brissac, her gentleman in waiting; the Baron de Damas, governor of the Duke de Bordeaux; M. de Barbançois and M. de Maupas, his sub-governors, watched over the child as the wreck and last hope of so many thrones; the Countess of Gontaut had care of his young sister.

"The people all along the road were still decorous and respectful. The shadow of this monarchy impressed them with awe more than the monarchy itself; there was as much nature as royalty in its mourning. Great catastrophes have great reactions in men's imaginations. They respected the King's fall all the more that they no longer dreaded his return. They spared him almost everywhere, with instinctive decorum, the sight of the tri-coulored flag and cockade, palpable signs of his dethronement. In one or two of the manufacturing towns of Normandy there was an anticipation of taunts and insults on the part of the workmen. These fears were vain: the marks of disfavour were confined to a few threatening groans aimed at Marmont, whose fame of 1813 everywhere preceded him as a military and national resentment. On approaching Cherbourg he was under the necessity of removing the orders which he wore on his chest to hide his rank, his dignity, and his name from the rancour of the people.

"The King read the *Moniteur* every morning, to watch the spectacle of his own ruin with his own eyes. At Carentan, he learned

that the Duke of Orleans had consummated his usurpation. He uttered neither a reproach, nor a single unkind observation on that prince's acts, whether he still relied on the assurances which the Duke of Orleans had transmitted to him at St. Cloud and Rambouillet, or whether he thought the temporary force of circumstances, to return it afterwards to his grandson: or, rather, whether he thought it more congenial to his soul to bear silently, and without complaining, the last and most cruel of all felonious acts,—that perpetrated by his own blood!

"He stopped for two days at Valognes, in order to leave time for the vessels prepared for his use to reach Cherbourg. He there collected around him the officers and six of the oldest guardsmen of each of the companies that escorted him, more like a father than a King. The Duke d'Angoulême, the Duchess, his wife, the Duchess de Berry, the Duke de Bordeaux, and his sister, stood about him in a group, to engrave in the eyes and in the memory of every member of the banished family the names, the faces, and the grief of their last faithful soldiers. Charles X. having taken from their hands the flags of their comrades, like a King parting with his people, thanked them in a voice broken by his sobs, for their tender and unyielding fidelity. "I receive your standards, and this boy shall one day return them to you," said he, as he touched with a trembling hand, the forehead of the Duke de Bordeaux: "the names of the guards registered in your books and remembered by my grandson, shall continue to be enrolled in the records of the royal family, to stand as an everlasting witness of my misfortunes, and the consolations I derived from your fidelity!"

"This heart-rending adieu drew tears from every soldier in that little army, and even from the people of the town. The devotion of these troops to their prince, inherited from their fathers, and transmitted to them from their ancestors, was not only a duty, but an instinctive feeling. It was more than their country's chief, it was the first among gentlemen, it was their father whom this young nobility were mourning in the King.

"Charles X. and the Duke d'Angoulême, after this farewell to the troops, laid aside the military dress and decorations they had hitherto worn. They shrank from the eyes of the people, and assumed beforehand the garb of that exile already so close at hand.

"This journey had now lasted a fortnight, with an affected tardiness which worried the impatient commissioners and the new King, and appeared to be waiting some unknown event, as if Paris had not finally declared the will of France. Some understood thereby the reluctance of an old man, counting every step he took to leave a land he adored, and a coun-

try he was losing: others, that he expected a rising in the West and South in consequence of a landing of Bourmont, bringing the African army to support the monarchy: some as a season occupied by the still pending negotiations with the Duke of Orleans; others, in fine, as a kingly attitude, maintained even in defeat to confront evil fortune in a dignified manner, and to engrave in the minds of the people a solemn idea of the very phantom of royalty."

* * * * *

"The King was drawing near the gates of Cherbourg; from the top of the rising ground overlooking the town, the sea of the exile expanded to his view. He wept at the sight. A rumour had been spread of an expected ferment among the people of Cherbourg, threatening the safety and dignity of the King and his family. The Duchess d'Angoulême ordered her carriage to stop, that she might place herself in the King's to share his danger. The report was false and unjust to the popular feelings, which in these districts are full of veneration for the memory of their benefactor Louis XVI., who created Cherbourg. The whole population of the town and country round, drawn up on both sides of the way by which Charles X. had to pass, was moved to pity at the sight of three royal generations about to leave a kingdom before they knew where to find a country. The women and children especially, innocent victims at all times, melted the hearts of every father, husband, and mother in the crowd, as evinced by their looks of surprise at their misfortune, and their sad smiles over the wreck. The tri-coloured flags had been taken down from the windows of the private houses as the *cortège* moved along, to spare the conquered monarch a gratuitous humiliation.

"The King and his escort did not alight within the town, but entered a rail enclosure between the market-place and the strand at Cherbourg; the iron gate was closed upon them. The people hurried there and clung to the rails in crowds to contemplate the grandest spectacle in the fate of mankind, the ostracism of a king, the heir of sixty kings without a country. The royal family for the last time alighted from their carriages on the brink of the beach washed by the waves; the Duchess d'Angoulême bathed in tears, and staggering under the shock of her last exile, was deprived at once of a kingdom and a crown. M. de Larochefoucauld assisted her to pass over the ground, leaning at least on a heroic arm. M. de Charette, another Vendean officer, whose name was a prognostic, escorted the Duchess de Berry. More of indignation than sorrow was visible in the countenance of that young widow on leaving a land which had drank the blood of her hus-

band, and which was now proscribing her innocent and helpless child. The Baron de Damas, faithful as duty, like pity serene, carried in his arms as a providential trust, his pupil already a king before his time, and whose royalty opened with disaster. The child struggled with its little arms against banishment.

"King Charles X. continued the last on the beach, like one covering the retreat of his whole house. All the officers of his guard defiled before him, for the last time, kissing his hand and weeping over it: he then passed on and joined his family in the ship without turning round, and shut himself up alone to pray and weep. A mournful silence pervaded the French coast: many lamentations, but no insult, followed him over the deep. The vessel bore him towards Scotland, where England had in store for him the lonely and recluse hospitality of Holyrood,—a palace abandoned by Mary Stuart, fraught with dark deeds, and significant of sad lessons to a dynasty dethroned for having sought to inflict upon their subjects, through a pious policy, the yoke of Rome, and for having persecuted the freedom of the human mind in its most inviolable place, the conscience of the nation."

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

—This is the title of another volume from the pen of the author of "Musings of an Invalid," "Fancies of a Whimsical Man," "Fun and Earnest," and the very popular series of "Spiritual Dialogues," which have appeared in our pages. It is written in a more thoughtful vein than any previous work of the author, and presents some very original views touching the world and the aspirations of man. We look upon it as altogether the ablest of its author's productions; as destined to establish a reputation for him as a close observer, clear thinker, and elegant writer, which any man living might be proud to attain.

The introduction, written on the day of the originally New England, but now general, festival of Thanksgiving, is full of earnestness and fire. Note a few paragraphs:

"Welcome to this dear old festival! Again, with cordial salutations, do we greet its coming. May it be kept through all time! May it be set apart, dedicated ever as now, to holy thoughts, and hymns of gratitude, and deeds of love!

"And to-day, we bid it a thousand welcomes. To-day, for the first time in our history, has it become a National Holiday, and all the members of our great family of States have come together, with heartfelt unanimity, to sing praises, and to pour out thanks to the great Father of Mercies. Oh, may the good example this day set, be faithfully followed, and may this, henceforth, be a fixed feast in our national calendar!

"And will it *not* be so? I believe it. I believe this day is to play a glorious part in our great future, to exert a mighty influence on our career. How many noble deeds will date from it! How many princely benefactions, right royal charities, will it bear witness to, with each coming year! How many happy firesides, renewed friendships, buried quarrels, sacred vows, how many, many precious things of all kinds, will originate in the impulses of this blessed period!

"Thanksgiving day, two centuries hence! *What a day!* And what a land! One great garden, its walls washed by either ocean; one vast congregation of cheerful, thriving workers. But this day, their labors are suspended, and they go forth, with one accord, to offer their prayers and praises to the great Giver. Hark to the myriads of church-bells, as they send forth their invitations from city and hamlet, from hill-side and valley! Behold the countless multitudes of worshippers, young and old, thoughtful parents and happy children, as along every lane, and road, and street, and avenue throughout the land, in scattered groups or orderly procession, they take their way alike to rural chapel, and cheerful village church, and sumptuous cathedral. And now we hear the blended strains of ten thousand organs, and the swelling notes of innumerable voices, chanting their festal hymns unto the all bountiful Creator. And now all is hushed in silence, and presently the low, solemn tones of prayer are heard, ascending unto heaven, rising alike from the hearts of stately cities, and from lone vales, deep hid in woods: ay, from every vale, and hill, and plain of this vast, this thrice-blessed land: the acceptable incense of grateful souls unto the great Father. What a spectacle, what a service is here! Oh, that the poor, tempest-tossed men of Plymouth could have beheld it, could have had their souls cheered by such a vision, their eyes greeted with sounds like these!

Thanksgiving day, throughout the world! Will not that day yet come, upon the earth? I believe it. A day of solemn, universal recognition and commemoration of God's goodness: a day on which, following the example of the great parent republic, all the other commonwealths of the civilized, Christianized world will, with one consent, come together and join their orisons and hymns with hers: when every nation, and tongue, and island, and valley, and hill-side of earth, shall bear part in the glorious service: when every Art shall lend its choicest inspiration, to render that service worthy of the great Father: when, in a word, this our once little New England festival, shall become the great holiday of earth! Blessed consummation, thrice blessed spectacle, whereat the angels pause to gaze with rapture! A world in prayer; a

world chanting its Maker's praise in glorious concert!

"And are these things to come to pass, indeed? Is this blissful future in store for our dear planet? Are all these triumphs of truth, these precious victories over evil to be secured? Are the bloody rites, the gloomy superstitions, the cruel wars, the ignorance, apathy, imbecility, the grovelling appetites, the savage passions of men, to be exterminated, and all nations to be resolved, at last, into one great, peaceful, loving, Christian family, and earth itself to become a miniature heaven, and every day that dawns upon it a day of Thanksgiving?"

"I believe it. I cling to the glorious thought. Call me dreamer, visionary, if you will. Be it so. May I ever dream such dreams, and be blest with such visions!"

The author confesses that he looks on the bright side of things; but he has two friends, B. and C., who entertain different views. He says:—

"My friend B. is an excellent fellow, full of good impulses, and continually rendering stealthy acts of kindness to those about him; but he is sadly given to skepticism and despondency, and almost always expresses himself on moral subjects, in a gloomy, and quite too sarcastic style. He seems to have little or no faith either in himself or his brethren, in the progress of the race, or in the blessed life to come.

"Friend C., on the other hand, is a most firm and ardent believer in immortality; though his faith, perhaps, rests far less than he would be willing to allow, upon a Scripture basis, and far more on what he reads in the great volumes of nature and providence. But he is *not* a believer in any steady, permanent improvement of the human family. The movements of society (he *will* have it,) have been, ever since the first page of history was written, vibratory, not progressive, in their character. More or fewer degrees of the great circle have been described, in the various eras of that history; still is it oscillation, not progress. While I not only cling to the blessed thought of a future state, and magnificent theatre of action hereafter, for every human soul, however humble or abject on earth, but also cherish the belief of a slow, steady, sure and triumphant progress to perfection, of the great brotherhood here below, and of the final conversion of this dear world of ours into one grand, delightful family mansion, as it were, of loving, happy kinsmen."

The book is made up of conversations between the three friends, and presents cloud or sunshine as either the one or the other of the trio discourses. The benefit to be had from its perusal cannot but be of a substantial kind. Few can sincerely embrace the views of B., only a few more those of C., while the views

of the author are such as to be generally acceptable and much sought after. We leave "Clouds and Sunshine" to the reader, with these few thoughts touching its nature and object; few books that have appeared the present season, deserve more favor at the hands of the public. It is published, we should add, by John S. Taylor, of New York.

COLERIDGE'S WORKS.

—The Harpers have published the fifth volume of their admirable edition of Coleridge's complete works; and though it contains matter of a graver character than the preceding volumes, it is still deeply interesting. Notes on Hooker, Field, Donne, Hacket, Jeremy Taylor, the "Pilgrim's Progress," Luther, Bedell, Baxter, Leighton, Sherlock, Waterland, Whitaker, and others, form its contents, with the addition of "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit."

Coleridge ever spoke the dictates of his heart, and we therefore receive his doctrines as those, at any rate, arising from honest convictions. He had not the highest estimate of mere faith, by which so many maintain their belief, but took, as his editor says, the middle path of safety and peace, between a godless disregard of the unique and transcendent character of the Bible generally, and that scheme of interpretation scarcely less adverse to the pure spirit of Christian wisdom which, wildly arraying our faith in opposition to our reason, inculcates the sacrifice of the latter to the former. He threw up his hands in dismay, at the language of certain modern divines on this point; as if faith not founded on insight were ought else than a specious name for wilful positiveness; as if the Father of Light could require, or would accept, from the only one of his creatures whom he had endowed with reason, the sacrifice of fools!

Coleridge did not think that doctrines of scripture should be judged by their supposed harmony or discrepancy with the evidence of the senses, or the deductions of the mere understanding from that evidence; but he asserted the existence, in all men equally, of a power or faculty superior to, and independent of, the external senses: a power which reflected God's image. He could as little understand how faith, the joint act of reason and will, should be at variance with one of its elements as how God should be a contradiction of himself. He believed, says his editor, "in no God in the very idea of whose existence, absolute truth, perfect goodness, and infinite wisdom, were not elements essentially necessary, and everlastingly co-present." But we cannot follow this subject further, in the already extended state of this department of BIZARRE, but must even here pause.

BABYLON AND NINEVAH.

Messrs. Putnam, & Co., of New York, have published an abridgment of Mr. Layard's second expedition to Babylon and Ninevah, which forms a handsome 12mo. volume of 500 pages and upwards. It contains all the illustrations, and indeed all the material of the octavo edition, with the exception of minute description of sculpture, as well as monumental remains, and several tables of cuneiform characters. The author's own language has been relative, in the more interesting and important parts of the work: indeed it presents a valuable compressment of all that is generally interesting in the original publication.

These last explorations were not confined to the original point of Mr. Layard's discoveries, but embraced wanderings extending from the Black Sea to Niffer in the low marshy country between the Tigris and the Euphrates, thirty miles south of Babylon,—and in an easterly direction to the mountainous district Shembeenah, on the confines of Persia:—the lines of his route diverging to every locality either known or supposed to contain ancient remains. His researches were made under limited arrangements as to means, and therefore were not as vigorous they otherwise might have been. His book will, nevertheless, be eagerly sought after; and really possesses a very high value.

We perceive, touching the matter of Babylonian discoveries, that the French are deeply engaged in the same; and if reports received from parties sent out, are to be credited, with great success. Among other things they have ascertained, beyond reasonable doubt, that the ruins beneath a tumulus called the Kasr are those of the palace-citadel of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar! These ruins our authority says,—are in such a state of confusion and decay, that it is impossible to form from them any idea of the extent or character of the edifice. They appear, to extend beneath the bed of the Euphrates, a circumstance accounted for by the change in the course of that river. They contain sarcophagi, of clumsy execution and strange form, and so small, that the bodies of the dead must have been packed up in them, the chin touching the knees, and the arms being pressed on the legs. These sarcophagi are evidently of the lowest class of Parthian, not Chaldean origin. There have also been found numerous fragments of enamelled bricks, containing portions of the figures of men and animals, together with cuneiform inscriptions, the latter white in color on a blue ground. M. Fresnel, the chief of the expedition, thinks, these bricks afford a strong proof that the ruins are those of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, inasmuch as the ornaments on them appear to be sporting subjects, such as are described by

Otesias and Diodorus. The foundations being reached, are ascertained to have been formed of bricks about a foot square united by strong cement, and they are also in blocks, as if they had been snapped in all directions. In the ruins of the dependencies of the palace situated on the left bank of the Euphrates: there are numerous sarcophagi, in which were found skeletons clothed in a sort of armor, and wearing crowns of gold on their heads. These skeletons when touched, mostly, fell into dust: but the iron, though rusty, and the gold of the crowns are in a fair state of preservation. The French explorer thinks that the dead in the sarcophagi were some of the soldiers of Alexander or Seleucus. The crowns are simple bands, with three leaves in the shape of laurel on one side, and three on the other. The leaves are very neatly executed. Beneath the bands are leaves of gold, which it is supposed covered the eyes. From the quantity of iron found in some of the coffins, it appears that the bodies are entirely enveloped in it: and in one there is no iron, but some ear-rings, a proof that it was occupied by a female. The sarcophagi are about two and three-quarter yards in length by between half and three-quarters of a yard wide, and are entirely formed of bricks and united by mortar. In addition to all this, a tomb, containing statuettes in marble or alabaster of Juno, Venus, and of a reclining figure wearing a Phrygian cap, together with some rings, ear-ring, and other articles of jewelry, has been found, as have also numerous statuettes, vases, phials, articles of pottery, black stones, &c., of Greek, Persian, or Chaldean workmanship.

STILL ON THE TABLE.

—Is a large number of new books, which await notice: among them several from Putnam and Dodd, of New York, already announced. Those unannounced are "The Child's Matins and Vespers," and "The Prophets and Kings of the New Testament," from Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston; "Father Brighthopes," from Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston; "German Lyrics," from Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston; "Wild Jack, or the Stolen Child," from A. Hart, of Philadelphia. We have, moreover, received from C. J. Price & Co., No. 7 Hart's Building, the second part of the "Popular Educator," an admirable work just started by A. Montgomery, of New York. From the same publisher, too, through Messrs. P. & Co., comes part one of a beautiful illustrated work, to be completed in twelve monthly parts, at 25 cents each, entitled "The Alps, Switzerland, Savoy, and Lombardy." We would also acknowledge the receipt of the "Law Register," for June, direct from the publishers, Messrs. D. B. Canfield & Co.: a work which is decidedly one of the best of the

kind ever attempted in our country, and which, we are happy to learn, meets with high favor.

Our Weekly Gossip.

— Mr. J. E. Gould, No. 164 Swaim's Building, has sent us the following new music:—"The Flower of the Flock, or Lulu is our Darling Pride," words by Rosa Hughes, and music in part by R. L. Sandford, by whom the piece is dedicated to Mrs. J. Ricketts Lawrence: "Home Reveries," dedicated to Mr. Richard L. Achhurst by the composer, James Bellak; and "Polka for the Million," from the same brilliant and indefatigable artist. Mr. B. has composed and arranged a large number of pieces since he has been in the city, some of which have attained a very extended popularity. His "Trot Galop" sold by the thousands.

— The Harpers have published "Adventures in Boston," by Mareo Paul, a very entertaining little book, illustrated and generally got up uniformly with other works from the pen of the same popular author.

— We have received from G. P. Putnam & Co. a neatly-executed volume, entitled "Hand Book for Americans in Europe." It was prepared by Dr. Rosevell Park, and embraces a vast amount of valuable information for the European traveller. It is the only book of the kind which we have in the country, and has been very much needed. It is got up in a convenient form, and will hereafter, doubtless, form an important item in the fit-out of overseas wanderers.

— Messrs. Blanchard and Lea, of our city, have published, in a cheap form, Sam Slick's "Wise Saws and Modern Instances." The author has a world of admirers; and justly, too, we think.

— "A History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Present Day," is the title of a work now in progress by Charles Wess. It claims to be the history of the three hundred thousand exiles who were driven out of France by the foolish bigotry of Louis XIV. A correspondent writing from Paris, states that the author first describes their situation at home, their persecution and its fatal results to France. He then follows the refugees to their settlements in Germany, England, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and in America; sets forth the services they had rendered to the country of their adoption, and describes the condition of their descendants to-day. Besides his own somewhat extensive researches in France and abroad, Mr. Weiss has

been permitted to make use of those made within the past two years, under the order of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, by French diplomatic agents, resident in the countries above-mentioned. Another extremely entertaining book recently published in Paris, as a part of the cheap collection entitled *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*, is a selection of portraits, opinions, personal anecdotes, etc., extracted literally from the celebrated *Memoires du Duc de St. Simon*.

— The splendid gallery of paintings left by Don Juan Nicasio Gallega, former President of the Academy of San Fernando, is to be shortly sold by public auction.

— Victor Hugo is coming out with another pamphlet, entitled "Belshazzar's Feast," a sequel to "Napoleon the Little."

— "An Art Student in Munich" by a daughter of Mary Howitt, has the following deeply interesting account of the casting of the colossal figure of Bavaria:—

"Stiglmayer, the originator and director of the Bronze Foundry, died in 1844, just before the casting of the Bavaria began. His nephew, Ferdinand Miller, full of youth, energy, patience, and experience, was ready to succeed him. The castings took place at five different times, commencing with the head. This was cast in 1844. In casting the bust of the figure—the largest portion—the greatest difficulty had to be encountered. It was necessary to melt for the purpose twenty tons of bronze, five tons more than had ever before been melted in the furnace. As this immense mass of metal slowly began to fuse, it began also to cake,—thus threatening to destroy not only the casting, but the whole furnace, with untold danger to life and limb. Six men had, in spite of the oppressive heat and the ever-increasing glow of the furnace, to take it by turns night and day incessantly to stir, with long iron bars, the molten mass, lest it should adhere to the furnace-walls, and so bring annihilation on all. On the evening of the fifth day of anxiety, when Ferdinand Miller for the first time sought a short repose in his chair, he was suddenly aroused by his faithful and anxious fellow-worker, his wife, with the cry of "Ferdinand, awake! the foundry is on fire!" It was so. The ever-increasing heat of those five days and four nights had caused fire to burst forth among the rafters. To have attempted to extinguish the fire by water, with this molten mass below, would have caused the immediate destruction of the place. All that could be done was, by means of wetted cloths, to keep down the fire. This was tried, and the melting went on as before. Amid such danger did the casting of the bust take place about midnight on the 11th of October, 1845. "Success!" was shouted forth; a load of anxiety

of many kinds fell from every breast: and all then hastened to the complete extinguishing of the fire."

— Lucky and unlucky days, are thus enumerated by an English writer:—

"The third of September was a remarkable day to the English 'Attila,' Oliver Cromwell. In 1650 he obtained a memorable victory at Dunbar on that day: another at Worcester, 1651, and on that day he died 1658.

"Thursday was a fatal day to Henry VIII. and also to his posterity. He died on *Thursday*, January 28. King Edward VI. on *Thursday*, July 6. Queen Mary on *Thursday*, November 17. Queen Elizabeth on *Thursday*, March 24.

"Elizabeth, the wife of Henry VIII. was born and died on the 11th of February.

"Of Sir Kenelm Digby we are told in his Epitaph, composed by Farrar;

'Born on the day he died the 11th of June,
On which he bravely fought at Scanderoun.
'Tis rare that one and self same day should be
His day of birth, of death, of victory.'

"Tuesday was a most eventful day with Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. Upon Tuesday the Peers sat against him at Northampton, on Tuesday he was banished, on Tuesday received at Pontinnac a forewarning of his fate, on Tuesday returned from exile, on Tuesday was murdered before the altar at Canterbury, and on Tuesday was canonized.

"Saturday was a lucky day to Henry VII. Upon that day he achieved the victory over Richard III., on that day he entered the city: and he himself always acknowledged he had experienced it fortunate. See his Life by Bacon.

"Wednesday is said to have been the fortunate day of Pope Sixtus V. On Wednesday he was born, on that day was made monk, on the same day was made General of his Order, on that day also was successively created Cardinal, elected Pope, and also inaugurated.

"There was an old proverb that

'When Easter fell on our Lady's lap,
Then let England beware a rap'

"Easter fell on March 25, the day alluded to, in 1459, when King Henry VI. was deposed and murdered; in 1638, when the Scottish troubles began, on which ensued the Great Rebellion in 1648-9, when Charles the First was beheaded.

"Aubrey remarks that on May 29 King Charles II. was born and restored to the throne: that Raphael d'Urbino, the famous painter, was born and died on Good Friday, and that Charles V. was born, crowned Emperor, and won the battle of Pavia on the 24th of February.

"And so as Edmund moralises in King Lear — "This is the excellent foppery of the world! that when we are sick in fortune (often the

surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and teachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on!"

— The *Inquirer* the other day urged upon some enterprising man to get up a *Hand-Book of Philadelphia*, and in consequence was furnished with a bare apology for a book of the kind, sometime since published, called, "*Philadelphia as it is.*" We want a correct, reliable manual for every day use: a book, the object of which shall be to furnish strangers with a key to every part of the city and districts; not a mere imperfect outline of things, got up as a peg upon which to hang advertisements.

— T. B. PETERSON, a perfect steam-engine of a publisher, known all over the country by his "*Yaller Kivers*," has recently removed into a magnificent store, at 102 Chestnut street, where he is destined to acquire, if possible, still wider fame, and larger fortunes. Mr. Peterson rose to his present eminence from the humblest beginnings as to capital, and will go on doubtless unto the end, a shining example to the rising generation. We have received from him we may here add, "*Flirtations in America*," a book which has enjoyed no little favor from light readers; and which, really, possesses very decided merit. Apropos touching "*Top*;" he has given to the world one of the best "*Tomtudes*" we ever read, and it has had an immense circulation: we refer to the "*Cabin and Parlor*." A correspondent informs us by the way, that this book is from the pen of Mr. Charles J. Peterson. We can very readily believe this, too, as it bears all the marks of that gentleman's peculiar genius.

— We have received from the publisher, Mr. Willis P. Hazard 198 Chestnut street, the "*Presbyterian Quarterly Review*," for June, which we shall read, and notice hereafter. It contains a large number of articles, which have a very inviting look.

— "*Taylor's Life of R. Surtees, Esq.*" contains the following:—

"Mr. Surtees gave a copy of a border ballad, "on the feud between the Ridleys and Featherstones," from the recitation of an old woman on Alston Moor, accompanied with glossarial explanations and learned historical notes to indentify the personages alluded to, and to determine the date of the transaction. Scott was delighted with this accession to his collection, and did not doubt the genuineness of the piece. It accordingly was introduced as a valuable gem of antiquity into the

12th note to the first canto of Marmion, published in the beginning of 1808, as furnished by his friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth. Now all this was a mere *figment, a sport, a frolic of an antiquary's brain!!* It is proved by more than one copy being found among his papers, corrected and interlined. The imposition was never acknowledged. In the Minstrelsy published in 1831, the ballad of Featherstonhaugh still retains its place, with all its borrowed plumes and fictitious air, undetected!!!

Editors' Sans-Souci.

AMUSEMENTS.

— Mr. Goodall, Madam Julien, and "le petite Ole Bull," are still a feature of the attractions of Wiser's Panorama, now exhibiting at Musical Fund Hall. They are an exceedingly clever trio. The managers of this exhibition announce that their distribution of gifts will commence the present week. They number some sixteen thousand, and are valued at full half that amount in dollars. Among them are the panorama, itself valued at \$5,000, a splendid rosewood piano valued at \$400, a guitar, a melodeon, three splendid gold watches, and many other things specified in an advertisement which appears in our pages. The exhibition of the Panorama will continue until the distribution closes. It is a painting well worth seeing, particularly as now shown at the spacious and beautiful saloon of the Musical Fund.

— Mr. Perham's, distribution was resumed last Monday morning, and closed finally on the evening of the 8th. Who has been the happy recipient of the new or of the old gifts, including, the panorama, we don't know, when we pen these lines. It remains for us to state that the whole enterprise has been conducted by Perham in the most liberal and honorable manner, and that whatever he hereafter presents to our citizens cannot fail to be well received.

— The entertainments of the Sanford Opera Troupe at Concert Hall continue to be highly attractive. We learn they close for a season at the end of the next week; to be resumed at the new Opera House of the clever and popular manager. This place is now being fitted up in Twelfth near Chestnut, and will, when completed, constitute one of the finest resorts in town.

— The exhibition of Paintings at the Academy of Fine Arts, attracts an unusual number of visitors daily. Upon the whole, we think it is one of the best displays we have had for many years. We are promised a somewhat minute *critique* on this exhibition, and hope it will be furnished so that we can

commence it in our next number. There are some paintings prominently hung, which should have been placed in more obscure positions; while others of immense merit are thrust into corners, where their beauties are but faintly seen; "gems of purest ray serene" they waste their sweetness in gloom and shadow. But all these things will be properly presented in good time.

THE WATERING PLACES.

— The season is here; our citizens are packing up; they are preparing for a sojourn at the different watering places. We wish them much happiness, and we doubt not they will get it if they select the proper localities. But what are those localities? By your leave, reader, we will name a few of them.

— *Cape May.*—The Columbia House, kept by Harwood, is already open, and doubtless will have its usual complement of patrons. No establishment could be better ordered. The proprietor is a gentleman, and those who sojourn with him can never be subjected to vulgar associations, too common at hotels both of town and country. He treats all his guests alike; does not bestow frowns upon some and smiles upon others. He is, what a hotel-keeper should always be, viz.: courteous, cheerful, equable, impartial—particularly to those who foot up the bill promptly.

— *Perry County Warm Springs.*—This place, situated in one of the finest localities of our state, offers superior inducements to summer travellers the present season. The Hotel is under the direction of Mr. H. H. Etter, a gentleman who is admirably well calculated for the position. He had a large company with him last summer, all of whom were unexceptionably well satisfied. The springs are on the banks of, and discharge themselves into, Sherman's Creek; a stream associated with the thrilling scenes between the early settlers of that part of Pennsylvania and the Aborigines—whose hunting-grounds lay upon its margin. The waters* possess wonderful healing qualities, especially as bearing upon cutaneous diseases of all kinds. The bathing houses are comfortably and conveniently arranged. You reach the springs after a few hours ride—but for particulars on this point, as well as on others, we refer to Mr. E.'s circular, published in our pages.

— *Florence.*—Capt. Miller expects to have a large company at this place; indeed we are

* The following is an analysis of these waters, as furnished by an experienced Chemist:—

"The water contains 9.2 grains of solid matter in the gallon, which is composed as follows:	
Carbonate of Lime,	2.667
" of Magnesia	1.938
Alkaline salts, chiefly chlorides with a portion of sulphate	1.098
Silica	0.606
Organic matter	2.897

9.200

told a large number of the rooms at the splendid Pavilion on the heights are already engaged. The Captain may be found at the United States Hotel, of which he is now proprietor, and which he is rapidly restoring to its old pre-eminence.

— *Beverly*.—Joseph W. Griffith is still in command at Beverly, on the Delaware. He makes all about him happy. Beverly is at a most convenient point for business men. It has fishing grounds, every inch of which we know; and such grounds! Have we not caught rock-fish and perch, on these grounds, by the hundred? Ask the seine-men on the shore; ask many a little boy who has, at a respectful distance, followed the "cross man in the straw-hat" and exclaimed, "Jinks, what a whopper!" as a two-pounder has been landed upon the wharf!

— *Yellow Springs*.—Mrs. Neef presides here again the present summer, and of course will have her surroundings of youth, beauty, wit, grace, &c.; while there will be the old-fashioned representation of old codgers and their interesting better-halves.

— Now, reader, so much for the watering-places. As will be seen, we have only spoken of those in our city's vicinity, and of which we personally know. We may hereafter return to the subject, when we will discourse of Saratoga, Newport, Niagara, the Virginia Springs, &c. All these will, doubtless, form pleasant subjects for summer reading.

CHICORY.

— With increased demand for the necessities of life, accruing from increased population, and a proportionate enhancement of the value of all marketable commodities, adulteration of whatever can be and is worth adulterating, is proceeding at a pace which will presently demand legislative interference. A potent agent is this chicory, which, in England, has lately been the subject of ridiculous legislation: Parliament having settled differences on the matter by decreeing that it may be sold in connexion with coffee, provide that the grocers (a very honest race of men) state the fact and proportions of the mixture on a label attached to each purchase. Everybody knows that chicory, in itself, is scarcely a third the price of coffee: but everybody does not know, that it is not half as good, and that it has some particularly intimate friends who are provided with a *carte-blanc* to follow it wherever it gains a footing—these are *carrot*, *parsnip* and *mangel-wurzel* roots, sliced and prepared in precisely the same manner as chicory itself. The eye can discover no difference in the appearance, and people don't trouble themselves now-a-days with microscopes—the novelty of instrument having long since departed. Indeed, to do so, in this day of adulteration, would be equivalent to starvation, for what

man could eat were he nicely to examine? But let us defend the ground yet disputable, and not suffer the arch-traitor *chicory* to escape. As we lay hold of the monster, grim goblins with eyes of roasted wheat and bodies of mahogany sawdust start up and mock our efforts. Myriads of grocers too are in the vision—nor are they "dutchman all." Chicory, say these men with weak eyes, is quite as good as coffee: the addition is even improvement; and further to defend the malpractice, it is pleaded that chicory is employed universally abroad. France, Belgium, Germany, Prussia run glibly from their tongues; but in these countries it happens to be used only by servants and poor people, for the mere sake of its cheapness. Away, if you will to the first tribunal in the world to settle this—the divan of the Turk. Get the "man of ages" to swallow chicory—ah! ah! To open a new source of consumption for the woods of Honduras—ah! ah! A pinch of chicory-powder is too gritty for a Turk's teeth—ah! ah! *Tan powder*, *baked horses' blood* and *bullock's liver* were not made for him—ah! ah! Coffee is a berry, chicory is a root. This root is made up of cells enclosing *not* essential oil, but gummy and saccharine matter. Tea, coffee, and cocoa, the three great non-alcoholic beverages used by mankind over nearly the whole world—all contain one and the same active principle: in tea called *thein*, and in coffee, *coffein*; to the presence of which they owe their refreshing and invigorating properties. Now, chicory does not possess a particle of this important and essential principle. and so, whatever may be its own independent properties, it is no proper substitute. Therefore, know all grocers, by these presents, BIZARRE will not drink chicory.

BUSINESS MEMO.

— COL. WM. H. MAURICE, 123 Chestnut St., gets highly complimented by the city editor of *Scott's Weekly*. From whence does he not receive kind words? Really, it would be difficult to tell. Everywhere, in every calling, particularly among newspaper folks, the Colonel has friends. We need not add that he deserves them all. His stock of stationery was never better than at present.

— MR. WM. T. FREY, No. 227 Arch Street, is sole importer of beautiful Tonbridge Wells' ware. He is getting ready to remove into a neat and beautiful store opposite the one he now occupies.

— The printing of BIZARRE is executed by Mr. JAMES H. BRYSON; and we think may be pronounced a model in typographical elegance. Mr. B. continues to execute all kinds of book and job printing at his rooms over our publication office, No. 4 Hart's Building, and at No. 2 North Sixth Street.

THE QUEEN'S CLOSET OPENED.

This is the title of an old Duodecimo, London—1668, before us. This curious production is divided into three parts. The first is entitled *The Pearl of Practice*, being physical and chirurgical receipts. The second is *The Queen's Delight* or the art of preserving, candying, &c. The third is *The Complete Cook*, "which," says the author, "hath had a general reception travelling up and down the kingdom and like the good Samaritan, giving comfort to all it met."

Some of the quaint receipts of our ancestors will excite a smile. We are gravely informed that the tooth of a dead man, carried about with one, presently suppresses the tooth-ache.

Major Long's receipt "which he had used with a *strange success*," is as follows—

"For redness and shining of the nose, take a fair linen cloth, and in the morning lay it over the grass, and draw it over till it be wet with dew, then wring it out into a dish, and wet the face therewith as often as you please. As you wet, let it dry in. May dew is the best."

A medicine for the plague sent to the Lord Mayor by the Queen:—

"Take of sage elder and red bramble leaves a little handful, stamp and bruise them together through a cloth, with a quart of white wine, then take a quantity of white wine vinegar and mingle all together. Drink thereof, morning and night, a spoonful nine days together, and you shall be whole. There is no medicine more excellent than this: when the sore doth appear, then to take a cock chick and pull it, and hold it to the sore, and it will gape and labour for life, and in the end die. Then take another, and so long as any one do die—for when the poison is quite drawn out, the chick will live—the sore presently will assuage and the party recover. Mr. Winlour *proved this upon one of his own children*, the thirteenth chick died, the fourteenth lived, and the party cured."

We are not informed what are the wonderful virtues and properties of the "*Oil of Swallows*," but judging from the number of its ingredients we should think it not less potent than that compounded by the witches in *Macbeth*.

"Take swallows as many as you can get,"—this almost rivals Mrs. Glass's directions about catching your hare—"put them quick into a mortar, and put to them lavender, cotton, spike, camomile, knot-grass, ribwort, balm, valerian, rosemary tops, woodbine tops, strings of vines, French mallows, plaintain, walnut leaves, violet leaves, brook lime, mother of time, &c. &c. &c., put a quart of neat's foot oil, beat with cloves, and put them all together in an earthen pot, stopt so close with a piece of dough that no air can escape,

set them nine days in a cellar, boil them six or eight hours on the fire, but first put in half a pound of wax, and a pint of salad oil, and strain them through a linen cloth."

We have not the space, or we would initiate our readers into the mysteries of concocting "Hypocras, cordial water, and damnable hum," besides the Countess of Rutland's receipt for making a rare Banbury cake, and my Lord Conway's for amber puddings. Daintily cheer we warrant for the Cavalier gourmands of the day, and tempting enough to have converted the veriest Puritan, who, as Hudibras sings, would

"Quarrel with mince pies and dis-parage
Their best and dearest friend plum porridge,
Fat pig and geese itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard thro' the nose.

MORE POETRY.

— Another effort poetic, comes to us anonymously, and is as follows:

TO ———.

In the far land of Palestine,
Amid its low and billowy plains,
Hill circled by the sacred vine,
What wonder on the pilgrim gains!

For there, where streamlet once hath been,
Down-stooping as in mystic line,
And swayed by influence unseen,
A company of palms incline.

And still the current's course they keep,
That traceless bed, for evermore;
Unchanged through countless winds may sweep,
And counter torrents downward pour.

Still, still that current's course they keep,
With whose own life their life was blent,
Though gently as a dream of sleep,
It hither came, and voiceless went.

Oh! it is not in passion's hour
That heart to heart doth most incline;
Shall that low rippling stream have power,
And love ensue no love of thine!

ODD NUMBERS.

— What is the origin of the belief in the luck of odd numbers? A writer says he has heard it before commented upon, and the only origin assigned, that the belief in the value of numbers is as old as creation; and that of the remarkable recurrence of some numbers in the Bible, there is no doubt. Thus, seven days was the world in creation (and the Rabbis say that as it was seven days in creation, so will it endure seven thousand years, which idea coincides with the inference drawn by our own divines from the prophecies); there are seven notes in music, and seven prismatic colors; seven times were the walls of Jericho encompassed; three days was Jonah in the belly of the whale, typical of our Saviour's descent for three days into the grave: man, made in the image of God, consists of three

parts, body, soul, and mind; the Sacred Trinity consists of three persons. Of the even numbers in the Bible which are favored, forty and twelve are remarkable: forty days was Moses in the mount, forty days the Saviour in his temptations; twelve was the number of the tribes; and twelve the number of the apostles.

But in our creed of popular superstition, the number *nine* appears to take the place held by the mystic seven in biblical literature. It is still pretty generally believed, among the uneducated community, that every nine years some great change takes place in a man's life, and the square, (81,) constitutes the grand climacteric, which once passed, there is no knowing where a man may stop. The eleventh chapter of Master Heydon's *Holy Guide* London, 1662 treats of the various properties of this wonderful figure, "how that by nine Julius Cæsar called up spirits and did what he pleased: how Gal-leron, by nine, went invisible, and had the society of a familiar genius," and divers other notable instances no less wonderful than veracious. In the holy wells in England, it was customary to dip the afflicted nine times for nine mornings successively. The familiar phrase "a nine days wonder," and the nine lives popularly allowed to the race feline, are every-day instances of its use. Certain curious mathematical properties of this number, no doubt, originally brought it into notice.

CHILDHOOD.

—Our old and valued correspondent, "Il Penseroso," translates for us the following about childhood:

"What a rich treasure of delight has bountiful Nature offered to men of an appreciative mind! Who can count the numberless shades it casts over different individuals and different ages of life! The confused remembrance of scenes of my childhood even now thrill me. Shall I try to paint youth, youth, when its heart first burns with the fires of sentiment? In that happy age, when we are still ignorant of all but the name of interest, of ambition, of hatred, and of all the despicable passions that degrade and torture humanity? During this period—alas! so fleeting—the sun pours forth his rays with a splendor unknown in the rest of his existence. The air is more balmy, the fountains more limpid and reflecting; nature wears a beauty, the groves have paths, that the hand of time screens in after years from his view. What perfumes are sent forth from every flower! How delicious are the fruits! In what brilliancy of blue does the dawn robe herself! All women are amiable and true,—all men are good, generous and sensible: we meet everywhere with cordiality, candor, and dis-

interestedness. Nature only gives birth to flowers, virtues and pleasures.

Do not the cares of love and the hope of happiness make the heart overflow with sensations as lively as they are varied? The contemplation of nature's pageant as a whole, and in its details, opens to the reason an immense and pleasant scope. Soon imagination, floating over this ocean of gratifications, augments their number and intensity; different feelings unite and form new ones: dreams of glory mingle with the palpitations of love; beneficence walks hand in hand with self-love; melancholy comes, from time to time, casting her solemn pall over us, but changing our tears into pleasures, and the perceptions of the mind, the sensations of the heart, even the recollections of the senses, are for man exhaustless sources of happiness."

KRAWFISH-IANA.

Some of the "Chevaliers d'industrie," of Paris, are coming over to attend the exhibition of the *industry* of all nations at New York.

Santa Anna has proscribed all the Mexican officers that surrendered to General Scott, but has not determined what shall be done with those who followed his own illustrious example, and *ran away*.

Louis Napoleon seems very anxious to have 'Old Nap' buried with the old founders of dynasties. It would not be surprising if he (Louis) were to make a *die* nasty, some of these days himself.

—As cambric handkerchiefs can be had at all prices from "a fip" upwards, we respectfully suggest that all who have wept over the miseries of "Uncle Tom" provide themselves in time to be ready for Mrs. Stowe's next book, "aunt Emmy's hovel," and after that "The latch string to the door of aunt Emmy's hovel."

BLACKGUARDS.

—A black-guard, "says the great Dr. Johnson, is a cant word among the vulgar, by which is implied a dirty fellow of the meanest kind." The derivation of this word is involved in some obscurity. In *H. Howard's Defensive*, 1583, occurs the following passage:—"as the blessed angels are ministering spirits, so the devil and his black-guards are the means and instruments which God hath used and employed in all times, either for the trial of the godly or chastisement of the wicked." Again in *Stanishurt's Description of Ireland*: "They are taken for no better than rake-hells, or the devils black-guards." "A lamentable case," says Fuller, "that the devil's black-guard should be God's soldier's." From these instances the word would seem to signify "a fit attendant on the Devil."

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Ferguson*.

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1852.

VERNON; OR, THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"Men habitually intemperate, justly forfeit the esteem of their fellow-citizens; because they disqualify themselves for every duty."—*BEATTIE*.

Our Story is laid in the city of Philadelphia: the time, the year 1831.—

Into a room, or what may more properly be called a kitchen, we introduce our readers. All kitchens are alike, inasmuch as the various articles used for cooking purposes strongly resemble each other: yet is there a marked difference in the quality of such instruments, the nature of which it is useless for us to discuss here. One important feature however we must notice, differing as it does from that which now distinguishes our modern kitchens; and that was, instead of a range of iron work with numerous little doors, and ovens, which are now used for cooking purposes, an old fashioned fire place, with huge logs of wood, blazing and crackling, graced the department, to which we here introduce our readers. Beside that fire, on the evening in question sat two persons whom we shall distinguish by name, Peter and Margaret. They were engaged in, seemingly a very interesting conversation, which we shall take up at a particular point, as it forms the beginning of our story.—

"Now Maggy dear, do not pout so, let us be friends at least. Why do you look so melancholy, so woe-begone, have I done any thing to provoke all this?"

"No, Peter, indeed you have not, but I am very low-spirited, I have had dreams of a most—"

"Pooh! pooh! is that all, I see how it is, Queen Mab has been with you."

"I know nothing of Queen Mab, but this I do know that a huge spider crossed my path not an hour ago, and then the death watch was heard in my room the live long night."

"Nonsense, you are as superstitious as an Astrologer—good gracious Maggy what is that?" Peter started up with a most tragic expression on his face, and gazed, as if fearfully alarmed into a remote part of the room. Maggy, whom our readers will recognise as one of those whose minds are imbued with the spirit of the age—superstition, sprang into the arms of Peter, and looking in the

direction of his fixed gaze, trembling asked—"what is it Peter." That cunning fellow, having gained the point aimed at, of having the girl he really loved, in his arms, laughingly replied—"Nothing Maggy."

"How you scared me Peter, but, I know something dreadful is going to happen. At supper I spilt all the salt, and put the loaf of bread flat side up, and then the watch dog howled all the live long night and the cricket on the hearth, chirped the dead march in Saul."

"Yes I know all these things occur, and hark do you not hear the lone cricket now?—poor thing, it is a household word, for death—"

"Hush Peter, you make me shudder—"

"Well now drop this nonsense, let us talk of our marriage!"

"Ah Peter this is a sad world."

"But our marriage?"

"Full of sorrow."

"Our wedding day."

"Tribulation and wo!"

"Our—"

"Marriage Peter, eh, yes, listen Peter, that cannot take place until I try two or three charms: it would be to brave fate itself—it would be to doubt the potency of spells, and conjurations, were we to marry without testing their efficacy, and then Peter I want to ascertain if our marriage (as marriages are said to be,) was made in heaven."

"In heaven! Why Maggy, there marriages should end. But don't jest with me—to jest in matters of love is downright murder!"

"I do not jest Peter, but our marriage cannot take place until I try two charms at least."

"What are they?"

"Hark, I hear Mrs. Vernon on the stairs, poor lady.—"

"Why do you call her poor lady? Is she not rich?"

"It was, Peter, an unfortunate match, as all matches are, that are not sanctioned by the stars."

"Why what are you talking about? Is not Mr. Vernon, a gentleman rich, talented, and handsome? does he not, too, treat his wife and children, and that orphan girl most kindly? This is another of your superstitious follies."

"Well, so he is, all this—but listen—what kind of company does he keep—have you not seen him frequently in liquor? and then the company he keeps, can such things last long Peter?"

"Why Maggy I must confess, there is some truth in what you say; but that, you know, is none of our business; and yet are not our interests linked with those of the Vernon's, indeed Maggy I should be very sorry if

the conduct of Mr. Vernon should involve his now happy family in ruin and misery."

"So should I—Peter remove that winding sheet from the candle—quick—and hark, did you not hear the death watch?"?

"No, but I hear the bell."

CHAPTER II.

"O, when we swallow wine,
Intoxicating wine, we drink damnation:
Naked we stand the sport of mocking fiends,
Who grin to see our noble nature vanquish'd,
Subdued to beasts."

C. Johnson's Wife Reick.

We now convey our readers to quite a different scene, and in doing so, place before them the various characters who figure in our story, we beg them to examine carefully the motives, and characteristics of all of them separately, as we do not purpose to give their hidden acts to the light, but to let all of them gradually speak, and explain their actions as we proceed. Our second scene in the drama, opens in a public room of a Hotel, one of those fashionable drinking houses, which custom dignifies with the title of "necessary evils," a vile imposition on human life, and an excuse for crime. At a table, filled with bottles and glasses, and a few delicacies artistically fashioned for the stomach, sat two gentlemen. One was about thirty years of age, extremely handsome, and fashionably, if not elegantly dressed. The other was seemingly some ten year older; he was equally well clothed, but around and about him, there was an air of inelegance, the absence as it were of good breeding, which at all times betrays the parvenu, if not the villian. They had evidently discussed the choicest portions of their fare, and were now deeply engaged in conversation. The younger of the two, in reply to some remark from the other, observed:—

"I cannot see the necessity."

"Are you so blind? what have you at command to keep up that appearance of wealth, the world thinks you possess."

"Well, I may yet. My wife was considered the old man's heiress, and the will which was said to have been made—"

"Was lost, that is admitting that such a will ever existed."

"It did exist, and we were wedded—"

"Aye, and that false beacon which shone around the dawn, and close of your honeymoon, has gone out, and all again is dark, is it not so?"

"I must admit, that my position is a false one, and I cannot much longer maintain my station in society in which name and supposed wealth have placed me. What am I to do?"

"Sign this paper?"

"What is its character?"

"A compact a mere form, a sort of co-part-

nership. Look here Vernon, there is no use of disguise; I am a swindler! nay start not, but listen—I belong to a gang, or more properly speaking an association of men, whose schemes, and whose plans are so well matured and laid, that detection is impossible. The ramifications of the order are many, and intricate, stupendous I may say, for the amount of our floating capital is upwards of one million of dollars!"

"But I do not understand—"

"Listen—closer, there are several men in yonder recess, one of whom seems as if he were watching our motions, come closer—we are not actually robbers, properly speaking, we are speculators on popular credulity. Credit the great commercial swindler of the world, the incubus upon all honest trade, and legitimate business transactions, has of late been reduced to a science, to attain a knowledge of which for the purpose of gain, the swindler, as well as the honest trader applies himself most assiduously. We have reduced it to a science which baffles all, and laughs at what fools call and justice. Credit therefore under this new order of things has become so easy, that men, with but limited means, can obtain goods without difficulty in the various cities of the Union. With us means are but a secondary consideration; all that we want is a reference."

"A what?"

"A reference: a man of some standing, some wealth, one who is known and whose word has not yet been questioned. *For the city of Philadelphia, we want you!* do you understand?"

"Gracious heavens! and you want me to be—"

"A reference merely, the payment will be liberal, and prompt."

"And you, you Maitland, ask this of me?"

"Why not—Waiter, bring us more wine. Is it not a mere business transaction? The goods are purchased on your recommendation, are sent out West, they are sold on joint stock account, and the first invoice paid up promptly, at the maturity of the notes. You of course are then exonerated from any after transactions. Our next purchase is made predicted on your first statement, and our punctuality in payment; now whether the parties ever get the proceeds of the second purchase depends altogether on circumstances—"

"A light breaks upon me, I comprehend it all."

"That is well—by the way let that pass for the present, here is wine. How comes on my Alice, my daughter as I call her, indeed Vernon I owe your charming wife much for the care she has taken of her."

"Adeline loves her as if she were her own."

Indeed she is a charming girl. But you have never told me her history, Maitland?"

"Some day I will, but not now: by the way is there not a young artist a frequent visitor at your house?"

"You mean Howard?"

"Yes,—here is health to Mrs. Vernon—come, drink that, and then to a matter of business. Is there not a judgment out against you Vernon?"

"You torture me, come let me pledge you in this, ah! sparkling, glorious wine."

"I did not mean to offend, but to assist; if you refuse a friend, why, go your ways. This wine is indeed charming—look Vernon!"

Vernon gazed for a moment on the face of his companion, and in an under tone observed "Maitland, I will think of this; my affairs are indeed desperate, and the cursed influence of liquor is mastering body and soul; even the brightness of intellect pales before its baneful power. Look at this glass Maitland: see how its contents glare and sparkle like the bright dew drops on an opening flower. Look at these seeming gems glistening as it were on the pellucid stream. They look indeed like diamonds, and yet how deceptive all! Beneath the clean surface lies embedded a fiend of Hell: around and about it hissing serpents twine their ever changing forms, and basilisk like, charm the gazer to his ruin! See, now as I raise the glass, there beneath that little ripple—look, Maitland, do you not see two fiery eyes? how they glare! back monster! back, thou foe of man, thou fiend of ruin, of crime—of hell—back—back!" Gradually as he recedes, he raises the glass to his lips, his whole form becomes tremulous with emotion, and even while his fixed eyes are on the glass, he swallows its contents, and falls back with a convulsive movement, upon the chair.

"Well, upon my word Vernon; but you did it well, for having pictured a devil, you have swallowed him whole!"

"What!" exclaimed the half frantic man, "did I swallow the contents of that glass—all—every thing?"

"Pure wine boy, nothing else; but now to business!"

"No—no—not now, to morrow—to morrow!"

"Well, I will leave you now, I may call at your house sometime during the evening, until then farewell,—remember!"

"Thank heaven! he is gone. O what a gulf is open to swallow me! Would I were now to die and end this torture; but no, my wife, my children, what will become of them? This man, this fiend, has woven around me a web of crime. Why is it that I permit him thus to insult,—and lead me on to ruin? He has confessed his connection with a gang of swindlers. The mystery of his life is now made clear I cannot shake him off—I am

weak, miserably so. What am I to do— which way to turn?—O madness, madness! The wretched man covered his face with his hands, and wept, not loud, but he wept, tears of passion, rather than those of repentance.

We have already spoken of another party, who were seated at a table in a sort of recess, and whose business seemed to be of a very different character from that of drinking. On the table lay numerous papers, plans, and various kinds of mathematical instruments. The man already alluded to, as having cast his eyes occasionally toward where Maitland and Vernon were seated, now arose and crossing the room approached the place where the latter was sitting, as we have already described. He stood beside him for a moment, then placing his hand upon his shoulder, he thus addressed him:—

"Excuse me sir, will you permit me to ask you a question?"

"Certainly Sir—if it be not an impertinent one."

"Was that not Mr. Maitland, who a few moments ago left this room?"

Vernon gazed upon the person who thus spoke. There was nothing in his appearance to create an idea of his being an officer; on the contrary, he looked, as indeed he was, a mechanic. Having viewed him from head to foot, Vernon answered in a quiet manner, it was.

"Indeed, I thought so."

"Well, Sir, what is that to me?"

"Much Mr. Vernon—you see I know you too, and excuse me, respect you Sir—I am a mechanic. humble it is true, but even a poor workman can be of service to something."

"Well, Sir?"

"Have a moments patience, Sir. You seem afflicted—Excuse me—I am a plain man—but, sir, your affliction, whatever it may be, cannot, no—never can it be alleviated, by the wretch who has just left you."

"A wretch! beware, Sir!"

"Aye, Sir, that's the word,—Beware of him! were it not for a dying father's request, were it not that beside his death bed I swore an oath—the crimes of that man, ere this, would have been partly expiated in a prison."

"What is this to me?"

"Much—if you will take my advice—nothing if you refuse it. I, Sir, have known sorrow. My domestic hearth has been made sad and lonesome by the absence of one whose bright smile and gay laugh made all around joyous and happy, and death's shadow rested there, I—I—would not have mourned, and suffered,—Excuse me Mr. Vernon, my purpose is simply to serve you,—and that man—that Maitland—take this card."

"There is a name on it. Yours, I presume?"

"It is. That name is a talisman; at least it will be as one for you. If that wretch, should ever presume on his power over you, or threaten you—show him that card. Watch his countenance when he reads the name. Observe him well, and mark its effects—farewell, Sir. My task is ended. One word however. Wine Mr. Vernon can never assuage grief—liquor can never quench thirst." Ere Vernon could say more, or ask for further information, the man had disappeared.

"Strange," he muttered—"I listened to that man as if he were my guardian angel. Honest, upright, and just, he awed me into fear of myself. But this card, a mere name—*John W. Gilbert, Carpenter*. "I will keep it, the time may come when I shall have occasion to try its power." He arose as he spoke, and mechanically seized the bottle. For a moment he hesitated:—then calmly placing it on the table, he murmured as he left the place. "Wine can never assuage grief; liquor can never quench thirst."

CHAPTER III.

"For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good."
MILTON.

It was a family scene. Elegance, and all that wealth can gather around the fireside, were there; nor was it alone the richness of furniture nor the gorgeousness of tapestry, that made the scene more like one of enchantment, than of reality; but of the industry, and rational amusement, in which the several inmates of that room were engaged, at the precise moment, we introduce the reader to them. An old gray haired man, was seated at a table instructing two children in their letters: a lovely woman was superintending the labor of two charming girls, who seemed very anxious to please their instructress. At a centre table, busily engaged with pencil and paper evidently making a copy of some stricture, was seated a young man whose name has already been mentioned, as Howard, the artist. He was evidently not more than twenty-two years of age. Elegant in person, beautiful in face, he sat there a living embodiment of Apollo. The young lady, at least the oldest of the two, we have mentioned, was a specimen of female loveliness; her rich auburn hair hung in ringlets around a neck as white as the purest alabaster, and as perfect as angels necks are; indeed were it not that a rich tint of pure virgin blood occasionally mantled her cheeks, and bosom, she might have been liken'd to those seraphs we read of in the works of poetic fancy. Her companion, was some six years younger, and yet their united ages, could not have been more than twenty-one years.

"There, Anna dear, you have dropped a stitch." This was spoken by the elder of the three, to the younger.

"I will take it up mother, or at least I'll try."

"Do so my darling, and be more careful. And Alice, how slow you get on with that embroidery, I am afraid your eyes are more engaged off, than on your work."

"I'll work faster ma'am."

"And why not call me mother, Alice?"

"Because, because I feel, as if I had no claim to call any one by that sweet and holy name."

"You have a claim, that of an orphan,—Alice, call me mother."

"I will, I will."

Let us approach the table of the gentleman and his noisy pupils.

"Now Robert, let me teach you one other precept from this good Book."

"What is it, grand Pa?"

"Listen: and you James, lay aside your slate. "Flower's are to the earth what children are to their parents, beauteous, lovely, and good."

"Am I not good, grand pa? are we not both good to night?"

"To night, my children, you are indeed good; but there are times you are inclined to be bad. That is by not obeying your parents; by pouting, crying and teasing. These are qualities, you, my dear children, should not possess, because, both of you are old enough to distinguish the good from the bad. The writer in that book says children are as flowers,—so they are in sight of God, for children are the roses of Paradise. How beautiful that is. In manhood truth and religion are the flowers that strew the pathway to heaven. My dear children, when, like me, you grow old, you will look back as I do through a long vista of years, and regret as I do the many bright and lovely things cast away, for a mere boyish fancy of some less holier, and impure object."

"Grand Pa, I heard Mr. Howard say the other day that the growth of plants was accompanied with music. "Is that not beautiful?"

"Indeed it is."

"O mother," exclaimed the delighted boy, "do get Mr. Howard to tell you all about the music of nature."

"What is this beautiful theory of yours Mr. Howard?" asked the old gentleman."

"It is no theory of mine Mr. St. Clair, I was reading an article on music the other day, and found the idea incorporated in it. Since which I came across an old book upwards of two hundred years old, and the same idea is advanced in it."

"A book, two hundred years old—how I should like to see it!"

"Indeed Alice, so would I—remarked Mr. St. Clair."

"Then gratify your curiosity, for there it is."

A rush was made for the rare work and eagerly all hands had hold of it.

"Indeed," observed Mr. St. Clair, but this is a rare work. Here I hold a book, upon whom all that were engaged have passed away like shadows,—dust—dust—And this remains! wonderful is art—eternity is natural!"

Howard, now took up the book, and requesting all to be seated, sought the passage to which he had alluded—

"It was Plato I think who advanced the theory that the moving of planets was accompanied with music. I was telling Alice the other day, that in all created things there was music, and that in the very growth of plants a peculiar sound could be heard. Connected with the simple plant of the "Wild Mandrake, there is a beautiful allegorical legend: indeed it can scarcely be called so, for its formation gives the means of producing sounds, which its botanical classification fully explains.* It is said to breathe forth at certain times the most plaintive sounds and melancholy moans, indicative of pain and suffering. It is also said to utter, as it were, a wild shriek, if rudely torn from the earth. I mention this, not as my belief, but merely for the poetic beauty of the legend, as I am in possession of no proof of its having any foundation in truth."

"How beautiful it is: I should like to try the experiment," exclaimed Robert.

"No my dear boy, never destroy any thing that is of use or ornament for mere idle curiosity. That there is music allied to created things music of a wild, and yet harmonious character, I do not question: all things speak it—all things proclaim it. Mr Howard will now read from that old book the passage spoken of. "At the request of Mr. St. Clair, Mr. Howard selected out the lines relative to the music of the spheres—and read:—

"In another place of Greece there is a round close valley, encompassed with exceeding high hills: only on one side there is a narrow entrance into it, and through the midst of it runs a delicate stream: by the banks of which if a man stand, he shall as perfectly hear the music of the spheres, as if he were amongst them; and the cause of this, by the inhabitants is thought to be the height of the hills: which keeping in the sound, and bringing it down to the water, does by an aerial resultancy produce a most a reciprocal representation of the divine harmonic."†

Howard had scarcely finished the reading

of this passage when a servant announced "Mr. Maitland:" the effect of that name upon the countenances of all, was evident. Mrs. Vernon was perhaps the most collected, and telling the servant to show him into another room, she followed to receive him. The interview must commence the chapter.

(Continued in number 37.)

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I once had a friend, but death has deprived me of him, seizing him in the beginning of his career, at the moment when his friendship had become a pressing need to my heart.—We mutually sustained each other in the painful fatigue of war. We had but one pipe, one cup and one bed; and in the unfortunate circumstances that surrounded us, the place we inhabited together seemed another fatherland. I have seen him exposed to all the perils of a war, and of one most disastrous. Death seemed to spare us for each other: a thousand times his arrows fell harmless around him, but it was only to make me more sensible of his loss. The tumult of arms, the enthusiasm of the soul at the sight of danger, might perchance have prevented his cries from reaching my heart. His death would have been useful to his country and a source of sorrow to his enemies. Even I would then have regretted him less. But to lose him among the pleasures of winter quarters—to see him expire in my arms when he appeared full of health, when our bond of unity was drawn close again by tranquility and repose! Alas! I shall never console myself. But his memory only lives in my heart; it exists no longer among those who surround him, and have replaced him: and it is this thought that makes the knowledge of his loss more painful to me.

Nature, alike indifferent to the fate of individuals, puts on again the brilliancy of Spring, and adorns herself with all her charms around the country where he sleeps. The trees cover themselves with their leaves and intertwine their branches; the birds sing beneath their shade; the bees hum among the flowers: every thing breathes joy and life in the dwelling-place of death: and in the evening, when the moon is bright in the heaven, and I meditate near that sad place, I hear the cricket gaily chirp from among the grass tops on my friend's tomb. The unnoticed destruction of beings and all the sorrows that belong to humanity are counted as nothing in the great whole. The death of an intelligent man, who expires among the friends whose hearts he desolates, and that of a butterfly perishing in the calix of a flower from the cold morning air, are like two sparks in the

* Latin signification, See Podophyllum.

† Ternotamia, London 1630.

course of Nature. Man is nothing but a phantom, a shade, a mist that is lost in air.

But the dawn begins to blanch the skies; the dark thoughts that agitated me are disappearing with the night, and hope again lives in my bosom. No, He that fills the east with light, has not called forth such brightness to plunge me into the night of non-existence. He that has stretched around the immeasurable horizon—who has raised aloft these enormous masses, whose icy summits are gilded by the sun, is the same being who has commanded my heart to beat and my mind to exercise its perceptions,

No; my friend has not lost himself in non-existence; whatever may be the barrier that separates us, I shall see him once more. I do not found my hope upon a syllogism; the flight of an insect through the air suffices to persuade me of it; and often the appearance of the country, the perfumes of the breezes, and some unknown charm around me, so elevates my thoughts that an invincible conviction of the truth of immortality enters my soul and fills it with devotion.

Bizarre among the New Books.

MOORE MEMOIRS, &c.

—The Appletons of New York have published the fourth and fifth parts of this work; from which we glean some interesting extracts:

"Left Padua at twelve, and arrived at Lord Byron's country house, La Mira, near Fusina, at two. He was but just up and in his bath; soon came down to me; first time we have met these five years; grown fat, which spoils the picturesqueness of his head. The Countess Guiccioli, whom he followed to Ravenna, came from thence with him to Venice, by the consent, it appears, of her husband. Found him in high spirits and full of his usual frolicksome gaiety. He insisted upon my making use of his house at Venice while I stay, but could not himself leave the Guiccioli. He drest and we set off together in my carriage for Venice; a glorious sunset when we embarked at Fusina in a gondola, and the view of Venice and the distant Alps (some of which had snow on them, reddening with the last light) was magnificent; but my companion's conversation, which, though highly ludicrous and amusing, was anything but romantic, threw my mind and imagination into a mood not at all agreeable with the scene. Arrived at his palace on the Grand Canal, (he having first made the gondolier row round in order to give me a sight of the Piazzetta,) where he gave orders with the utmost anxiety and good nature for my accommodation, and dispatched persons in search of a *laquais de place*, and his friend Mr. Scott, to give me in charge to.

No Opera this evening.. He ordered dinner from a *traiteur's*, and stopped to dine with me. Had much curious conversation with him about his wife before Scott arrived. He has written his memoirs, and is continuing them; thinks of going and purchasing lands under the Patriotic Government in South America. Much talk about Don Juan: he is writing a third canto; the Duke of Wellington; his taking so much money: gives instances of disinterested men, Epaminondas, &c., &c., down to Pitt himself, who,

"As minister of state, is
Renowned for ruling Great Britain gratis."

"Dined with Lord B. at the Pellegrino. What the husband wants is for Lord B. to lend him 1000*l.* at five per cent.; that is, give it to him; though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avilimento* to him! Scott joined us in the evening, and brought me a copy of the Italian translation of "*Lalla Rookh*." Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money: he keeps a box into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to open the box, and contemplate his store."

Byron, it seems, spoke slightly of Shakspeare; at any rate Moore says of him, when alluding to the comedies of "*Ariosto*:"

"This puts me in mind of Lord Byron saying to me the other day, 'What do you think of Shakspeare, Moore? I think him a damned humbug.' Not the first time I have heard him speak slightly of Shakspeare."

Byron, it seems always went armed; but for what, is not stated. Moore says — told him:

"That, one day, travelling from Newstead to town with Lord Byron in his *vis-a-vis*, the latter kept his pistols beside him, and continued silent for hours, with the most ferocious expression possible on his countenance. 'For God's sake, my dear B. (said W—— at last,) what are you thinking of? Are you about to commit murder: or what other dreadful thing are you meditating?' To which B. answered, that he always had a sort of presentiment that his own life would be attacked some time or other; and that this was the reason of his always going armed, as it was also the subject of his thoughts at that moment."

If Wordsworth was to be believed, Byron plagiarized from him.

"27th. Wordsworth came at half past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of "*Childe Harold*" founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled

in the transmission. 'Tintern Abbey,' the source of it all; from which same poem too, the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of 'Childe Harold,' is, (he said,) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation. Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them: common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility, was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his 'Sir Charles Grandison' was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c., &c.. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculties; sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen.

* * * We talked of Wordsworth's exceeding high opinion of himself: and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without any thing having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, 'Davy!' and, on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, 'Do you know the reason why I published the *White Doe* in quarto?' 'No, what was it?' 'To show the world my own opinion of it.'

We close our extracts with the following, gathered here and there, throughout the fifth Part:—

"Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party: Coleridge. Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present, of the "London Magazine") and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes, the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly: but full of villianous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things however, have come from him; and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief, he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. "I suppose said Lamb, "you addressed that line of Milton's to it. 'Thou first best cause, least understood.'" Coleridge

told some tolerable things. One of a poor author, who, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Cellerage, 3l. 10s. 6d.." and thought it was a charge for the trouble of *selling* the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but on inquiry he found it was for the *celler*-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence. He told, too, of the servant-maid where he himself had lodged at Ramsgate, coming in to say that he was wanted, there being a person at the door inquiring for a poet: and on going out, he found a pot-boy from the public-house, whose cry, of "any pots for the Angel," the girl had mistaken for a demand for a poet. Improbable enough. In talking of Klopstock, he mentioned his description of the Deity's "head spreading through space," which, he said, gave one the idea of a hydrocephalous affection! Lamb quoted an epitaph by Clio Rickman, in which, after several lines, in the usual jog-trot style of epitaph, he continued thus:—

"He well performed the husband's, father's part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart."

A good deal of talk with Lamb about De Foe's works, which he praised warmly, particularly "Colonel Jack," of which he mentioned some striking passages. Is collecting the works of the Duncian heroes. Coleridge said that Spenser is the poet most remarkable for contrivances of versification; his spelling words differently, to suit the music of the line, putting sometimes "spake," sometimes "spoke," as it fell best on the ear, &c. &c. To show the difference in the facility of reciting verses, according as they were skilfully or unskilfully constructed, he said he had made the experiment upon Beppo and Whistlecraft (Frere's poem), and found that he could read three stanzas of the latter in the same time as two of the former. This is absurd. Talked much of Jeremy Taylor; his work upon "Prophecy," &c. C. Lamb told me he had got 170l. for his two years' contribution to the "London Magazine" (Letters of Elia). Should have thought it more."

* * * * *

"Breakfasted with Rogers; Constable of Edinburgh, the great publisher, and Bowles, of the party. In talking of the craft of book-selling, Constable said, "Mr. Moore, if you let me have a poem from your pen, I will engage to sell thrice as many copies as the Longmans ever did, even of 'Lalla Rookh.'" Very encouraging this, and comes seasonably to put me in better conceit with myself. In conversing with me afterwards, he intimated his strong wish that I should connect myself with the "Edinburgh Review." In talking of Walter Scott, and the author of Waverley, he continually forgot himself, and made them

the same person. Has had the original MS. of the novels presented to him by the author, in forty-nine volumes, written with his own hand; very few corrections. Says the author to his knowledge has already received more than a hundred thousand pounds for his novels alone. Walter Scott apparently very idle; the only time he is known to begin to study is about three hours in the morning before breakfast; the rest of the day he is at the disposal of everybody, and rarely retires at night till others do."

* * * * *

"Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Luttrell, Lady Davy, Miss Rogers, and William Bankes, who gave, as an apology for his being late, a visit he had had before he was out of bed from the Dean of Winchester, in most pious alarm about Lord Nugent's bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics. Rogers showed us "Gray's Poems," in his original handwriting, with a letter to the printer; also the original MS. of one of Sterne's sermons. Remarkable, in comparing this with the printed one, to see how he had spoiled a passage in correcting it; calling the Jews (instead of the "thoughtless and thankless people," as he had it at first,) this "ungrateful and peculiarly obstinate people" (or "peculiarly perverse," I do not exactly recollect the printed words.)"

GERMAN LYRICS.

— Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston, are the publishers of this book, which is got up in the style of their charming "Thalatta," and the no less elegant "Smith's Poems." It is a volume filled with rare poetic genius; embracing translations by Charles T. Brooks, Esq., of poems by Anastasius Grün—the *nom de plume* of an Austrian gentleman, Count Anton Alexander von Auersberg, and a poet not unknown here—as well as a large number of other German lovers of the Muse. Grün's "Ship Cincinnati" forms the principal poem in the book, and, we should judge, its conversion, by Mr. Brooks, into our own from the German language, was effected in a most masterly manner. We should like to give extracts from this poem, but really we know not where to begin and where to end, all is so beautiful. One must read the whole poem to enjoy it properly. We give the following little poem as a specimen of its author and translator, and shall follow it up with a few other extracts from poets whose works make the volume.

THE RING.

I sat upon a mountain,
From home-land far away,
Below me hills and valleys
Meadows and cornfields lay.

The ring from off my finger
In reverie I drew,
The pledge of fond affection
She gave at our adieu.

I held it like a spy-glass
Before my dreaming eye,
And, through the hooplet peeping,
The world began to spy.

Ah, bright, green, sunny mountains,
And fields of waving gold!
In such a lovely picture
For such fair frame to hold!

Here many a neat, white cottage
Smiles on the wooded steep,
There scythe and sickle glisten
Along the valley's sweep!

And farther onward stretches
The plain the stream glides through,
And, (boundary guards of granite)
Beyond, the mountains blue.

Cities, with domes of marble,
And thickets, fresh and green,
And clouds that, like my longings,
Toward the dim distance lean;

Green earth and bright blue heaven,
The dwellers and their land—
All this, in one fair picture,
My golden hoop-frame spanned.

Oh, fairest of fair pictures,
To see, by Love's ring spanned,
The green earth and blue heaven,
The people and their land!

TRAGIC HISTORY.

There was a man, much grieved in mind,
To think, his queue should hang behind;
He set about to change it.

How to begin?—he's puzzled quite—
'I'll just turn round, then a come right!'
The queue still hung behind him.

He whirled him nimbly round once more,
In vain—just as it hung before,
The queue still hangs behind him.

Presto! he twists him back again
The other way, but all in vain—
The queue still hangs behind him.

Now right, now left, behold him flit:
It does no good, it does no hurt,
The queue still hangs behind him.

Now like a top, (without relief)
He's spinning round and round; in brief,
The queue still hangs behind him.

And, see, he still spins round, poor wight!
And thinks, at last 'twill bring things right—
The queue still hangs behind him.

I AND THOU.

I am the storm that Northward loves to flee,
Thou art the moonlight on a tranquil sea:
How can such I with such a Thou agree?

Thou art the beam that lights the lily's eye,
I the wild hall that from the black cloud flies:
O endless chasm that between us lies!

I wild, inconstant, earth's dark guest, and Thou,
With almost angel clearness on thy brow;—
Come, Love, and show thyself almighty, now!

TWO LOVERS.

A skiff swam down the Danube's tide,
Therein a bridegroom sat, and bride,
He one side, she the other.

Tell me, my dearest heart, said she,
What present shall I make to thee?

And back her little sleeve she stripped,
And deeply down her arm she dipped.

And so did he, the other side,
And laughed and jested with his bride.

Fair lady Danube, give me here
Some pretty gift to please my dear.

She drew a sparkling sword afloat,
Just such the boy had longed for, oft.

The boy, what holds he in his hand?
Of milk-white pearls a costly band.

He binds it round her jet-black hair,
She looks a princess, sitting there.

Fair lady Danube, give me here,
Some pretty gift to please my dear!

Once more she'll try what she can feel;
She grasps a helmet of light steel.

On his part, terrified with joy,
Fished up a golden comb, the boy.

A third time clutching in the tide,
Woe! she falls headlong o'er the side.

The boy leaps after, clasps her tight,
Dame Danube snatches both from sight.

Dame Danube grudged the gifts she gave,
They must atone for't in the wave.

An empty skiff glides down the stream,
The mountains hide the sunset gleam.

And when the moon in heaven did stand,
The lovers floated dead to land,
He one side, she the other.

THE PROPHETS AND KINGS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

—Messrs Crosby, Nichols & Co., have published a large volume, with this title. It embraces a series of sermons preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, by Frederick Dennison Maurice, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Kings College, London. The author enjoys a very high reputation, and the book will, unquestionably, be sought after by a large class of readers.

FATHER BRIGHTHOSES.

—This beautiful story for young folks—and indeed for old folks, too,—emanates from the pen of "Paul Creyton." It forms a neat little volume: indeed, as to general mechanical beauty it is a credit to its excellent publishers Messrs Philipps, Sampson & Co., of Boston. Father Brighthopes will be found a useful teacher as well as a pleasant companion. We have an idea, too, that his charming counsel and pure presence, will be courted by hundreds and thousands during the hours of relaxation, of which we are inclined to enjoy so many at this present season.

WILD JACK; OR, THE STOLEN CHILD.

—Together with other interesting stories from the pen of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, form the contents of a seasonable volume which comes from Mr. A. Hart of our city. Those of our readers who are at the numerous resorts and who wish to entertain rather than instruct the mind, will greedily catch at it. And well they may, for it has merits, in its way which are very decided. "Linda," "Eoline," "Rena" and "Marcus Warland," have made a reputation for Mrs. Lee Hentz, as a storyteller, which may well be pronounced enviable.

ECHOES OF A BELLE.

—This book was published by G. P. Putnam & Co., and embraces as is alleged, the re-

membrances of an old man. He says in the introduction that he is in his quiet home where the echoes of the past come ringing through the desolate chambers of his heart; pleasant memories have cheered away a weary hour and he would ring out their chimes again more clearly and more widely—"not with the loud, harsh clapper of the old bell in the church steeple, but in gentler vibration I would" says he "swell the merry peal, at dawn, when the day is still young, the world an unopened book, and the pages of destiny unstained by a tear!" Old man, old man, you talk here like a very young one. Your story is not a bad one, however; but, on the contrary contains much touching and well put-together incident.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

—Or the changes of thirty years in the East with some allusions to oriental customs, as elucidating Scripture, by William Goodall, missionary in Constantinople, with an introduction by Rev. William Adams D.D., is the title of a work just published by M. W. Dodd of New York city. It is very handsomely embellished, and got up throughout in a manner calculated to please a large class of readers, Mr Goodall passed one half, and his wife more than one half, of her existence in the East, both being absent from their native land one third of a century. He speaks of that section of the world hence with the best experience.

THE YOUNG LADY'S GUIDE.

—We have here a revised edition of Newcomb's "Guide to the Harmonious Development of Christian Character." It is a work which has already been received with great favor. The issue before us contains the addition of an address on female education which has truly sterling merits. Indeed the whole book in its present form is greatly increased in value, both on the score of its *material* and of its getting up. The author originally wrote the work as a directory for a beloved sister. He says, it is addressed to a *particular class of persons*, whom it is especially designed to benefit; but is not intended to be read exclusively by them. The present revision is the last he contemplates. M. W. Dodd, New York, Publisher.

THE RACE FOR RICHES.

—Messrs. Lippincott Grambo & Co., of our city have published "Dr. Arnot's Race for Riches, and some of the pits into which runners fall," with a preface and notes from the polished pen of Stephen Colwell, Esq. The work embraces six lectures, the object of which, on the part of the reverend author, is to apply the word of God to the traffic of men; and has passed through several editions in Scotland. As the American editor remarks, the lessons it contains are as appli-

cable here as in the land where they were first given; indeed, wherever traffic is pursued, there are they appropriate. He indulges in some eloquent thoughts touching the duty of *man to man*, as well as *man to God*. He says religion does not consist simply in the worship of God, nor simply in believing in God: but in our duty to God and our duty to *man*. He urges, and with truth, that our religious literature develops far more amply our duty to God than to *man*; and he wishes to bring the latter more fully to the attention of Christians. Mr. Colwell is strictly right in the views he gives on this subject, and we hope his excellent and well expressed thoughts may be generally read, marked and inwardly digested. He takes the proper course when he urges charity between *man and man*, as he does here. We feel disposed to wish him most earnestly God speed, when he proclaims that he intends to keep these "contemned words," Charity, Humanity, Philanthropy, before the Christian world.

Our Weekly Gossip.

—The Hakluyt Society of London has recently printed for the first time "the Historie of Travails into Virginia Britannia," written by William Strachey, Gent. the manuscript of which is in the British Museum.

The following passage from this work presents Pocahontas to us in a novel point of view. It is but right to mention, however, that the word *wanton* conveys no idea derogatory to the moral character of the Indian princess, but is used in the old sense of lively or sportive.

"The better sort of women cover themselves (for the most part) all over with skin mantells, finely drest, shagged and fringed at the skyrt, carved and colored with some pretty work, or the proportion of beasts, fowle, torayses or other such like imagry, as shall best please or express the fancy of the wearer: their youngest women go not shadowed amongst their own company till they be nigh eleven or twelve returns of the leafe old (for so they accowpt and bring about the yeare (calling the leafe taquitock): nor are they much ashamed thereof, and therefore, would the before remembered Pocahontas, a well featured, but wanton young girle, Powhatan's daughter, sometimes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve yeares, get the boys forth with her into the markett place, and make them wheele, falling on their hands, turning up their heels upwards, whom she would follow and wheele so herself, naked as she was, all the fort over; but being once twelve yeares, they put on a kind of semecincturn leathern apron (as doe our artificers

or handy-crafts men) before their bodies, and are very shamefac't to be seen bare."

Pocahontas was only twelve years old when she rescued Captain Smith. Mr. Schoolcraft, in his great work on the Indians, says that the artist who cut out her statue for the capitol at Washington has put *men's* leggins on the figure!

Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution has a good wood-cut of Pocahontas, in the dress of an English lady, after she was christened and called the Lady Rebecca. It is unnecessary to mention that many of the F. F. V. are descended from her. The Historical Society of Virginia ought to have a genealogical tree of her descendants prepared.

The following is a news-paper cutting from a number relating to the American Revolution, lately received in this city from London.

"A letter from an officer in Canada says, that General Burgoyne's army was overloaded with baggage, women and cannon. By the consent and advice of Gen. Burgoyne and Gen. Phillips, the army was absolutely embarrassed by the immensity of baggage, number of women and artillery. So much so was it that the army looked more like a Turkish army, with the seraglios of the Grand Signior, the Grand Vizier &c., than an army of Generals and British. The American army under General Gates was a perfect contrast. After the surrender of our army, Gen. Gates invited General Burgoyne and the other principal officers to dine with him. The table was only two planks laid across two empty beef barrels: there was only four plates for the whole company; there was no cloth: and the dinner, consisted of a ham, a goose, some beef and some boiled mutton. The liquor was New England rum mixed with water, without sugar: and only two glasses which were for the two Commanders in Chief, the rest of the company drank out of basons. The officer remarks "the men that can live thus, may be brought to beat all the world." After dinner General Gates called upon General Burgoyne for his toast, which embarrassed General Burgoyne a good deal: at length he gave General Washington; General Gates in return gave the King. The American troops and the English troops shook hands together: and were in a moment perfect good friends. The English troops universally expressed their reason that they were enemies: and wished their enemies had been any body else. The Americans replied that they knew the English were not, in their hearts, enemies to America. The American troops were well clothed, had good knapsacks, were well appointed, with mostly French arms, and were excellently disciplined. While the officers were at dinner, the whole army were under arms, and the most exact order was observed.

After dinner, some of the British officers, for curiosity, desired to be permitted to walk through the ranks, which was granted: perfect silence and steadiness was observed throughout. Some of our officers afterwards saw a regiment upon its march, and were surprised to see that they were as compact as any regiment they had ever seen in Europe. The American officers, in general, and particularly the Generals Whipple and Grover, are highly spoken of for their genteel behaviour. When General Gates invited General Burgoyne and other officers to dinner, Governor Skeene was going to partake with them, but General Gates ordered him to his quarters; which gave great satisfaction to the officers on both sides."

—The following account of the Londonderry family is from a late Irish newspaper. It is probably more particular than any account furnished by Burke's Peerage and similar other works, and also more correct. The people of Ireland will be glad to learn how little Irish blood Castlereagh had in him. If the girl, Stewart, whom his grandfather married, was of pure Scotch descent (as she was of Scotch origin,) Castlereagh has not a drop of Irish blood in his veins:—

"ORIGIN OF THE LONDONDERRY FAMILY.—The history of this family is curious, and merits particular notice. The real name is Gregor, the first of whom who figured in Ireland, was one Rob Gregor, a Scotch pedlar, who had been in the habit of trading to the county Down, in cast clothes: but having in a broil at the fair of Dunbarton, knocked out a man's eye, he fled his country altogether, and became a pack carrier through Ulster, in the service of one Robinson, a shopkeeper in Newtownards, with whom heretofore he used to do his little traffic on his own account. After a while Robinson died childless—leaving his shop and a bishop's lease of a couple score pounds a year value to his widow who married Rob. They had a son bred to the father's and mother's business, who grew up, and in process of time paid his addresses to a girl of Newtownards, of the name of Orr, a kind of mantuamaker, to whom the youth was attached by a prospect she was said to have from a man of the name of Stewart, her maternal uncle, who had been gone some years to seek his fortune in India, where, report said, he had been successful: and who at length died abroad, and left his niece a considerable property—so much beyond Gregor's anticipation, that he even wanted assurance to continue his suit. The true-hearted girl expressed to a common friend her surprise and regret at her lover's absence in terms which modesty did not forbid, nor could decorum censure.—They were married, and Gregor thereupon assumed the name of Stewart, without license

of the Herald's office—not so much in respect to the memory of his wife's benefactors as to gratify a pride from which the poorest are often found not to be exempt. They had a son, Rob or Robert, who was to be educated as a gentleman—now a great name—and who, in the process of time, was sent to the Temple to study the law, or rather to eat his way to the bar. Stewart, the father, had purchased estates with Orr's money, and had gained some footing in the borough of Newtownards. A great man in land, in the county Down, at the time, was the Earl of Hertford, an English nobleman. To him our young Stewart became known, and actually obtained one of his daughters in marriage. His father dying he was now a man of property, with a great alliance—owner of a borough—in fact one of us—and at length being raised to the peerage, became of so much influence that in the year 1790, his son Robert was a candidate for the representation of the county Down, on what is humorously called the popular interest; opposed even to the powerful leading of the Marquis of Downshire, to whose servants' half, the grandfather of Robert would have had a difficulty to gain admittance. The son of Lord Londonderry was the famous Castlereagh: or, as he was jocosely called in the county Down, Castle-rag, in allusion to the occupation of his grandfather, the dealer in clothes."

—The last number of the *Presbyterian Review* has an article entitled "Young America," from which we select the following touching Melville's last work—the abomination of all abominations, in the shape of romance—entitled "Pierre or the Ambiguities:"

"How any man, even if in some mad hours of excitement he had written such a book, could read the proof-sheets and not heave the whole mass upon the fire, we cannot conceive." * * * * *

"We would inquire whether it is at all necessary to import Parisian novels, in order that we might have the French school full fledged among us, if such books as *Pierre* are to be tolerated as American literature?"

"If it be asked whether we charge the author with approving the conduct of his hero, and of any other character in *Pierre*, (for nearly every one is vicious or silly,) we reply, of course, in the negative. But there is in man a strange passion of sympathy and imitation. The constant familiarity with murder, produces murder: sensuality begets sensuality; a nightmare literature is both cause and effect of a vicious state of society. God creates the beautiful and pure in nature, he establishes it in his kingdom of grace. He 'sets the solitary' in no unnatural and horrible position, but in 'families.' And such influences carried out benignantly, create a

pure and virtuous society. With all his faults compare Dickens with Melville, the death of poor Jo with the death of Pierre, Esther Summerson with Isabel. The one is the breath of morning driving away the pestilence that walketh in darkness: the other, the enervating south wind relaxing our vigor, or the hot simoon of the desert, withering the nerves and turning life itself bitter within us. Mr. Melville is a young man. Let him listen to the friendly voices which urge him to a better path."

—The Bayeux Tapestry, we learn from recent French journals, has been removed from Lisieux to the Louvre, in execution of a decree for collecting into a central museum, relics of Kings and Queens of France. This decree is ill received in the localities which it strips of historical monuments dear to the affections of the inhabitants. At Lisieux, the departure of this tapestry, so long the principal attraction of visitors to the town, produced an agitation amounting almost to an *emeute*.

—The following books remain unnoticed:—"John Randolph of Roanoke, William Wirt, &c.," by F. W. Thomas, from A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, of our city; "Memorials of the English Martyrs," by Tayler, Layard's "Ninevah and Babylon," from the Messrs. Harper, New York; "Poems of T. B. Read," from A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, of our city; "The Divorced Wife," by Arthur, from T. B. Peterson, of our city; "Marmaduke Wyvil," and the "Grafted Bud," from J. S. Redfield. We would add that Layard's Babylon and Ninevah, got up in beautiful style, by the Harpers, is pronounced by them to be the first American edition. Mr. Putnam denies this; so the two are at issue.

—"The Schoolfellow," for June, edited by Mr. Wm. C. Richards and "Cousin Alice," has been for some days on our table. It is now published by Messrs. Evans & Buttain, and appears to be more worthy of patronage than ever.

—The Cincinnati *Pen and Pencil* tells the following good story:

"Rather an amusing incident occurred the other evening, whilst a serenading party was going its rounds. The gentle musicians had chanced to stop before a mansion in — St., and were putting forth their delightful harmony, when the shrill sound of a female voice, which did not at all chord with their music, 'broke upon the midnight air.' The serenaders were startled; they probably had expected to see a white hand protruded from the window, and a bouquet or two thrown to them, but when the cry of 'robbers,' 'thieves,' and 'Oh! where is my wig?' fell upon their ears, they were sorely puzzled; but one or two bolder than the rest, ran to the door of the house, which by this time was opened from

within, and an elderly lady, emphatically bare-headed made her appearance. It seems that while she was listening to the sweet strains of the singers, she became aware of the fact, or at least fancied, that there were thieves in the house, and hence raised the outcry; being a 'pensioner on the dead,' as far as hair was concerned at least, she called lustily for her wig, not liking even to be seen by gentleman of the ancient profession of burglars, with such a *bold front!*"

—A letter from Berlin gives the following description of the *trousseau* of the Princess Anne of Prussia, who is about to be married to a Prince of Hesse Cassel. The *trousseau* of the bride has been on view at the King's Palace last Saturday, and to-day, and on each day about 2500, most female observers, visited it. Of the two large rooms which the *trousseaus* occupied, the first contained the house and body linen, laid out for the most part in twenty dozens, and twenty-four dozens, all marked with her Royal Highness' name, in a (to me) unintelligible letter, (twelve dozen pocket handkerchiefs had the Royal arms woven in them.) In connexion with the travelling couch were twenty-four dozen day and night *chemises*, as many undress and night caps, and other incomprehensible and unmentionable articles in like profusion. The linen takes up three sides of the room, the fourth is occupied by the *choussure*, consisting of twenty-four pairs of silk and leather shoes, and twenty-four pairs of stockings. In the second room were gloves, embroidered handkerchiefs, collars, scarfs, hats, bonnets, artificial flowers, &c., in bewildered profusion. To make all complete, there was a riding habit, twelve cloaks in silk and velvet, and, besides all these, the ball and court dresses, as well as the wedding robe, a diadem of brilliants, and much too many more things for me to enumerate. According to old practice here, the body of the wedding dress of white satin was not with the skirt and train, but is kept in the jewel chamber, where it is decorated with the crown jewels, and not brought out to Charlottenburg till the last moment.

—The students of the University of Turin had resolved to erect a monument within its precincts to the memory of their comrades, volunteers in the Sardinian army, who fell in the war of independence.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

OUR NEW TALE.

—The tale of which we commence the publication to-day, is from the well-known and highly-popular pen of Mr. James Rees. It will be concluded, probably, in three numbers. The scene of the story, it will be observed, is laid in Philadelphia.

SUNSET.

— We treat our readers this week to another poetical effort, from an anonymous correspondent:—

The eve is calm, serene, and bright;
There's yet one ray of holy light,
Which, lingering in the glowing west,
Unwilling seems to sink to rest.

But soon afar, on yonder peak,
That ling'ring ray in vain we'll seek;
And, oh! what grief on earth may reign,
Ere its pure light comes back again.

A tear may fill a mother's eye;
A father's heart may heave a sigh;
A sister's cheek of rosy bloom,
May wear a shade of cheerless gloom.

A brother's eye that beams so bright,
Misfortune's hand may seal with night,
Before to-morrow's orient hue,
Effulgent bursts upon the view;

And thousands in the green of youth,
Ere morn, may learn this sad'ning truth:
All human happiness and joy,
On earth, are mingled with alloy!

NOT BOOKED UP.

— The editor of the *Mercury*, in our city, gives to the world, in a late issue, the following:

“‘**MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.**’—The New York *Tribune*, which lately announced its intention to puff or praise nothing without being paid for its golden opinions, has a review of a book of poems published by some Mr. Smith, of Boston. This review occupies *three columns*, and was evidently written by Mr. Smith himself, or some of his particular friends; for, while the style of eulogy is extravagant, the quotations from the work—which are presumed to be the finest passages scarcely come up to the magazine standard of poetical excellence.”

The Smith, whose poems are noticed so much to the contempt of the *Mercury* by the *Tribune*, is an Englishman; a writer, too, who, though but a short time before the world, already occupies a most commanding position. In other words, he has, as it were, leaped up to a level with the best rhyming genius of England, and has received flattering notices from her leading reviews and journals. Our own literati, too, with the exception of the *Mercury*, and one or two smaller lights, have given him a cordial welcome. The beautiful edition of Mr. Smith's poems, lately published by Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston, has already been noticed by us.

GAVAZZI AND FREE SPEECH

— The riots in Quebec and Montreal got up to crush the free-speaking of this eloquent Italian reformer were truly disgraceful. They will, moreover, unquestionably, weaken the cause of those by whom they were excited, while at the same time, they will engender a feeling in the United States calculated to lead to a renewal of the scenes of 1844, when it

will be remembered, the torch was applied to churches, and other diabolical acts committed. The people of our country will defend with their heart's blood, freedom of conscience and freedom of speech. They care not by whom or by what, the disposition is shown to check the pure flow of either: let it be church or state, the result will be the same. Well does the New York *Tribune* assert that if Gavazzi is made the champion of free-discussion, he will be every where, in our republic, cordially welcomed and resolutely protected. The principle or cause which cannot stand a minute, detailed, and, even ardent and impassioned assault, must be a poor one. We are certain no principle or cause can be thrust down the throats of our people by a brutal mob; and least of all, a brutal mob instigated by those who are leagued with European tyrants: with despots who have checked the growth of Italian and Hungarian liberty.

We take no doctrinal grounds in BIZARRE though we entertain decided opinions in the premises. We defend in our pages simply liberty of speech; liberty of speech of course, always under law. We care not, neither, whether a man be a new, or an old convert to the doctrines he preaches. We are to presume him honest, whether he be so, or not, in reality. We don't think it is charitable to condemn a man, because he has changed his opinions, because he is a new convert, whether, he be preacher or politician. Men have conscientiously and honestly met with an entire radical change, from the days of the Apostle Paul down. We trust no scenes, such as have disgraced Montreal and Quebec, will be enacted in our land: and at the same time we hope Gavazzi may continue to speak when and where he chooses. We advocate the same privileges for Archbishop Hughes, Gen. John Sydney Jones, Mr. William J. Mullen, Mrs. Fannie Lee Townsend, for all, all who are not guilty of treason to the constitution. We care not for parties, and have no partizan ends to subserve. Hence, we can speak freely, no matter who are listeners. We have no votes to gain or lose. Unlike Mr Greeley we need not commence an article condemning Gavazzi's anti-catholic opinions, in order to close it up with an approval of Gavazzi and free speech. There is not a political editor in the country be he whig or democrat, who dares speak out altogether his sentiments on such a point as this. He is forever prevented from giving free current to his views and feelings by the miserable fear of losing a few votes.

“HAVE WE ROCK-FISH AMONG US?”

— Thus asked a gentleman one morning last week, as he stood on Beverly wharf, after having eaten a capital breakfast at “Joe Griffith's” hotel. “You had better get your

fishing-tackle and see," said a bye-stander. "True," replied the well-breakfasted individual: and a few moments after he might have been seen, completely equipped, with rod, line, hooks, duck pants, linen coat, Kosuth hat, and a bountiful supply of sturgeon roe, for bait. He was all ready indeed, to cast his line into the slowly ebbing tide, which swept around the head of the wharf. And were there any rock-fish as aforesaid? Aye, aye, certain ment; in one hour our fisherman had taken three dozen! and he thinks too, that when he departed suddenly, there were a few more left. He could not pursue his sport: because it soon became no sport. In other words, news of his great success in piscatorial rapidly spread abroad throughout the neighborhood, and in consequence, something less than fifty boys were fishing in the same waters, and raising a perfect Bedlam all about. And such apparatus as they brought along with them! Whip-handles, bean-poles, lamp-wicking, clothes-lines; cod-hooks, perch-hooks, pike-hooks and pin-hooks; and to hold bait, all kinds of household utensils, from a bushel-basket down to an old coffee-pot, were put in requisition! And thus the sportsman in a trice found himself: hedged in on all sides by a heterogeneous crowd; rigged out in a heterogeneous style; talking a heterogeneous dialect, frequently altogether. There he stood, hemmed in by that mixed assembly, some with pantaloons, some as good as without pantaloons; some with coats, some without coats; some with hats, and some with caps, and some without either hats or caps. A few had portions of their linen, oozing from orifices before and behind, and flapping in the breeze, like so many flags of truce. With that din in his ears, those articles of domestic crockery, those lamp-feeders, those coffee-pots &c., scattered about beneath his feet, with those bean-poles, and whip-stalks, flourishing above his head; could he, a nervous man, remain? No; emphatically no: with the three dozen aforesaid, he fled; vanomed the *ranch*; and we don't know that he has been heard of since.

SOMETHING ABOUT SNEEZING.

—St. Aubin tells us, that the ancients were wont to go to bed again, if they sneezed while they put on their shoes. Aristotle has a problem, "Why sneezing from noon to midnight was good, but from night to noon unlucky." Eustatius on Homer says, that sneezing to the left was unlucky, but prosperous to the right; Hippocrates, that sneezing cures the hiccup, and is profitable to various diseases.

Pliny, Apuleius, Petronius, and a dozen others, have all something to say about it; and Buxtorf tells us, that "sneezing was a mortal sign, even from the first man; until

it was taken off by the special supplication of Jacob. From whence, as a thankful acknowledgment, this salutation first began, and was after continued by the expression of *tobinchaam* or *vita bona*, by standers by, on all occasions of sneezing."

When his majesty the king of Minomotapa sneezes, those who are near him salute him in so loud a tone, that the persons in the ante-chamber hearing it, join in the acclamation. In the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reaches the street, and becomes propagated through the city: so that at each royal sneeze, a most horrid cry results from the salutations of his many thousand vassals. A somewhat different custom, prevails in Senaar, where, when his majesty sneezes, his courtiers immediately turn their backs on him (for that time only) and give themselves a loud flap on their right thigh.

In a scarce tract, by Gerbier, master of the ceremonies to Charles the first, Oxford, 1665. he gives as a rule of good-breeding; "Is not the custome, when a prince doth sneeze, to say, as to other persons, *Dieu vous ayde*, God help you, but only to make a low reverence."

ANOTHER FISH STORY.

—It is probable, that all of our readers who visit Franklin Square—at this season a most delightful resort,—have seen two singular birds, which are domesticated there. They are Marsh hens, and live almost exclusively, when in their native haunts upon fish. Being brought to the city, their diet is necessarily partially changed. It nevertheless consists of a preponderancy of fish, but as a general thing, of only such fish as Market street affords; and hence, fish which at times, are not altogether the freshest in the world. Now, a gentleman of our acquaintance—Col. Ward of the *Sunday Ledger*—commiserating the forlorn condition of these hens, resolved when he next drove out to the Wissahiccon to bring them in a supply of fresh cat-fish. To resolve with the Colonel, is to do; so the fish were obtained and placed in the beautiful fountain of the square, where the hens could help themselves at their pleasure. And they did help themselves; the poor "catties" had no peace from the moment they were transferred to the sparkling water of the fountain basin. but were caught up, one after another, and swallowed with as much ease, as Jonah was swallowed by the whale. The Colonel rather repented of his efforts to treat them with fresh fish from—not Helicon—but the pure still waters of the Wissahiccon, when he observed the unmerciful greedy havoc which they made with the poor "catties;" so far as he is concerned, is resolved that they shall hereafter obtain their food from the markets, and like every body else.

AMUSEMENTS.

—Manager Perham has added a large number of valuable articles to those which were not drawn at the last distribution and thus offers inducements for the sale of all of the original gift tickets he has on hand. A new, and the third distribution commenced under the new arrangement on Wednesday, the 15th., and is to be continued until the night of Saturday the 18th inst. The Panorama of California itself will be exhibited until July 2d., when it will be sold at auction. The gentleman who drew it,—a native of Boston—having concluded to dispose of it in this way. Dr. Valentine remains and adds his funny stories to the evening's entertainments, and Mr. Stalcup will remain as delineator.

—SANFORD'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA COMPANY, take possession of their New Opera House in Twelfth street below Chestnut, early next month. They have been singing in town with great success, and may be heard all the week at Concert Hall. On Thursday evening Sanford the manager was to have a benefit, while he has tendered the free use of his company to Mr. Andrews, the lessee of the Hall, for Saturday the closing night.

WHO IS HOLDER?

—Asks a correspondent: Dr. Holder we reply was a successor of Purcell a distinguished composer attached to the court of Charles II. and with Doctors Aldrich and Creighton, enjoyed considerable reputation as an amateur in church music. We are not now aware, when or where, Simpson flourished, nor indeed the other gentleman who figures in the musical *citique* to which our correspondent alludes.

IT IS A FACT.

—That the real name of the authoress of that very popular work *The Wide Wide World*, which purports to be written by Elizabeth Wetherell, is by Mrs. Waters. The small work, entitled *Little Things*, published at Edinburgh, of which 20,000 copies have been already sold, is the production of Professor Wilson. That excellent little work *Woman's Mission*, is written by Miss Lewis, school-mistress of Barnsbury, England.

CHARLES X.

—When Charles was young, a courtier was criticising in his presence the sermon of a preacher who had been complaining of the manner in which prisoners were treated before trial. The courtier observed, that such treatment was merely the anticipated punishment of their crimes. The young Prince suddenly interrupted him, exclaiming, "Before trial, how can it be known that they are guilty? That is a fact which the sentence alone can establish."

ENGLAND AND TOMTODDES.

—The "Uncle Tommy" excitement still keeps up in England, though some of the

more sensible people are getting ashamed of it. The movers in this agitation show a little more zeal than discretion. The whole abolition movement is dishonest. It has done nothing to benefit the slave. It has retarded emancipation. Its only object is to create excitement and sectional feeling.

"And you shall find, trace passions to their root.
Small difference 'twixt the *Stoic* and the brute."

WEIS-BADEN, &c.

—It will be a long time before our watering places become as beautiful as Weis-Baden, Baden Baden, Europe, where all the grounds, are laid out in the most tasteful manner, being adorned with roses and other flowers in the greatest profusion. You may sometimes walk or ride for hours under the grateful shade of beautiful trees, and near large beds of the scarlet Geranium—or you may sit beside a beautiful lake filled with enormous carp, some of one hundred years old, *they say*—or you may lounge in the stately *Kursall*, with its marble columns, magnificent mirrors, &c.—or you may walk beneath the colonnades, where rich bijouterie, books, Bohemian glass, and a variety of elegant goods are for sale; or you may drink, or rather sip, the water almost hot enough to boil an egg. It tastes at Weis-Baden like chicken broth. Our own watering places will improve, by-and-by, when competition spurs on the proprietors.

FINE ARTS.

—The notice of paintings at the Academy, which we last week promised, have not yet reached us. We hope to obtain them in time for our next number.

ALGÆ.

—A correspondent writes us:—"I perceive that algæ has been sent, by Americans, in large quantities to the Dublin World's Exhibition. Now, as you know every thing, pray tell me what is algæ?"

We reply: Algæ is a plant which grows both in salt and fresh water, and which is vulgarly called sea-weed. Brandt says it comprehends, in the division Zoospermææ, some of the lowest known forms of vegetable life, plants consisting of simple cells, adhering in different degrees and emitting, at maturity, spores, or seeds, which have a distinct animal motion. We have seen some beautiful collections of algæ, as we doubt not has our correspondent; but they were shown to him under their common name of sea-weeds, and not under the technical one, with which they figure in books.

ANECDOTAL.

—A gentleman in the country, who had put aside two bottles of capital ale, to recreate some friends he expected to dine with him, discovered, just before dinner, that a green Irish servant had emptied them both. "Scound-

drel!" said the master, "what do you mean by this?" "Why, sir, I saw plain enough by the clouds, that it was going to thunder, so I drank up the ale at once, lest it should turn sour: there's nothing I abominate like wastin'." Fuseil when he failed in any of his serious caricatures, used to complain that nature put him out; and the sluttish housemaid, when scolded for the untidiness of her chambers, exclaimed, "I'm sure the rooms would be clean enough if it were not for the nasty sun, which is always showing the dirt in the corners."

—We overheard once the following dialogue between an alderman and an Irish shop-lifter:

"What's gone of your husband, woman?"

"What's gone of him, yer honor! Faith, and he's gone dead."

"Ah! Pray what did he die of?"

"Die of, yer honor! he died of a Friday."

"I don't mean what day of the week, but what complaint."

"Oh! what complaint, yer honor; faith, and it's himself that did not get time to complain."

"Oh, oh! ay—he died suddenly?"

"Rather that way, yer honor."

"Did he fall in a fit?" No answer.

"He fell down in a fit, perhaps?"

"A fit, yer honor! why no, not exactly that. He—fell out of a window, or through a cellar-door—I don't know what they call it."

"Ay, ay! and broke his neck."

"No, not quite that, yer worship."

"What then?"

"There was a bit of a string, or cord, or that like, and it throttled poor Mike."

CRAWFISH-ANA.

—SYMPTOMS OF EARTHQUAKES.—Crawfish says he fears a dreadful catastrophe will shortly befall our city, as he observes several enormous *rents* in Chestnut street, and hears they are increasing.

—A RARA AVIS IN TERRA.—The *black swan* appears to be quite a *lion* with the English aristocracy: while Queen Victoria recently entertained a negro preacher. Crawfish thinks in consideration of their color, they should claim from Madame Vic. the honors of *knighthood*.

—SWEEPING THE STREETS.—Our City Fathers pay men to sweep the middle of the streets with birch brooms. Our fashionable ladies sweep the side-walks with their dresses, for the benefit of French manufactories.

—Under European governments, where the people are but the servants of their sovereigns, they sometimes show a disposition to be masters; but in this country where the people are sovereigns, they show a great anxiety to be "the servants of the people."

—The New York Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations will open on the 15th of July. It is said there is already considerable at exhibition; particularly on Sundays among rum-sellers and police officers.

—Kit Crawfish says there are some great hypocrites in the world; even among the seemingly pious. In fact there is hardly a church in the country that has not a great *nave* in it.

—"A European correspondent" says there is trouble *brewing* in the *East*, and thinks a war between the great powers would be followed by a *rising* in *Hungary* and *Italy*.

—A woman was recently brought before a magistrate, charged with pilfering. On being asked how she got her living, she replied, by washing and ironing; but his honor felt inclined to *dis-pute-her* assertion, as it appeared that she also did a little *steal-ing*. He therefore ordered her to be *lead* away to *durance* vile.

—"England expects every man to *do his duty*," as the excise man said when he caught the smuggler with a pack of tobacco.

The Roman Catholic priests endeavour to prevent the reading of the Bible: but the people *will* read it. Protestant preachers try to persuade the people to read the Bible, and the people *wont* do it.

BUSINESS MEMS.

—Col. Maurice, 123 Chestnut street, has a fine stock of stationery, which he is constantly increasing. Many of the leading merchants deal with him. His prices are invariably low: indeed, the motto of the Colonel, ever since he commenced business, has been "*low prices and quick sales*." He is well calculated to succeed. Few, indeed, could have started business, as he did, without capital, and so soon have attained the prominence which he enjoys.

—Messrs. Burton and Laning, Arch above Sixth, have recently imported some beautiful French papers, which we invite our very tasteful readers to call and examine.

—WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS is unquestionably, a superior article of Holland Gin: well worthy all the good things which are said of it. It is extracted from the Juniper fruit, and finds its home in Mr. W's bottles, the very juice of the berry itself. We direct attention to an advertisement of this article, which may be found in our columns. It is for sale in Philadelphia by all the principle druggists. We should add, that we have known Mr. Wolfe for ten or fifteen years past, and are thus enabled to declare that he is incapable of imposing upon the public.

"BEHOLD, BEHOLD, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguslar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853.

VERNON; OR, THE DRAMA OF LIFE.*

CHAPTER IV.

"Which is the villain? let me see his eyes:
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him." *Much Ado &c.*

Mrs. Vernon, having received her evidently unwelcome guest, with a lady like demeanor, gave him no time to act the hypocrite by professing sentiments unworthy a man, and that man her husband's friend, but commenced the conversation with—"Now Sir, your business?"

"Rather abrupt madam, I would——"

"Mr. Maitland, the least we have to do together the better. I cannot disguise from you Sir, the fact that your presence here is hateful, aye Sir that is the word—hateful, not only to me, but those who are near and dear."

"Do you include your husband and Alice, my Alice in this harsh word?"

"No—Alice is all sweetness, all love and affection, and I would not that her young heart should ever engender feelings—such feelings as I have, and cannot control toward you."

"Indeed madam you are plain, will you be kind enough to enumerate some of my bad qualities?"

"Mr. Maitland, I will not again refer to one scene, your conscience if you have any, can readily recall, apart from that, you are a man destitute of that nice sense of honor and virtue, which ever distinguishes the gentleman, and the christian."

"Thank you madam, and I am delighted that you have afforded me an opportunity of being equally plain with you. That I have loved you, the scene you recall, is a proof, that I am still your friend, my being here now is evidence."

"Your love! your friendship! base fiend, in what act of mine did you ever discover one ray of hope to light up in your heart such a passion? If contempt, if loathing, scorn, and all the bitterest feelings of outraged virtue, constitute my love for you, then indeed can you claim it—Sir it is yours! Love thee? Why I would rather starve, beg, aye steal and become a slave to tyrant law than harbor one feeling of a tender nature toward you."

(Continued from page 149.)

"Go on Madam, I am patient, and can await the end of your lecture, go on, you see I am calm!"

"I have spoken the sentiments of my heart Sir, they have been my torment, they are now my relief—you have heard them. As yet, my husband knows not the extent of your villainy, but the time will, nay, must come, when he shall know all."

"When that time comes, Madam I shall be better prepared to deal with your husband. But no more of this: your display of Lucretian virtue is all very fine, but it avails not with me; you shall yet be mine,—and to gain that end, I will accomplish the ruin of your husband, and to the utter destitution of yourself and family: aye madam, you are in my power: husband, children—all—all——"

"Fool, do you think because your schemes have stripped us of wealth, that you have power over mind—can you crush that? Poverty Sir, is no crime, nor is it a state of which virtue need be ashamed. It is but a misfortune—and the man who would rejoice in the misery and suffering of the poor, and the houseless, is so far beneath the objects of his vengeance, that he cannot soar high enough above the pollution into which he has fallen, to inflict his enmity upon them. Away Sir, I would be alone."

"Not so fast madam, one word—If you are determined to bring ruin, and disgrace upon your husband, dare my power. If you wish to see him dragged to a loathsome prison, scorn me. If you would see him sink gradually down into the scale of human misery, crime, and madness, spurn me. Do it—Madam, and wo! to you, and yours!"

"What? can such a thing as thou, disgrace my husband?—and——" a sudden thought seemed to enter her brain at that moment—she started, as if the horrid picture her tormentor had drawn, was flashing before her eyes, "Gracious heaven!" she muttered, "now I recall my husband's actions, sleepless nights, troubled looks—all, all seem to tell me that this fiend speaks some horrid truth——"

"You seem troubled madam?"

"Your words Sir astonish me, but they do not change my opinion of you—the misery you picture may come, but we can bear it—wretchedness may be ours—crime never!"

"Be not too sure of that madam—poverty is an excellent mechanic, it can carve out of the purest soul, the worst of crimes."

"Base man—how now Margaret?" The door suddenly opened and that worshipping of the Goddess Superstition, rushed into the room, exclaiming "Oh, dear Madam—a huge spider a—I ask pardon, ma'am, Sir, but Mr. Vernon has just come in that's all."

"Then madam I will wait upon your husband, and remember—words of bitterness, either from you, or others, have always more

truth than poetry in them, your obedient servant." So saying with a bitter smile upon his lips he left the room. Margaret, who had gazed in some astonishment at his departure, and heard the words he spoke, looked at her mistress, and expressed her delight, in thus being rid of a "huge spider, and the "death watch."

"Margaret, you must have heard our voices, what brought you into the room so suddenly?"

"Dear madam—I know that bad man, I heard your voice, and I thought he might insult you."

"Kind girl, yes Margaret I do require aid and assistance, we are, I am afraid, surrounded with danger, come to my room, and I will tell you more, I do want a friend."

"There goes a kind and good woman. I know there is danger, I heard last night the most awful crash in my room, and the cricket has raised its notes six octaves higher, and chirped out of tune at that. This they say is a sign of horrible discord. Ah! there stands the large mirror, now that I am alone, I will try the charm. They say if a person stands before a glass and pull three hairs out of the head, the very moment the third is plucked; the man she is going to marry will be seen looking over her shoulder." At the moment Margaret uttered these words Peter entered the room, and hearing her voice, and the words, stepped aside. Margaret with a slow and stealthy step, approached the vast mirror which stood immediately in front of her—"Dear, dear, but I am afraid, I—I tremble all over—but here goes—" She raises her hand, plucks a hair, and starts back—"Oh! dear what's that? 'tis nothing, well that is one, now for the second. I shall faint—dear me—there—now," pulls another, "that is two," "hark I hear a groan, eh! what's that, dear me it is that old cricket—now the last. What's that? a mouse, only a dear little mouse, what a dunce I am—now for the last." She tremblingly approaches the glass, as she is in the act of pulling the hair: Peter steps immediately behind her, she raises her head, gives one scream and falls into the arms of Peter.

CHAPTER V.

"With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike."

Milton.

"Misfortune brings sorrow enough."

Queen of Arragon.

Our readers, no doubt have long since anticipated a love scene between Alice and Howard. Howard was a young man of real genuine talent, he loved the glorious art, he had adopted for a profession, for its sublimity and beauty; and labored assiduously in it

as the means of support. Poor, but possessing genius of a high order, he commanded that respect which too frequently is paid to wealth alone. He was now just on the eve of embarking for Italy, he loved Alice, and she, if she loved him at all, it was with the warm affection of a sister, rather than that indescribable feeling which overtakes a young heart in its first love. Indeed she was too young to form any such engagements, and yet she never felt so happy, as when she was in company with Howard. We now introduce them to our readers, as they are standing in the hall.

"And so you leave us Mr. Howard for a long—long time?"

"Indeed Alice I can scarcely tell how long I shall be absent, but of one thing be assured; my anxiety to return will much accelerate the business which calls me hence. And dear Alice—I must call you so—the story of your young life, will be to me as the first page in my heart's history. Alice I love you; may do not start, I know that your pure bosom never harbored any other passion than that of love and affection. But mine, dear Alice, is of that character I would have you experience; I would have you feel not a sisterly love for a brother, but one equally dear but warmer—I mean the love of the heart."

"Can there be a love more dear than that of a sister's?"

"Yes, a love that can never change, a love that makes its votary forsake Father, Mother, brother and sisters."

"This is strange!"

"Alice it is true, will you promise to think of me when I am far away?"

"I will promise: for I know that I will think of you often."

"And will you remember what I have said, that my happiness is in your keeping? for when I return, I shall claim you as my bride."

"O Mr. Howard—I—I—a poor orphan, and you—"

"A poor Artist."

"I am so young."

"You will be older when I return."

"But still an orphan!"

"That name, Alice, is as dear to me as is your own. Will you, Alice, remember me, and also what I have said? I am aware, Alice, no, I am not—that you consider yourself a child; children never forget kindness, youth never forgets love, it is the first dawn of heavenly sunshine on the human heart."

"I will remember all your kindness."

"Spoken like a child."

"Well, I will never forget that you loved me."

"Spoken like a girl."

"And I will never cease to think of you."

"Spoken like my wife."

What Alice said, we know not, but she

Howard pressing his lips upon her cheek! breathed these words of the master spirit of the "mimic world," into her ear:—

"Sweet, good night?
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beautiful flower when next we meet."

Turn we now to a different scene. In a retired chamber sat old Mr. St. Clair. He was, as our readers may have learned already, the father of Mrs. Vernon. He was awaiting the appearance of Maitland, who imagined the servant was conducting him to his friend Vernon. The old man was not aware of Maitland's great crimes, but sufficiently informed of his general character to be incensed at his intrusion, and frequent visits to the house. "I see how it is," he exclaimed, "the villain has thrown a fearful charm around Vernon; it has deadened all his energies, and cast a dark shadow over the future prospects of his life. What can I do? He will not listen to my doubts and fears: misfortune dark and fearful is coming upon us, and what will become of his wife, his children—all—all must suffer."

At that moment, the servant announced Mr. Maitland, who, entering and not seeing Vernon, expressed his surprise in no very gentle terms.

"He left you this note Sir," remarked Mr. St. Clair, handing it to him.

"Umph—he refuses to see me, wants time to consider: does he indeed, well we shall see. Old man what are you gazing at?"

"I am looking closely and carefully at your face to see——"

"What, Sir?"

"Whether the foul fiend has not set a mark upon it."

"This to me, old dotard!"

"Nay, do not glare at me with those eyes of fire, I am an old man, Sir; but not so weakened by age as to fear you. I have the right to look: for in age vision, like memory, is retrogressive; shadows, reflecting the past, as it were, in a mirror."

"Have you ought with me?"

"Yes—I have read you, sir; the very atmosphere you breathe becomes infectious: into this house you have brought misery and misfortune. No good will ever come where you are, no flowers bloom in your presence."

"Indeed. Old, man, you are poetic."

"You mock me, sir, aye, mock, aye, rail at these grey hairs; but beware of them; like the lightning's flash, your mockery will rebound back to your own heart. I would have you leave us, sir; leave Mr. Vernon."

"You look and speak, old man, as if I had power over him."

"You have, sir, a fatal power. You poison his mind, you enflame his passions, madden his brain."

"Beware, Mr. St. Clair, how you proceed;

I have listened to you long enough; nor will I tolerate such language even from age itself."

"Indeed; me you cannot harm."

"Say you so,—look here, bold driveller in words, this house, and all that is in it, even to the very bed you sleep upon, is mine. One word from me, and you are houseless!"

"You see I tremble not, sir. I was in part prepared for it, but know, bad man, that humble poverty is far better than rich villainy. And know, also, that there are men in the world, whose hearts are not ice like yours. Do your worst, sir, better sudden reality, than living doubts. Depart sir, your presence is as the fabled Upas blighting every thing that comes within its poisonous influence."

"Farewell, poor moralist, and when the avalanche comes, remember Maitland."

"He is gone, the base villain is gone, thank heaven even for this respite. Let the avalanche come, and may that Providence, whose ministering spirits guard even the swallow from danger, avert the ruin it threatens."

CHAPTER VI.

"Condemned on penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world and left without a home."
Campbell.

Margaret, whose fright had only tended to strengthen her superstitious notions, now firmly believed in the miraculous influence of charms. "Well," she exclaimed, while arranging the parlor furniture, "what a fright I had, as sure as I stand here I saw Peter's image in the glass. Yes it was his sprite, and then when I came to myself, I was all alone, the death watch was striking the last hour, and the house dog howled louder than ever. And see, if there is not a spider forming his web! O the monster, and all for the purpose of catching an innocent fly. How like poor women, are these little insects; ensnared, and—look as I live, he wraps himself up in his glistening net work, and pretends to be dead—now the fly moves along—now his little feet become entangled, now the monster awakes, now he rushes toward his victim—no you don't, not so fast!"—as she spoke, with one brush of her duster, the whole fabric of this cunning insect's device was levelled with the floor,—ere she could finish her work of destruction the door opened, and Mr. Vernon entered—"Tell Mrs. Vernon, Margaret, that I would speak with her, here in this room."

"Yes the die is cast, I must become a rogue, to save myself from a prison, cruel alternative. The fatal effect of liquor is now apparent, mind and body are both enfeebled. Man, man why will you let a monster thus rule you, why give to the foe of mankind, those faculties which were the gift of Deity,

But why should I reason, I who have none, why attempt to escape, while my every act to do so is thwarted by liquor. But here comes my wife. "I sent your maid to request this visit—I—I have wronged you my dear wife, my children and self—I am a penitent, and a wretched one at that."

"Ah William, how pale you look; why will you thus give way to your feelings, and yeild to the tempter, who has caused all this?"

"Liquor, true, true."

"William, that is not the tempter I mean, it is that villain Maitland."

"What Maitland, my friend? be careful Adeline, be careful."

"He is a fiend, a devil. O William, be no longer misled, be no longer blinded to this man's deep devices. Awake from your dream; it is not, cannot be too late!"

"What dream—what is it you mean?"

"William dear you cannot deceive me, you are surely about being drawn into some dishonest business transactions; nay tremble not: I know nothing: think you William, a wife can sleep when a tempest is raging in her husband's breast. I have watched you night after night, I have heard your groans, your agonizing moans, I have witnessed your mental struggles; I know you suffer, both in mind and body."

"I do, I do!"

"Then speak to me, to your wife, and for your dear children's sake."

"I cannot, I cannot."

"Avoid Maitland, as you would a fiend—He is your doom."

"He has been to me a friend!"

"O William, such friendship is death, call no man a friend, who endeavors to bring ruin and misery upon yourself and family."

"Adeline, you do not know Maitland."

"William—I can only say I know him too well, I could tell you that which would—But here comes father, what is it father, you look alarmed?"

"There is a strange man at the door, Mr. Vernon, who insists upon coming in."

"Let him come—" Well sir your business." This was addressed to a tall powerful man, who at that moment, somewhat abruptly entered the room.

"My business sir, is merely to serve this;" handing a paper.

"Why it is an Execution?"

"Exactly so."

"Whose? there is but one man who could issue one against me, and he is my friend."

"Yes sir, he was your friend, and may be so still—if you read, you will perceive that the name is Maitland."

"Impossible, it cannot be—and yet so it is—wife—father—children—we are houseless—penniless. My God, my God, this is all my own work!"

"Be calm my son," was the response of St. Clair, "We are not homeless—there is one above who provides for all—a landlord whose tenants are his children. Let us pray!" Involuntary, all knelt, even to the stern officer of the law, and the old man breathed a prayer, which soothed the billows of their troubled spirits.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Time lays his hand,
On pyramids of brass.

Cervantes.

"What is't a woman cannot do?"

Olway.

Time whose surges wash away the lofty palaces, the cities, and all the gorgeous temples that the ingenuity of man have erected, affect not the stupendous works of the Creator. These are the landmarks for old father time, as he travels on to Eternity! Since our last chapter one of these surges had passed over the dwelling, as well as the hopes and prospects of the Vernons; ruin and misery sat scowling over the wreck of their once happy home. No sooner had the execution issued by Maitland, against Vernon been satisfied, than the creditors of the former seized upon its proceeds, and thus, *he* found that ruin which he sought to bring on others alone. Independent of this, that infamous association to which he belonged was suspected by the police, and many of its members were seized and prosecuted for swindling. Many of our readers will remember the excitement occasioned by the exposition of this organized band of swindlers, their manner and mode of procuring goods and systematic commercial arrangements. Maitland was fortunate enough to escape; and it not unfrequently occurs the ringleaders in villainy are apt to do so. Indeed it was not with him a difficult matter, for he was, what they termed a *forwarding agent*, and was not immediately connected with the purchasing, or the selling of the goods. As it was, he shared in the ruin of Vernon.

If man could be the only sufferer, or if mens sins could be inflicted on themselves alone, the evil, the far spreading evil which their consequences produce would not be so universal. Thus in the case of Vernon—his love of liquor, his connexion with a class of men who acknowledged no power but that which excitement produced, nor knew any other ruler but that which grew out of it.

This is insanity, fearful madness. Liquor, like opium, at least in some respects, possesses that peculiar and almost superhuman power of re-creating a man; making him as it were a new being, throwing him into that state of dreaming whose visions are but the spectres of murdered intellect! It gives birth to ideas wild and unnatural; these ideas are but the gleamings from insanity; sometimes, carried

away by the all powerful operation of its now mental retrocination, these ideas are clothed in the most beautiful language, and gemmed with poetic beauties, at others, they are all of the most depraved, and the coarsest character.

In this mimic world—furies, ruled and governed—by liquor did Vernon and his companions exist, move, and have their being, such as it was. We have said, the ruin fell not alone on Vernon: his wife and children were alike sufferers. She had sought her friends—friends in prosperity, are your enemies in poverty. They heard her melancholy story, censured her husband, and bowed her from their doors. This is the world, at least it is—*nam-kind!* Mrs. Vernon was not cast down, she was aware of this infirmity of the human heart, and forgave her friends for their lack of charity. What did she do? sit down and weep, with her children clinging to her, and making them more wretched by her grief? No: she sought out the owner of a large paper factory, stated her situation, her willingness to labor; and the absolute necessity of having immediate employment being urged, she and her children, including the orphan Alice, were immediately engaged. Nor was her father willing to remain a mere recipient of their bounty, but asked and obtained a situation as an assorter of rags, and old paper, which he had the privilege of doing at their own house. Thus, twelve months after the events narrated in our last chapter, we find the family of the Vernons, settled down in an old dilapidated house near the factory. This dwelling had been of large dimensions; was old-fashioned, and contained four rooms on the ground floor. In one of these very rooms Mr. St. Clair had removed from the factory a large quantity of old paper, a great portion of which had been purchased from the public offices of the city as waste paper: indeed, it was what might well be called a “cart-load of trash.” In the adjoining room Vernon and his wild companions frequently met to carouse, for it was one of the most trying of poor Mrs. Vernon’s misfortunes to have her little household disturbed by their wild orgies. That wretched man had become reconciled to Maitland, and of late they were constantly together. It is true he seldom saw his wife and children, and this respite was to her a relief. Source of as much grief as he had been, his absence from their little circle was an actual blessing.

How did Alice bear this change of fortune? See yonder group in that large room, there close by the third window from the door. That is Mrs. Vernon, Alice and Robert. James, her youngest son, and little Anna are at school. Do they seem unhappy? The close observer, indeed, might notice a tear in the eye of the elders, but it has passed off, and a sunny smile meets the gaze of her boy.

He is a fine little fellow. his ready hands, and prattling tongue are busy; the one adds to their domestic comforts at home, while the joyous laugh, and boyish glee, makes even a heavy task light. Alice is cheerful, her labor adds to their little store, and she is happy to think it is now in her power to repay, in some measure the kindness of her beloved benefactress. It is true, her thoughts some time wander far from the objects which surround her, to other lands, and other scenes.—the rich Italian moonlight, the soft pale rays of which fall amid the ruined temples of classic age; and there she conjures up the image of one beloved; one on whose pathway her young heart sends its earnest prayer, and within whose pure and holy recess young hope offers up its orisons. She thinks of Howard? And does he think of her? Hark! the post has arrived. A letter for Alice. O! how happy that young heart is now; she smiles, she—but why those tears? tears of joy. O! how sweet is young love:—

“’Tis nature’s second sun.
Causing a spring of virtues where it shines.”

We now leave this happy group—happy? aye, content, even in poverty, is happiness,—and call the attention of our readers to the room in the old dwelling house where Mr. St. Clair is employed. As the scenes we are now about to relate all of some importance to the general interest of our story, we will make them the subject of another chapter.

(Continued in number 39.)

To the Editor.

THE EVILS OF SOCIETY.

SECOND PAPER.

That idleness is the *parent* of intemperance, we think no intelligent observer of the springs of human action will deny.

Young men do not *begin to drink* strong liquors from the mere love of them, nor for a love of the excitements which they produce. The *beginnings* of drinking are mostly incidental. When the business of the day is done, young persons require recreation; and as man is a gregarious animal, recreation is more pleasing when enjoyed by a number. Social fellowship and emulation in the sports of youth, add much to the pleasure of them. Young men consequently are inclined to meet together, and indulge in such amusements as will gratify their natural desire for recreation and social intercourse.

Most young persons are unemployed on evenings, and on Sundays, and it is the misuse of this unemployed time, which causes most of the disorder and outrage which has become so common in our large cities.

The manner in which Sunday is observed

in our country; at least by a large portion of the people, leads many into vicious habits. We are accustomed to hear clergymen denounce *sabbath breaking* as one of the great sources of moral evil: but a little observation will we believe, convince any candid persons that a cessation from labor, by persons who do not spend the day in religious exercises, causes more moral evil than the entire disregard of the Sabbath. If any other day were set apart to be spent in idleness, it would produce the same results.

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

It has been well said that "idleness is the Devils hot-bed," for in it grow all manner of vices, and they grow rankly too.

When the day's work is done, and when both body and mind require recreation it is not wonderful that young persons should resort to such places as will afford them such amusement as they desire. And where can they go? Let us suppose that a young person is not yet led into bad courses. Perhaps he is an apprentice; he is not admitted into his master's parlor; he gets his meals in the kitchen; and when he has finished his supper he may go to bed, if he chooses. Perhaps he works on his own account, and his home does not afford any attractive pastimes. He must look for recreation out of doors: and what will he find? Perhaps he can afford to go to a theatre or a circus show once in a week; but he cannot go there every night. If he look around for places to spend evenings, he may find that he can on some evenings go to church, or to a lecture, or to a reading room, but in these places he must keep quiet and behave himself decorously. These places do not afford him the recreation which he desires; and he must look farther. He finds that his acquaintances meet at engine houses, and in drinking shops, and here they may talk and laugh and amuse themselves as they please. Here he finds real recreation. Here it is the *fashion* to smoke cigars, drink brandy &c., and if he have no disposition to indulge in these things at first, he will not long resist the *fashion*. A boy who wishes to appear a man, must indulge in manly habits; and smoking and drinking are the chief of these; besides it would look mean to go to such places and not spend anything. And here the very ambition which, if properly developed and cultivated would make a high-minded, honorable man of him, leads him into intemperance and all its concomitant vices.

In Philadelphia there are hundreds of churches, and other institutions in which young persons may learn morality; but there are *thousands* of places, far more attractive in the eyes of uncultivated youth, where they may indulge their vicious propensities.

At every turn there is something to attract

young persons and draw them into evil habits and sensual indulgences; but what is there to draw them to the path of virtue?

In our city there are no proper amusements provided for the people.

If places were provided, where young persons could enjoy themselves in such a way as would gratify them, and afford real recreation: and at the same time cultivate a taste for refined amusements and pleasures; where they could enjoy manly sports and pastimes without any inducement to drink and smoke; where a proper ambition and emulation to excel in what is really noble and praiseworthy, could be encouraged and stimulated, we should not have so much vice and disorder in our city. We often hear of the evils which result from a want of parental control—for it is not the fashion now for parents to control children—but we may say that there is an almost entire want of control and of care on the part of the whole community, with regard to the morals of the young. Our city boasts of many noble charities, but the very fountain-head of vice and immorality is left to diffuse its poisoned waters throughout the community, unchecked and uncontrolled.

But the want of proper amusements for the young, is not the only source of evil in our community.

The means of education are not sufficient. Moral and intellectual culture go hand in hand, and if the children of our city were better instructed, their morals would be improved. It is not our intention here to go into any discussion of the comparative merits of our school system. It is enough for our present purpose, to say, what we think will not be denied, that most of the children that grow up in our city are not so educated as to make them *love learning*, and avail themselves of those means of intellectual improvement which are within their reach.

If the children of the community were so educated, at an early age, as to become fond of learning, and to have their ambition to improve, excited and stimulated; and if their intellectual exercises were so arranged and combined with physical sports and amusements, that children would find gratifying recreations in them, the morals of our city would be greatly improved.

We may say then, using the term in its most comprehensive sense that *Education*, is the great remedy for the evils which have so marred the moral beauty of our pleasant city.

Education should develop the mental and physical powers of youth. It should enable him to understand his own powers and choose his occupation accordingly. It should furnish him with the most agreeable amusements. It should stimulate his ambition and show him the true "path of honor, and the way to greatness."

There is pride and ambition enough in the heart of every boy in the community to make a decent man of him ; if it be properly cultivated.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH FIRST.

Ocean life.—Savannah.—Pulaski's monument, the Park,—Independent Church.

It was one of those bright and beautiful mornings, when the air is redolent of the balmy odors of early spring, that our noble steamer gracefully swung loose from her moorings at the Crescent city of the North. With prow turned Southward, she glided rapidly over the smooth waters of the Delaware, and soon the lofty edifices and the tall spires of the great metropolis, with its busy scenes and never-ending tumult, with its novelties, gayeties, and various attractions, were left far behind. Exhilarated with the novelties of our present position, the eye at one time rested with pleasure and delight upon the attractions along the shores, as they successively claimed the attention—again imagination outstripping our present speed would fain portray the enjoyments and dreams of happiness which seemed to cluster in such profusion around the successful termination of our voyage, while other hours of an equally agreeable character were spent in social intercourse with our fellow passengers. No wonder that the blood courses freely through the veins, and the spirits respond buoyantly, when home, and home-scenes are in anticipation ; when cares and engagements have departed, and the heart looking forward to the consummation of its fond hopes, and the fruition of expected joys amid the family circle, and upon its own native soil, speaks to those far away and says with Schiller " Seas and hills, and horizons are between us ; but souls escape from their clay prisons, and meet in the paradise of love." The morning sun which had all day long illumined the villages, and forests upon the banks of the river, revealing that light green hue, which betokens the returning supremacy of Summer, sought his couch in the West just as we were entering upon the broad waters of the Atlantic. His lingering beams rested in beauty upon the headlands, apparently unwilling to leave even for a single night, this favored coast. Yet soon his rays one by one faded away, and we were floating far out upon the bosom of the deep. Those towers which like sentinels in calm and in storm, warn alike of danger, and of safety, even those were lost to our gaze, and naught remained but a wide waste of waters. Although the king of day had for a short season resigned his sceptre, it was

only to place it in the hands of his fair consort the moon. Moonlight upon the ocean ! If there be a season calculated to awaken within the breast the liveliest sensations of pleasure, and gratify every longing desire after a complete realization of what constitutes the beautiful in nature, say ye sentimentalists, is not the present hour such an one ? Lifting her fair face above the waves, with her mild rays diffusely scattered over the sea, she begins her silent journey with her starry train. If it be one of the sublimest spectacles presented in the Natural world, to view the vast ocean driven by storm-blasts, rising in mountain majesty " like new Apenines," with dark clouds hanging far above its bosom, now foaming and surging in mad career, while the thunders of midnight are echoed and re-echoed from the gloomy caverns and dark caves beneath its depths,—to mark these broken billows as they are revealed, when black volumes of clouds seem rent asunder by flashes of glaring lightning, as in quick succession they sport high in the heavens, or quiver along the infuriated waves—surely a surpassingly beautiful prospect is that presented, when the sea is lulled to rest, when its placid surface is silvered over with the bright beams of pale-eyed Luna,—when millions of youthful billows leap and play in her radiance—in quick succession chasing each other across the bright track she has left upon the waters, and with pleasing welcome, greeting the stately steamer, as in triumph she speeds over the " breezy tide." Hours seem but as moments to him, who from the deck enjoys such a scene, and numerous are the pleasant thoughts which present themselves unbidden, yet suggested by, and sympathizing with the spirit of the occasion. Let Madame Ida Preiffer describe her devotion to the Terpsichorean art, and portray the sensations of those who reel in the grasp of the pitiless Naiads of the stormy sea, we will remember only the delightful reveries suggested by ocean life, and not recall our thoughts from dream land, and bid them dwell upon sensations of a less agreeable, and of a decidedly more practical character :—

Thrice had the sun upon his green-waved bed
'Mid rosy-clouds his vesper radiance shed ;
And thrice the moon from out the ocean rose
Like pale-eyed beauty waking from repose."

before the solitary ray of the lighthouse on Tybee Island, like a star of life upon the coast, gleamed above the wave. With pleasure did we hail that beam of light, for it was to us a harbinger of rest, from the restless heavings of the sea, and an assurance that another land, and well remembered scenes were soon to open before the eager gaze. Fain would the eye penetrate the darkness, and mark the objects which surround on every hand. There are the far-reaching sand-

bars with their edges brightened by deposits of sea shells; there the palmetto rears its lonely form, there the rice-fields spreads out in all the attraction which the mild breath of spring has imparted to its squares and heavy dams; and now, we are passing almost under the guns of Fort Pulaski—and yet, the stranger sees them not, and the Georgian only feels their presence, for the curtain of night is about them all. But yonder are lights glancing upon the waters, and although just now we were unable by starlight to trace the dark walls and frowning batteries of the fortress on Lockspur Island, now the hundred lamps of the city burning brightly, reveal the ripples as they play upon the bosom of the river, and disclose the dusky outlines of vessels as they lie motionless in the stream, or at anchor at the wharfs. Savannah lies before us, yet shadows and darkness rest above and around.

The morning sun shines in all his magnificence, the Western breeze blows softly over the city, and we realize at least in part, the brilliancy and beauty of a spring day at the South. Contrasted with the imposing appearance presented by such large cities as Philadelphia or New York, with their magnificent piles, costly dwellings, extensive improvements and achievements of art, the general aspect of Savannah is rather diminutive. The ear accustomed to the never-ending rumble of the omnibus, the rattle of carts, hacks, wagons, and the lumbering engine,—with the continued tramp of multitudes eagerly thronging the street in pursuit of business and pleasure, will listen in vain here, for this strange jargon of sounds so discordant. The various compound noises of a great metropolis are exchanged for a comparative silence, which in some parts of the city is quite sensible. This arises from the fact, that the middle portions of the streets are not paved, and the soft sand there quietly opens beneath the pressure of the wheel; thus avoiding all that harsh response yielded by round stones, so deleterious to the healthful action, and composure of the auditory nerves. Upon the Bay however (as that portion of the city is termed which lies along the river,) the scene presented is one calculated to awaken the impression, that Savannah is a place of great commercial importance. Here, (however quiet and retired may be the portions appropriated to private residences in other parts of the city) you will find no reason to imagine that you are in the neighborhood of "Sleepy Hollow." The rattle of the numerous drays upon the plank roads, the voices of the drivers, the tumbling of cotton bales, the merry song of the sailor, the flapping of sails in the stream, the heavy thump of the pestle in the rice mill, and the sound of the cotton-press, all unite in presenting a very busy and lively appearance.

Along the wharves may be seen large Commission merchant's rooms, while over the river are floating French, Dutch, English, Spanish, and flags of other nations, from the numerous steamers and vessels at anchor. The city is hence immediately recognized as one of all-important commercial character. We should have stated before this, that Savannah is situated upon the river of the same name, some seventeen miles from the ocean, and occupies a commanding elevation, when compared with the nature of the land immediately above and below.—Opposite, in South Carolina, and on either hand, are seen large rice fields with their verdant crops, regular squares, and heavy dams. These are on a direct level with the river: and were it not for the embankments, would be under water.—General Aglethorpe as he sailed up this stream in search of a location for a settlement, was attracted by the high and dry bluff, upon which Savannah now stands, and selecting this as the most eligible position for a plantation, there founded the first Colony, in Georgia. The choice was judicious—and under the subsequent smiles of Providence, that small number of settlers have multiplied a thousand fold and Savannah is now one of the most prosperous and pleasant of Southern Cities. The City is regularly laid out, the streets running at right angles to each other. At regular intervals the eye rests upon public squares, which on the account of their frequency and beauty, add much to the appearance and agreeableness of the City. Filled as they are with a luxuriant growth of live-oaks, while beneath, the ground is covered with a carpet of dark green Bermuda grass,—conveniently arranged with gravel walks and thronged with groups of bright little faces, they form at once an ornament, and are sources of health; for open airy squares and commons have been aptly termed the *lungs of a City*. In the centre of one of these, stands a monument commemorative of the brave achievements of two heroes, whose names are inseparably connected with the arduous struggles of our Revolution—Pulaski and Green; the former, the noble Pole, who dared to dethrone the tyrant Stanislaus, and freely shed even his life-blood in the defence of Savannah, the latter, the hero of Eat-taw. It consists of a simple shaft rising some thirty or forty feet from a compound granite base. This is surrounded by a neat iron railing. It bares no inscription—it needs none, for the intrepid action, dauntless courage, and spotless virtues of those whom it commemorates, are still, and ever will remain fresh in the remembrance of every true American. History and a Nation's pen have written their epitaphs:—

"By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.

And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

The most interesting view of the City, is that from the Independent Church. This building is possessed of much beauty and is far famed because of its lofty spires, which rise some two hundred and seven feet, looking down from the upper portions and windows, of this, Savannah, with adjacent country is seen spread out like a large map. The eye at one time rests upon the river in winding course, studded with the white sails as they catch the evening breeze, until its waters mingle with those of the Atlantic. Again it marks the rice-fields, which now appear but as so many beds in a large garden. Again, the rich foliage of the squares, varying the monotonous appearance of the usual combination of brick and mortar; and still again its gaze is arrested by the Park, with its iron railing, and its merry groups assembled beneath the refreshing shade of the pine trees: some engaged in friendly converse, others enjoying the pleasures of an evening's walk, while the younger members are employed in prosecuting, with vigor and spirit, their various sports. There also are parties returning in open buggies, filled with clusters of yellow jessamines, and the numerous wild flowers which bloom in such profusion in their native forests. The view is truly a pleasant one, and in our lofty elevation we would fain linger awhile, observing scenes and incidents, places and persons, wholly unconscious of our presence.

Bizarre among the New Books.

MEMORIALS OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.

—This is the title of an extremely handsome volume, of some 395 pages, which we have received from Messrs. Harper and Brothers, the publishers. It is from the pen of the Rev. C. B. Taylor, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church of England, and a gentleman of warm, sterling piety and refined poetical tastes. He tells the painful story of martyrdom in a manner calculated to impress it deeply upon the mind. He imparts to his subject, all along, the most absorbing interest. Fox's Book of Martyrs is too cumbersome to be generally read: hence, but little of the detail of sufferings at the hands of intolerance and bigotry is generally known. The work before us is, on the contrary, a well-digested epitome of the story of church persecutions; and should be read by all who value freedom of conscience, and speech. It must find an immense circulation. The more it is read the better. Bigotry has had bloody sway among our forefathers, and if unopposed is ready to practise the same abominations again, under some prevailing church; for bad men may

turn the purest instrument to bad ends. The author very properly says:—"Let us not be told, I would say again and again, that these are the abominations of a former age, and belong rather to the times when Blinney lived, than to the party which passed sentence upon him—no, these abominations might be more openly defended in a former age, but they are part of a system which does not change."

As a specimen of the interesting character of the narrative, and also to show the kind of material which is presented by the gifted author, we copy the painful

STORY OF ALICE BELDEN.

"It was late one evening in the month of October, that a woman belonging to the rank of the peasantry of this county of Kent, entered the city of Canterbury, in the company of a little boy. Her errand was a most unusual one, for she came to deliver herself up as a prisoner to the castle of Canterbury; and the circumstance of her coming in charge of that child was at once a proof of her integrity, and the noble tenderness of her spirit. She was one of the many victims led to the stake and burnt at Canterbury: her crime was her decided refusal to be present at the sacrifice of the mass in her own parish church at Staplehurst, which, as you are aware, is a village some miles from this city. She had been before a prisoner for the same offence, having been sent thither, with many mocks and taunts. Here she lay fourteen days, till at the entreaty of her husband, some of the wealthy men in the neighborhood of her native village wrote to the Bishop of Dover, entreating her release. Her modest firmness of purpose, however, had not been shaken by her imprisonment, as her answers to the Bishop, when brought before him, plainly proved. Foxe relates that, "being summoned before the Bishop, he asked the poor woman, 'if she would go home and go to the church?' her reply was very simple. 'If I would have so done, I need not have come hither.'—'Then, wilt thou go home,' said the Bishop, 'and be shaven of thy parish priest?' Alice Benden answered, 'No, that she would not.' 'Well,' said he, 'go thy way home, and go to the church when thou wilt;' whereunto she answered nothing: but a priest that stood by, said, 'She saith she will, my lord;' wherefore he let her go, and she came forth with home." Such is Foxe's short account of her imprisonment.

"The husband of this godly and devoted woman appears to have been a man guided by no principle, and acting only according to the humor and the will of the moment. On her return home, this wretched man, in the cowardness of his unstable character, seems to have commenced his attack upon her about

her attendance at the parish church; and doubtless met with a meek but decided refusal from his wife, who made it a point of conscience not to attend. About a fortnight afterward, when going to church, he met a party of his neighbors, to whom he appears to have spoken in the most unkind and unguarded manner of his wife's unaltered decision.

"The report of his words was brought to Sir John Guildford, a magistrate, and again the order was made out for the imprisonment of Alice Benden. As if to prove that he had made no mistake in the accusations he had brought forward against his wife in his idle discourse, this base and cruel husband came forward, and offered to take charge of poor Alice and carry her to prison himself, actually receiving the money from the constable to take the trouble out of his hands. It was then that this God-fearing woman, resolved to save her husband from the shame of such an act, and went herself to the constable, and begged him to let his son have the custody of her to prison, promising that she would go there faithfully. Her character for truth must have been known, for her word was taken, and thus in the charge of a child went Alice Benden, to prison and to death.

"This poor countrywoman was no common character. From the few facts that have come down to us of her life and death, there seems to have been a lovely harmony of mental and moral qualities about her: a vigor and clearness of intellect, a forethought and self-possession, and a gentleness and sweetness of disposition, which are sometimes found in persons of higher station, but which are seldom discovered—perhaps only because they are not sought after—among those in a lower rank of life. Many have been bold and courageous, but indiscreet and ungentle; many have been mild and forgiving; but poor Alice Benden presented in her character the union of these graces of the Christian faith in fair and consistent keeping. We are told that while she was in prison, she practiced with another woman, 'a prison-fellow of hers,' that they should live both of them on two-pence half-penny a day, to try how they might bear the hunger and suffering which they foresaw they should be called to undergo; for it was well known that they would be removed to the Bishop's prison, where three farthings apiece a day was the sum allowed for the prisoners' fare: and on this sum, for fourteen days, was Alice Benden afterward forced to subsist.

"The winter drew on, and Alice lay in the cold cell of a cheerless prison. At the end of January, the hard heart of her husband seems to have relented toward the unoffending woman—and he came to the Bishop of Dover and begged that Alice might be released. But now he came too late; the merciless Bishop

was not to be moved. He pronounced her to be an obstinate heretic, and one that would not be reformed, and he would not consent to her release. Again the spirit of the unstable man turned against his wife, and he laid information against the brother of Alice, complaining, that Roger Hall (for so her brother was named), had found means to hold frequent communication with the poor prisoner; and he told the Bishop that if he could keep her brother from her, she would turn, for, added the cruel husband, 'He comforteth her, giveth here money, and persuadeth her not to return or relent.'

"The prison of Alice Benden was soon after changed, and she was taken to a wretched dungeon called Monday's Hole, strict orders being at the same time given, that her brother's coming should be watched for, and that he also should be taken and committed to prison. This dungeon was in a vault beneath the ground, and in a place where, in these Protestant days, prisons are not to be found. It was within a court where the prebend's chambers were. The window of the dungeon was surrounded by a paling so high, that the prisoner in the dungeon beneath could not possibly see any one beyond the paling, unless he stood by it and looked over it. There, by the good providence of God, in the absence of Alice Benden's jailer, who was also a bell-ringer, that loving and faithful brother at length discovered the place of her imprisonment. He came at a very early hour while the man was gone to ring the church bell, and he managed with some difficulty to convey money in a loaf of bread at the end of a pole, to his half-starved sister. But this was the only intercourse he could obtain, and this was after she had already lain five weeks in that miserable dungeon. 'All that time' says Foxe, "no creature was known to come at her more than her keeper.' She lay on a little short straw between a pair of stocks and a stone wall: her fare being one half-penny a day in bread, and a farthing in drink, till she entreated to have the three farthings in bread, and water to drink. And there she lay for nine weeks, without once being enabled to change her raiment, in the depth of the winter.

"On her first being brought into that loathsome dungeon, the poor ill-treated woman gave way to complaint and lamentations, wondering within herself, 'why her Lord God did with His so heavy justice suffer her to be sequestered from her loving fellows into such extreme misery. And in these dolorous mournings did she continue,' adds her biographer, 'till on a night as she was in her sorrowful supplications, rehearsing this verse of the Psalm: 'Why art thou so heavy, O my soul'—and again, 'the right hand of the Most High can change all,' she received com-

fort in the midst of her miseries, and after that continued very joyful until her delivery from the same.'

"At length, on the 25th of March, it was in the year 1557, Alice Belden was taken from her dungeon and brought up before the iniquitous Bishop of Dover. And the question was again put to her, 'Would she now go home, and go to the church or no?' and great favor was promised her if she would but reform. Her answer showed the steadfastness of her purpose: 'I am thoroughly persuaded by the great extremity that you have already showed me, that you are not of God, neither can your doings be godly; and I see that you seek my utter destruction,' and she showed them how lame she was from the cold and the want of food, and the sufferings of her wretched prison; for she was not able to move without great pain. Her whole appearance indeed was most piteous, for after they removed her to the Westgate and her clothes had been changed and her person kept clean for a time, the whole of her skin peeled and scaled off, as if she had recovered from some mortal poison.

"The day of her death was nigh at hand. And her deportment was then in keeping with the rest of her exemplary conduct. At the latter end of April she was again called for and condemned to die; and from that time committed to the castle prison, where she continued till the 19th day of June. Two circumstances attending her last hours were peculiarly affecting. In undressing herself for the stake, after having given her handkerchief unto one John Banks, probably a faithful Christian friend who was standing by, to keep in memory of her, she took from her waist a white lace, which she gave to the keeper, entreating him to give it to her brother, Roger Hall, and to tell him that it was the last band that she was bound with, except the chain; and then she took a shilling of Philip and Mary, which her father had bent, 'a bowed shilling,' and sent her when she was first committed to prison, desiring her said brothers should with obedient salutations render the same to her father again. It was the first piece of money, she said, which he had sent her after her troubles began: and then in her lovely spirit of piety, she added, that she returned it to him as a token of God's goodness to her in all her sufferings, that he might understand, that she had never lacked money while she was in prison."

READ'S POEMS.

—A new and elegant edition of the poems of T. Buchanan Read has just been published by A. Hart, of this city. We have looked over the leaves of this volume, and are, even with such a mere cursory glance, compelled to accede to their author a high position; much higher than his later fugitive pieces, published

in the magazines and newspapers, have disposed us to accede to him. The dedication of the work is grotesque enough, especially as connected with a volume of poetry. Observe:—

"TO
CYRUS GARRETT, ESQ.,
OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.
THOUGH THREE POEMS SHOULD PROVE AS LASTING AS THE IRON
YOU HAVE FORGED,—OR AS TRANSPARENT AS THE SPARKS
FROM YOUR ANVIL,—WHATEVER THEIR FATE
MAY BE, THEY ARE AFFECTION-
ATELY DEDICATED
TO YOU
BY
THE AUTHOR."

Whether the poems as aforesaid will be as lasting as aforesaid, or whether the poems as aforesaid will be transient as aforesaid, we cannot say. Some of them are, unquestionably, made up of enduring materials, and should live forever: while the sooner some others depart to oblivion, the better will it be for the poets name and fame.

It is not our purpose to give extracts from the latter; it is both our pleasure and our purpose to treat our readers to a specimen or so of the former. Who would not be proud to have written the following, which is entitled

"INEZ."

"Down behind the hidden village, fringed around with
hazel brake,
(Like a holy hermit dreaming, half asleep and half awake,
One who loveth the sweet quiet for the happy quiet's sake.)
Dosing, murmuring in its visions, lay the heaven-enam-
oured lake.

And within a dell, where shadows through the brightest
days abide,
Like the silvery swimming gossamer by breezes scattered
wide,
Fell a shining skel of water that ran down the lakelet's
side,
As within the brain by beauty lulled, a pleasant thought
may glide.

When the sinking sun of August, growing large in the de-
cline,
Shot his arrows, long and golden, through the maple and
the pine;
And the russet-thrush fled singing from the alder to the
vine,
While the cat bird in the hazel gave its melancholy whine;

And the little squirrel chattered, peering round the hickory
bole,
And, a-sudden like a meteor, gleamed along the oriole;—
There I walked beside fair Inez, and her gentle beauty
stole
Like the scene athwart my senses, like the sunshine
through my soul.

And her fairy feet that pressed the leaves, a pleasant mu-
sic made,
And then dimpled the sweet beds of moss with blossoms
thick inlaid:—
There I told her old romances, and with love's sweet woe
we played,
Till fair Inez's eyes, like evening, held the dew beneath their
shade.

There I wove for her love ballads, such as lover only
weaves,
Till she sighed and grieved, as only mild and loving maiden
grieves;
And to hide her tears she stooped to glean the violets from
the leaves,
As of old sweet Ruth went gleaning 'mid the oriental
sheaves.

Down we walked beside the lakelet:—gazing deep into her eye,
There I told her all my passion! With a sudden blush
and sigh,
Turning half away with look askant, she only made reply,
'How deep within the water glows the happy evening sky!'

Then I asked her if she loved me, and our hands met each
in each.
And the dainty, sighing ripples seemed to listen up the
reach;
While thus slowly with a hazel wand she wrote along the
beach.
'Love, like the sky, lies deepest ere the heart is stirred to
speech.'

Thus I gained the love of Ines—thus I won her gentle
hand;
And our paths now lie together, as our footprints on the
strand;
We have vowed to love each other in the golden morning
land,
When our names from earth have vanished, like the writ-
ing from the sand!"

Here follow other gems:—

MIDNIGHT.

"The moon looks down on a world of snow,
And the midnight lamp is burning low,
And the fading embers mildly glow
In their bed of ashes soft and deep;
All, all is still as the hour of death;
I only hear what the old clock saith,
And the mother and infant's easy breath,
That flows from the holy land of Sleep.

Say on, old clock—I love you well,
For your silver chime, and the truths you tell,
Your every stroke is but the knell
Of hope, or sorrow buried deep;
Say on—but only let me hear
The sound most sweet to my listening ear,
The child and the mother breathing clear
Within the harvest-fields of Sleep.

Thou watchman, on thy lonely round,
I thank thee for that warning sound;
The clarion cock and the baying hound
Not less their dreary vigils keep;
Still hearkening. I will love you all,
While in each silent interval
I hear those dear breaths rise and fall
Upon the airy tide of Sleep.

Old world, on time's benighted stream
Sweep down till the stars of morning beam
From orient shores—nor break the dream
That calms my love to pleasure deep;
Roll on, and give my Bud and Rose
The fulness of thy best repose,
The blessedness which only flows
Along the silent realms of Sleep."

THE FAIRER LAND.

All the night, in broken slumber,
I went down the world of dreams,
Through a land of war and turmoil
Swept by loud and labouring streams,
Where the masters wandered, chanting
Ponderous and tumultuous themes.

Chanting from unwieldy volumes
Iron maxims stern and stark,
Truths that swept, and burst, and stumbled
Through the ancient rifted dark;
Till my soul was tossed and worried,
Like a tempest-driven bark.

But anon, within the distance,
Saw the village vanes aflame,
And the sunshine, filled with music,
To my oriel casement came;
While the birds sang pleasant valentines
Against my window frame.

Then by sights and sounds invited,
I went down to meet the morn,
Saw the trailing mists roll inland
Over rustling fields of corn,
And from quiet hillside hamlets
Heard the distant rustic horn.

There, through daisied dales and byways,
Met I forms of fairer mould,
Pouring songs for very pleasure—
Songs their hearts could not withhold—
Setting all the birds a-singing
With their delicate harps of gold.

Some went plucking little lily-bells,
That withered in the hand;
Some, where smiled a summer ocean,
Gathered pebbles from the sand;
Some, with prophet eyes uplifted,
Walked unconscious of the land.

Through that Fairer World I wandered
Slowly, listening oft and long,
And as one behind the reapers,
Without any thought of wrong,
Loitered, gleaming for my garner
Flowery sheaves of sweetest song.

THE GREAT ARE FALLING FROM US.

The great are falling from us—to the dust
Our flag droops midway full of many sighs;
A nation's glory and a people's trust
Lie in the ample pall where Webster lies.

The great are falling from us—one by one
As fall the patriarchs of the forest trees,
The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun
Gaze on each vacant space for centuries.

Lo, Carolina mourns her steadfast pine
Which towered sublimely o'er the Southern realm,
And Ashland hears no more the voice divine
From out the branches of its stately elm:—

And Marshfield's giant oak, whose stormy brow
Of turned the ocean tempest from the West,
Lies on the shore he guarded long—and now
Our startled eagle knows not where to rest!

THE OLD YEAR.

Lo, now, when dark December's gathering storm
With heavy wino o'ershadows many a heart,
Beside us the old year, with matted form,
Stands waiting to depart.

Weighed down as with a ponderous tale of woe,
How dim his eyes, how wan his cheeks appear!
Like Denmark's spectre king, with motion slow
He beckons the young year.

LINES WRITTEN IN FLORENCE.

Within this far Etruscan clime,
By vine-clad slopes and olive plains,
And round these walls still left by Time,
The bound'ries of his old domains:—

Here at the dreamer's golden goal,
Whose dome o'er winding Arno drops,
Where old Romance still breathes its soul
Through Poesy's enchanted stope:—

Where Art still holds her ancient state
(What though her banner now is furled),
And keeps within her guarded gate
The household treasures of the world:—

What joy amid all this to find
One single bird, or flower, or leaf,
Earth's any simplest show designed
For pleasure, what though frail or brief—

If but that leaf, or bird, or flower
Where wafted from the western strand,
To breathe into one happy hour
The freshness of my native land!

That joy is mine—the bird I hear,
The flower is blooming near me now,
The leaf that some great bard might wear
In triumph on his sacred brow.

For lady, while thy voice and face
Make thee the Tuscan's loveliest guest,
Within this old romantic space
Breathes all the freshness of the West.

There are other exquisite poems. Some of the larger ones contain many brilliant flashes of genius, and perhaps are better worth copying, as a whole, than are those we have selected; but we could not give a part, and have not space to present the whole.

We understand that Mr. Read leaves the country in July, taking with him his interesting family. He goes for the purpose of remaining away a number of years, and will reside at Florence. As a poet, he may be said to have made but a beginning.

THE DIVORCED WIFE.

—This story by Mr. T. S. Arthur, has been published by Peterson of our city. Like every thing from its clever and industrious author, it conveys a healthy moral, and is written in a most engaging style. There are few men in the country who write more, or to better purpose, than Arthur. He labors every day, and nearly every hour of the day. He has a weekly paper and a monthly magazine under his care; and gives to both fully as much original matter as editors commonly do. He is, at the same time, throwing of two or three stories each week, and with Mr. Carpenter, his clever assistant, is now engaged in a series of State Histories, which Messrs. Lippincott Grambo & Co. of our city, are publishing, and which are remarkably well done.

THE GRAFTED BUD

—This is a beautifully printed memoir from the pen of Mrs A. H. Hawes. It was written "to solace the hours of loneliness that followed the departure of a dear child, and to cover up the many pleasant memories connected with her, ere time should dim the recollection." It is eminently worthy of the affectionate object which the wounded parent sought to attain, and will be read, we question not, with melancholy pleasure by all; and particularly by those who have been called on to mourn the early dead. Redfield, New York, publisher.

MARMADUKE WYVILLE.

—This excellent historical romance from the pen of Herbert has been republished by Mr. J. S. Redfield, of New York, in admirable style. It enjoys a wide-spread popularity; indeed we have been disposed to consider it the very best novel its prolific and successful author has produced. He began his career as a fictionist with the "Brothers;" a story very much after James, when he was James. Had he been content to have been less James-ish,

in the rapid manufacture of books, Herbert might have acquired, certainly, a more paying popularity.

Our Weekly Gossip.

—It appears that Col. Fitzgerald of the *City Item*, is to deliver an oration at Cape May, on the Fourth of July, forth coming. A large number of the press have been invited to be present on the occasion, and it is probable from present appearances, a large number will go.

—The following on the subject of Hydrophobia, we extract from a Cincinnati paper.

"Now that public attention has been called to the subject of hydrophobia, it may interest some to know that an ingenious theory is held by some medical men, which rejects the idea that the madness of the *biter* has any effect on the madness of the bitten, and affirms that hydrophobia is as likely to result from the bite of a dog in perfect health, as from one that is mad. Their chief reasons are, that the effects of all other poisons are certain and determinate; no other poison can be received into the system with impunity—yet hundreds of persons have been bitten by dogs unquestionably mad, and no evil effects have followed. Instances have been known where a score of persons have been bit severally by the same dog, and only one has been affected by hydrophobia. So also many persons have died from hydrophobia where the animals by whom they were bitten were never known or even suspected to be mad. Other poisons have a specific time within which their operation begins and ends—in hydrophobia there is no such definite period—in some cases the effect shows itself immediately—in others not till the lapse of months and even years.

"Ten animals—the dog, wolf, fox and cat; the horse, ass, mule, cow, sheep and pig—are all which are said to be susceptible of this disease, while the first four only are said to be able to communicate it. These four have teeth of a similar form, capable of making a deeply punctured wound.

"From these facts, the conclusion has been drawn that hydrophobia is of species of *tetanus*, resulting from the nature of the wound, and not from any poison injected into it. Tetanus, or lock-jaw, often results from a wound made by a pointed instrument, like a nail, in the hand or foot, and the result has followed other injuries to the nerves. The two diseases seem to bear a general resemblance. Both are spasmodic, both affect the muscles of the throat, and both are attended with the same great excitement of the nervous system.

"The above is a brief synopsis of the opinions of some ingenious members of the medical

profession, which, if established, would go far to diminish the terror which is now felt whenever a person is injured in any way by the bite of a dog."

—An American Artist named Page, now sojourning at Rome, has painted a very fine portrait of Miss Cushman, the actress. A correspondent writing from Rome, says:—

"The critical and accurate draughtsmen, of the German and French school, wonder at the drawing, in which respect they consider American artists usually deficient. Sculptors are amazed at its *solidity*, if I may use such a term, finding that though upon canvass, it has almost as much body and positive form, as if cut in marble. With regard to the coloring, there can be but one opinion: not artists and critics only but all who have eyes to see and how beautiful it is. Even when examined closely no trace of slow, laborious painting can be observed: it seems to have been created by one sweep of a magic brush. Every vein, every line in the original may be found in the picture, though subordinate to the grand whole, and only to be seen when sought for; and over all the rests, if not the down which softens the humane face, a downy softness, like the "flower dust," blown over the petals of a flower, apparently resting so lightly upon them that a breath might blow it away.

—A Domestic Telegraph will shortly be attempted in New York. The *Tribune* says:—

"The present idea is to establish in the upper part of New York ten offices, with House's printing instrument: and wires connecting with the office in Wall Street. They will transmit brief messages for a very small sum, and must necessarily do a large business. It is not improbable that the Telegraph may be so extended as to do nearly all the real business correspondence between up town and down town. The Post-Office is too slow; messenger boys are not always at hand, and when found must require much more time and cost more than the wires.

—Grisi and Mario are not to appear next season at the New Opera House in New York, because the Opera Committee will not undertake to have the house built and ready by any particular day: and besides according to a paper, Mr. Hackett has the written engagement with these singers and refuses to take the lease of the house on the conditions required by the Stockholders, namely: two hundred reserved and non-paying seats as their property, in addition to rent. We think Mr. Hackett is right,

—THACKERAY, we are told, has concluded to take up his residence in our country; he says, it is further added, that in ten years the United States will equal England, while in twenty she will be far outstripped by us.

—MR. REDFIELD has commenced the publication of an edition of Shakespeare, with the emendations and corrections of Mr. Collier's famous old Folio, and it will be completed in sixteen parts. Parts I and II, already sent to us, are elegantly gotten up in all respects. This edition of the writings of the immortal bard, must certainly take precedence of all those heretofore published.

—Several books remain on our table unnoticed. Among them—"Thackeray's Humorous Writers of the Days of Queen Anne," and "Coleridge's Works," vol. v., from the Harpers; "John Randolph, Wirt," &c., from A. Hart; "The Old Home by the River," from the Harpers; "Great Orations and Senatorial Speeches of Webster," from W. M. Hayward, of Rochester, N. Y., through J. W. Moore of our city. We are indebted to Messrs. Getz, Buck & Co., for the books of the Messrs. Harper: and to Mr. T. B. Peterson for those of Redfield.—Since writing the above, Messrs. Henderson & Co. have sent us "Edgar Clifton," from the publishing house of Appleton & Co., New York. We have also received from H. Long & Brother, New York—through T. B. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia—"Harry Coverdale's Courtship."

—A New Bedford, (Mass.) correspondent of the New York Tribune, says:—

"Prof. Agassiz lectures this evening. It is a fact which needs explanation, that when the concert or flashy harangue fills the City Hall, the finest efforts of such minds call together less than half the number. There is however, a monument of fame in New Bedford, in its "City Library," the only one of the kind in the world, whose first annual report I send you. By an appropriation from the Corporation, the rooms, books and Librarian furnished: and the whole population have free access to the several thousand volumes already collected. Its peculiar *model* feature, is, that the poorest citizen may, under proper regulations, draw without expense. The Library circulates among the masses, and cheers with its wealth of intellect the humblest habitation.

—We hear that our friend the clever editor of the *Model Courier* has sold his splendid mansion in Walnut Street, in order that he may take a house nearer his business. Got a good price, too, they say.

—Mr. William Lyon, Mackenzie says, in the last number of his *Toronto Message*, touching the mobbing of Gavazzi:

"In 1780, I think it was, a protestant mob destroyed the Roman catholic chapel, Edinburgh. Lord George Gordon's London riots are well known—the Boston outrage—and more recently the Philadelphia burning of Catholic chapels and libraries, are fresh in men's minds. Do not the rioters at Quebec

paliate such outrages, when they, in a Roman Catholic city, enter a free Protestant church, as in the Gavazzi case?"

Editors' Sans-Souci.

BULLS.

— The very best authors will sometimes make the very biggest Bulls: Littleton, author of the Classical Dictionary, gives us under the word *specularia*, "*Glass Windows* made of fine transparent stone, like *isinglass*." The Colossus of Lexicographers, Samuel Johnson, is as deep in the mire. Turn to his "*Journey to the Western Islands*, (edition 12mo. printed in Edinburgh, 1802), and at page 58, where he is describing the winter of the Hebrides, he expresses himself thus.—"the inlets of the sea which shoot very far into the island, never have any ice upon them, and the pools of fresh water will never bear the walker." Turn also, to p. 77 of the same book, and the following inexcusable Bull occurs:—"Macleod choked them with smoke, and left them *lying dead* by families as they stood." At page 23 we have another specimen:—"This faculty of seeing things out of sight is local."

POP-BANG!

— An editorial friend was sitting in his office the other day, busily engaged in writing editorials, when all at once *pop—bang*, startled him from behind. "Oh! I'm shot," thought the editor; "*shut*—somebody has at last revenged the injuries my pen has done mankind;" and he should have added "the King's English"—"Oh!" Here he placed his hand to the back of his head, the place which had received the ball. There was no hole, though the hair was moist, as if covered with blood. "It has glanced off! my life is safe," said the man of the quill. And so it had,—that is the cork of a Spruce-Beer bottle near. The *pop—bang* was caused by the rapid out-going of the said cork, the shot was caused by the said cork coming suddenly in contact with the writer's skull, and the blood was a spirt of as good a brew, as ever gladdened the palate of any man, woman, or child.

MARMONTEL.

— When Marmontel was a school-boy, his master chastised him for some youthful offences, which he resented by so severe a lampoon that he was under the necessity of running away. Being afraid of returning to his parents, he entered himself as a private soldier in a regiment commanded by the Prince of Coëde: and in the year that he obtained a halbert, the celebrated poet wrote his charming History of Belisarius. Many applications were made for his discharge, which the Prince always withstood, declaring it to be the most flattering honour he could possibly receive, to

have such a man as Marmontel a sergeant in his regiment. Once a year, at the general review, this distinguished individual appeared in his station, and whole multitudes flocked to see him. After the review was over, Marmontel had invariably the honour to dine with his illustrious Colonel and the principal officers of the army, by whom he was esteemed to admiration.

CLEVER.

— The word *clever* is, a writer informs us, an adjunct, in which all the learned languages are deficient. There is said to be no expression in any of them which conveys the comprehensive idea of this epithet. We may hence suppose, that the character here intended, as well as the expression, is peculiar to these states? And, indeed, it is in a land of liberty only that a man can be completely *clever*.

DESTRUCTION—STAND FROM UNDER!

— The *Sunday Mercury* is altogether too terrific for us. We betake ourselves from the track to avoid its mighty besom. Such learning, and such ferocity combined, have been rarely if ever before seen. We are promised our life, if we will desist from further exposure of the editor's ignorance. Magnificent mercy! But why should't the *Mercury* man relax a little towards the *Register*, and the booksellers, and Mr. Alexander Smith? We pray that they may be spared entire destruction, at any rate. Leave a few shreds of their clothing, or at least a large grease spot. It is positively too bad, that when one of the Smiths really does reflect a credit upon the family, he should not be permitted to wear his laurels in peace.

MOONLIGHT—

— Country moonlight, too! We have enjoyed floods upon floods of it within the past week. With the late outpouring of summer, we arranged to pass the nights, for a period, at old and dearly-loved Beverly. Thither we go, of an evening, to drink in pure, fresh country air, and to luxuriate in country moonlight, perfumed by country honeysuckles, jessamine, and new-mown hay! Mind and body are refreshed by the changes from pavement to green sward, from gas-light to moonlight. Masculines ten years younger might be cast into unhealthy excitement by this country moonlight, with its country perfumes; that is, rendered so susceptible, by its influences, that just the little finger of woman might throw them into a love-phoby, showing itself by sighs and starts, and kisses not always of the air; but old sober-sided blase BIZARR— he is incapable of any such nonsense!

THE BOURBON QUESTION.

— We learn that the Rev. Mr. Hanson is preparing a book, which will contain all the evidence he has collected touching the claims of Rev.

Eleazer Williams to the Dauphinship of France. He has procured many facts since his last publication in *Putnam's Monthly*,—some of them gathered through the useful offices of a venerable gentleman in this city— which will greatly strengthen his case. One or two of these facts have fallen within our knowledge; and they certainly have a bearing upon the point aimed at, of remarkable force and directness.

"AN ADEPT AT PUFFING"

— The *Mercury*, in replying to an article of ours touching its ignorance as to current literature, calls us an adept in puffing. Suppose this to be true: our puffing is a matter of business, having nothing whatever to do with BIZARRE. We might retort upon the editor of the *Mercury*, and charge him with insincerity in the great crusade and war of extermination which he is going to wage against booksellers, because he is a smart Philadelphia lawyer; and hence, by profession, ready and willing to appear for plaintiff or defendant as the fee invites. What, pray, has our business, or our bread and butter, gathered through the columns of another journal, got to do with BIZARRE? Its pages are as free from bough opinion as any other journal in the country, the *Mercury* not excepted.

VERNON, & CO.

— The stirring tale, "Vernon," is from the pen of James Rees, Esq. When its publication in our pages is concluded, it will be dramatised by him for the stage. *A propos*, touching communications. A package, containing notices of the Academy of Arts—promised by us—has miscarried. Will friends who write us be kind enough to have their favors delivered at our own desk, in back room, second story of No. 4 Hart's Building; or, should it be closed, they may be left at Mr. Bryson's printing office, one story above.

AMUSEMENTS.

— Buckley's New Orleans Serenaders, an old and popular troupe recently returned from California, are singing with éclat at Musical Fund Hall.

— Mr. Perham, it will be seen, continues the exhibition of the Panorama of California, as well as the gift distribution, until the 25th inst.; when there will be a public sale of the painting. Next week, we hear, he commences the exhibition of new paintings—viz.: the Mammoth Cave and the Crystal Palace—and offers a new lot of valuable gifts. Such enterprize as Perham's is ought to be well rewarded. We learn that Mr. Stalcup, the talented delineator of the Panorama of California, performs the same important duty for the new paintings.

— Sanford's Opera Troupe has left town for a few weeks. When they return, they will take

possession of the new Opera House in Twelfth Street.

— A grand musical jubilee of Germans commences in this city on the 25th, and continues until the 29th, instant. The programme announces that the "arrangements are of the most extensive kind, on a scale, indeed, surpassing anything of the same nature ever before witnessed in this city. Exclusive of the Vocal Musical Associations of Philadelphia, societies from New York, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Richmond, Va., and other cities, numbering in all about 800 male vocal performers, who will participate in the grand jubilee concert!" What an army of pipes there will be. We shall be greatly mistaken, too, if the lager is not severely punished.

KRAWFISH-IANA.

— Of all the young men in our county we are inclined to think that Brigham will give the government the most trouble.

— AN ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMAN.—O'Rion was one of the most illustrious personages of antiquity. His rain was celebrated even in the time of *Æneas*; for the amorous Dido, desiring to prevent the departure of her wandering lover, sends him this warning:—

"Tell him that charged with deluges of rain,
O'Rion rages on the watery main."

There are very few of the ancients who retain their lustre in our day with as little diminution as O'Rion.

— I suppose this is *magna charta*, (carta) as the man said, when he saw the big timber wheels.

BUSINESS MEMS.

— Col. Maurice has got up some beautiful blank-books for the New York Crystal Palace. They of course will produce a great excitement. The Colonel, by last accounts, was in New York making arrangements for the exhibition. He does everything well. We often have had occasion to speak of the Colonel and his beautiful new store, at 123 Chestnut St., and we trust the day may be far away when the cause of such honest commendation shall be among the things that were.

— Mr William G. Mason, whose card, seal and other engraving has been so long among the notable features of the town, purposes, shortly, removing from his present stand, No 46, to No 204 Chestnut, above Eighth. We call attention to his advertisement. When he gets established at his new store we shall take occasion to speak more at length,

— William T. Fry, 227 Arch, is rapidly preparing for the occupation of his new store, nearly opposite to his present stand. Fry's success since he came to the city has been great, but not more so than merited. He has a beautiful stock of writing desks.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguslar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1853.

VERNON; OR, THE DRAMA OF LIFE.*

CHAPTER VIII.

"I pray, sir, deal with men in misery,
Like one that may himself be miserable."

We now conduct our reader to the room alluded to in our last chapter, where Mr. St. Clair was actively engaged in arranging and assorting the various kinds of paper and rags, as being better adapted to the sort of paper they were to make. This room, was divided from the adjoining one, in which Vernon and his companions were in the habit of meeting, by a simple partition of boards. It had been papered many years before, but now it was stripped of this fancy covering, and numerous cracks, and broken panels, not only afforded free ingress for the wind, but for sound. Of this St. Clair was fully aware, and often had he shuddered at language and words, which were used by the inmates of that room, and which reached him through these "wastes of time."

While at his work, many bitter thoughts passed through the brain of the old man; they were of others, not of himself; content with his lot, he could smile at the storm, and defy the tempest.

He was in the act of separating some old papers, when a sound in the adjoining chamber, caused him to listen.

"Ah! he exclaimed, "there they come, hark! that voice—yes it is Maitland's; lost—lost—Vernon!" It was Maitland's voice he heard, and the words came hissing through the crevices of the old partition—the old man shuddered.

"The last cent—Vernon, is gone—what's to be done?" The wretched Vernon, thus addressed, (and upon whose reply St. Clair, seemed most anxious to hear) answered—"I know not, we have reached the lowest round of the ladder, there we must lie."

"You lie if you say so!"

"Maitland—be advised, rouse not the sleeping devil within this hell—be advised, I would not harm you—guilty as I am, do not urge me to—murder."

"Bah—you have grown sentimental, squeamish; but you have a talisman to awe me I know; now tell me Vernon how came

you by that paper—that card—tell me old boy."

"Ha! ha! this little card, this name? ha! ha! magic Maitland. It has kept you in a sort of moral prison ever since I showed it to you, ha! ha!"

St. Clair, during this portion of the dialogue, was almost unconsciously handling an old parchment, he had now opened it, and was in the act of reading, when the voices continued:—

"Aye Vernon, the name on that card is to me terror; it comes up spectre like from the grave, to blast me. If it were not for that card, I would you at my feet; as it is, it places me at yours. But I could tell you Vernon—no, not now—I could reveal things—but no more of this, let us drink—here is that which will drown the horrors of reflection." The glingling of glasses told that the carousal had commenced.

Mr. St. Clair, now took up the parchment—as he gazed upon it, his eyes became fixed, his frame trembled. "Gracious providence!" he exclaimed, "how strange and mysierious are all thy ways; but let me be satisfied." Again were his eyes riveted on the parchment before him.

The sound of rattling glasses had now ceased, and the conversation was renewed in the next room.

"So Vernon, you refuse to join me in the plan of robbing this man, whose name is a spell to make me fear and dread him; will you not join me I say in this deed? He is my foe, and cannot be your friend."

"Join you Maitland, in this? no, never, wretched, miserable, fallen as I am—I will still preserve my honor—"

"Honor—bah! You have already preserved it, in a rum bottle; and there it hangs suspended in mid-air like one of those poisonous reptiles the druggists keep in their windows to frighten children with; bah! your honor is all moonshine. And more; what harm is there in taking from the rich, that which they have drawn by foul oppression from the poor? it is a part and portion of the wealth of the world; it is theirs, ours, every body's."

"False reasoning Maitland; this is the language, and the feeble argument of levellers. The man who amasses wealth, does it by the exercise of a superior judgment—he wills a thing and it is done; in the realization of it, too, he makes thousands happy; we do not belong to that class; we have forsook labor, and its blessings fall not on us. No Maitland, let us rather be what we are, drunkards—than seek to add robbery to our crimes. Come, fill up the glasses, here is oblivion to the past!"

"Well let that pass—yet I have another plan—come nearer Vernon—I have a secret to

communicate, but first see if the door is shut, close, there—it has no lock, no matter. But first, let us fill the glasses." Turn we now to St. Clair.

His eyes had devoured every word of the parchment, and his mind taken the impression, its whole contents were now made plain, intelligible, and clear to view, he laid it down, drew a long breath, and exclaimed—"The lost will!—mysterious Providence, this is one of thy wonderful ways to bring the dark actions of men to light; but how to act?—rest here precious document. The will thus found—hark—what words are those? it is Vernon's voice—I must listen, heaven pardon me!"

"Well, now Maitland, for your great secret?"

"This girl, Alice, my adopted daughter, for she is not my child; is now our only chance."

"What mean you?"

"She was stolen from her parents!" St. Clair upon hearing this, involuntary uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Hark Vernon, what sound was that? who is in the next chamber?"

"Old Mr. St. Clair picks rags there, Maitland, only think of that! a rag-picker—and I—I—ha! ha! it is my work, wife and children in a factory; hell and furies—I will not support this much longer. Tell me your scheme, out with it!"

"Listen to me, and you need not suffer thus. The girl I stole—I—I—ha! ha! the secret is mine—I stole her from a man whose father wronged me—it was a sweet revenge ha! ha! she will now become the instrument of administering to our wants."

"How?"

"Claim the reward, aye more, make our demand boldly, I have all the proofs, ready at hand."

"Merciful heavens," muttered St. Clair, "could I but hear the name."

"You say Maitland, that you have proofs; what are they?"

"See here, this trinket was round her neck, and she has a breast-pin, which I gave her since. This trinket is evidence enough, but I have others."

"Tell me the name of her Father?" St. Clair in his anxiety to learn the name, fell over a stool; the noise alarmed the two men, and a whispering was all the old man heard, "O! it was nothing—St. Clair is somewhat deaf," remarked Vernon, "and if he were not, he could not distinguish words; give me the name of Alice's father?"

"You will be secret?"

"As the grave."

"Then learn that it is—hark! some one knocks."

"Ah, the door opens—Maitland do you know that man?"

"Ah! ha! This is indeed triumph," was the wild response of the latter, as Mr. Gilbert stepped into the room. He fixed his eyes upon Maitland, and gently enquired the cause of his mirth. Maitland still laughed.

"Mr. Vernon, it was against this man I once warned you, how have you repaid my proffered services to save you from his arts. Look around, look at yourself, all speak; indeed you may well be silent."

Mr. St. Clair, who had heard every word, found himself so completely entangled in the matter, and suspecting some strange developments placed himself still nearer the larger opening, muttering to himself—"may heaven pardon me if I err in this, but the future fate of my darling Alice hangs upon the issue of this interview."

The voice of Maitland was now heard. "And so sir, you are here to blast me, you, who after what passed at the death bed of your father—"

"Silence! unhappy man, judge me not by your own base heart: an oath is ever sacred with one who knows its holy character. That oath I have kept—You will never be brought to justice for the wrongs you did my father, he forgave you, and for that act of his, you are free. But it was to save Mr. Vernon from your villainies that I warned him, and now sir his neglect of that advice is his ruin."

"And you came here to tell me that?"

"No! I came here to see this wretched man's family, it was only to day I learned from my agent that they resided here. I came here to proffer my assistance if it was required, and as this property belongs to me, exact no rent, until such time as things assume a brighter form."

"Indeed Mr. Gilbert, this is kind, but you see liquor has us now under control, and work we cannot," remarked Vernon.

"Unhappy men—for such indeed you are—I would do more for you if you would forswear that poisonous drink. Labor is healthy, it adds to the strength of body, the power of mind, it is the grand moving principle of nature; and its neglect is ruin and misery. But I wish to see Mrs. Vernon and the children—reflect miserable men on your condition, and repent ere it be too late." So saying he left the room.

"Aye," muttered Maitland, "repent, yes when I have wreaked my vengeance on your head—arouse Vernon, why are you moping there? action man, action!"

"What are we to do?"

"Do—did I not tell you about the girl?—what noise is that there close by this partition? let us examine—no, there is no one there, a huge pile of rags, and papers—now listen—but no! this is not the place, walls

they say have ears, come let us get out in the open air, and then you shall learn all."

Vernon, who ever since the departure of Gilbert, had remained in one position, now arose and mechanically followed Maitland. No sooner had they gone, than old St. Clair retired to his labor exclaiming—"The link of the chain is broken, I cannot connect it; would that I had heard more! But stay let me collect my scattered thoughts—this will, this long lost will, brings us wealth—let me remember—what was the exclamation of Maitland when Gilbert entered the room, that kind good hearted mechanic, let me recollect. He laughed, a fearful laugh that was; and exclaimed, this is my triumph! what could he mean? would that I had heard more. Ah here comes my children,—“here you are, all smiling, my dear daughter: you see how labor is rewarded; it makes us bless the hour we applied ourselves to it. Well my little rose-bud how go your lessons?” This was addressed to Anna.

"O grand-pa, I am in the French class;" "see here is my book."

"And James how goes it with you?"

"Grand-pa I am lazy."

"Now James, don't you say so; look at Robert—does he look like a lazy boy?"

"No, but I am."

"Well, well, you are good children all." The mother, and Alice had taken off their bonnets and shawls, and had seated themselves on a bench, the former enquired if Mr. Vernon had been there.

"He has, and left the house a few moments ago." was the reply.

"Who"—and her voice faltered—"who was with him?"

"That man."

"Poor Vernon, he is lost to us forever?"

"Mother, dear mother, who is lost forever?" was the sudden enquiry of the children—their eyes looked anxiously toward their mother. She was in tears—and through them—they had their answer!"

How eloquent are tears!

Alice withdrew the attention of the children to something she picked up from the heap of papers, and their little hearts were again happy, made so by a pure and virtuous soul.

Mr. St. Clair, who had observed this little scene, now spoke. "My dear children come here, around me, that is right, draw up that bench, be seated now and listen." "A short time ago we were all living in a large house—rich furniture, costly pictures, and comfortable beds were ours—the Winter wind whistled without, and the hail rattled against the windows, we heeded it not, for wealth had guarded us against the elements, and they passed us by. Storms and tempests my children not unfrequently rush fiercely over the

marbled palaces, and spend their fury on some wretched hovel. We are living here now in poverty, in wretchedness: these old walls will scarcely keep out the snow drift, let alone the wind, and yet my children, we have borne it well; there has been no murmuring, no angry feeling elicited, no railing at Providence: this is as it should be."

"Grand pa I like work."

"Grand pa I like to go to the public school."

"Grand-pa I won't be lazy any more"

These words were rapidly uttered by the children.

"Indeed my children I like to hear you say so. And your mother and Alice, how did they behave? Nobly both of them. Their rich dresses were thrown aside, and their whole hearts were centered in you, and for you they have labored and provided."

"Indeed father," smilingly remarked Mrs. Vernon, "you speak as if you had done nothing. What say you Alice?"

"That grand father has done more than us all—he works, and tells us how we must act, to become good and prosperous."

"Well my children, we are all reconciled to our fate. Now listen. There is in store for you all a greater surprise. Nay be not alarmed, misfortune has done its worst—I come nearer, let not the sound of my voice be heard beyond our little circle—I have found the will of Reynolds St. Clair!"

"Merciful heavens, where?"

"Hush my daughter—I found it there," pointing to the heap of papers.

"And—I—am—?"

"His sole heir!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Far may we search before we find,
A heart so manly or so kind."

Scott's Marmion.

Our readers will think, or probably have already so decided, that we have dropped two of our most interesting characters Margaret and Peter. If so they will, we hope be agreeably disappointed to find them the subject of this chapter.

"I tell you Maggy," exclaimed the exasperated Peter, as he met his lady-love, at the end of the lawn, "this is the very day you were to give me answer, now let me hear it. I won't wait, there is Betsy Miller, Sally Stroud, and Jane Williams all ready to jump into my arms."

"Oh you villain, what marry all three?" "But Peter I did promise, and only wanted to try another charm before I said yes, or no."

"Now Mag. I do wish you would leave these charms alone: what other charm do you want to try, than the one that now stands before you! Look, behold!"

"Yes, I see a full grown charm, but it is

one I have not made up my mind to try, besides have you thought over what we last talked about?"

"I have; and there, it is all that I can raise!"

"How much is it?"

"Fifteen dollars," "I could not get more."

"Well Peter that is more than I expected; as I have but ten, making in all twenty-five dollars: and all this goes to that cruel landlord Mr. Gilbert. Oh if I had the power would't I give him something to remember me the longest day he lived. Oh Peter, but is it not dreadful? it was but the other day one of these landlords turned a poor family out into the street, husband, wife, and four children: the former was sick, and had not been able to work for months—there stood the poor children, trembling in the cold, there stood the poor woman her eyes filled with tears. Their little furniture, lay scattered around, and as their eyes rested on their humble effects, it seemed as if hope itself had fled. I could not stand it, and so ran away."

"And what became of them?"

"I do not know. I suppose their things were all sold?"

"No they were not."

"I saw them in the street; were they not houseless?"

"No!"

"Were they taken to the poor house?"

"No!"

"Why Peter, what do you know about them?"

"Listen. I had fifty dollars which I was saving up for Mrs. Vernon, and shortly after you must have seen the family, I passed that way; I could not bear the sight—my money burned in my pocket. I paid the rent, helped to move their furniture to another house, gave them five dollars, and that fifteen dollars is all that is left."

"Peter—come to my arms, the charm is complete—I will try no other."

"Now Maggy, let me ask what put it into your head that Mr. Gilbert was going to seize the furniture of Mrs. Vernon for rent."

"I heard it from some one, and landlords are all hard hearted."

"Nay, do not say so: Mr. Gilbert is one of the best men I know: he is rich, charitable, and just to all. He will not take any rent at all—for I called upon him to day, and now Maggy we can offer our little savings for their own immediate use."

"O, Peter, what a duck of a little man you are."

"Better a duck than a goose; but come along, and as we walk down this beautiful lane, which you know leads to the dwelling of the Vernons, let us fix the day for our marriage."

"Well Peter, but remember, it must not be on a Friday."

In what was called the sitting room of Vernon's dwelling, all the family except Vernon himself, were seated around a table eating their humble meal. Mr. St. Clair sat at the head of the table. He had just finished grace, and was in the act of helping the children, when the following conversation commenced. "And so father, we are once more rich; could it bring my husband back to virtue, how much happier would this accession of wealth make us."

"True my child, but it will take time to establish the will, and money: in the meantime let its discovery remain with all a secret—hark—here comes Vernon and Maitland—be silent children."

"So," was the word he uttered, as he staggered into the room, followed by his drunken companion, "you seem to enjoy yourselves in my absence—but I—I am the outcast!"

"No William, not an outcast—we are the outcasts from your love, your care and protection."

"Mrs. Vernon, I came here with your husband on business, not to hear sermons: I owe you much, madam, more than I can repay; I am here now to take away my daughter."

"No no, Maitland you do not mean it, take Alice away, the pride and comfort of my life—my friend, my companion my child?"

"It must be so madam."

"Never, I will resist your base attempts to snatch her from us."

Alice in the alarm created had flown to Mrs. Vernon, and held firmly to her, exclaiming, "O save me, save me!"

"You see Vernon, your wife refuses to deliver her charge, my child!"

"Well, that don't hinder you from taking her does it?"

"O William, lost as you are to all sense of feeling, can you sit calmly there, and look tamely upon this outrage."

"She belongs to him."

"She does not belong to him—has she not been to us as a child?—have we not been to her as parents?—see how your own children, cling to her: you must not, shall not, tear her from us! "O, Maitland, leave her with us, and I will forgive you all the misery, and the woe you have brought upon us."

"All very well madam, but it will not avail, she must go!"

"Never! Alice fly; escape—"

"Not so fast—listen Alice—you go to your father!"

"My father? why you long since told me he was dead."

"That was false; he lives,—so come along."

"Mother, dear mother!"

"Father, can you sit there, and see Alice torn from us?"

"Let St. Clair, attempt at his peril; Mr. Vernon here, will assist me in my duty, won't you sir?"

"Indeed I must—for I know the secret of her birth."

Mr. St. Clair, who had remained perfectly still during the whole of this scene, now rose up, and stepping into the middle of the room, and looking Maitland full in the face—exclaimed—

"And so do I—*she was stolen!*"

"Stolen," was uttered by all.

"Aye, and by that fiend—that wretch who now stands before us."

"What mean you sir?"

"Back villain; or dread an old man's vengeance—I repeat it: that vile monster stole this child when she was some two years of age—stole her from her home in a spirit of revenge; and would now reap the reward of his villainy, by racking once more those hearts, he has made wretched so long. She moves not hence, under your guidance Maitland—attempt it at your peril—I am old, but in such a cause heaven will give me strength."

"Mr. St. Clair," remarked Vernon, "you presume too much, this is my house!"

"No sir, it is not your house—the landlord exacts no rent, it is the home of your poor wife, and these suffering children."

"Come, my children, Alice take my arm—let us leave these men to concoct some other scheme—come with me, to the next chamber."

So saying, they all left the room, but not until the children, went up to their father, and kissing his burning cheek, and with childish prattle, tried to get him to follow them.

"Maitland, your scheme has failed, but I have learned one thing and that is. I know now who Alice's father is."

"Villain—what mean you—did I impart to you that?"

"No! but circumstances have betrayed you."

"And would you betray me?"

"No—I am a scoundrel, but I will not turn informer. Mr. St. Clair must have heard a portion of our conversation."

"Yes, and holds a rod of fire over our heads. But all is not lost, something can be made of the affair yet."

(Continued in No. 30.)

—Ole Bull has formed a colony in the upper part of Pennsylvania. Kit Krawfish says, he half suspects that the old fellow has a "sneak-in likin" for Ole Ann, who lives over in York state; and he would not be surprised, if after all it was only a scheme of Ole an-nex-a-tion.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH SECOND.

Bonaventura—The Thunderbolt Road—Lover's Lane—The Orphan House—George Whitefield.

Some five miles from Savannah, there is a deeply interesting spot: which, both on account of its beauty and the associations connected with it, attracts the attention of citizen and stranger, eliciting at once admiration and veneration. The road leading to Bonaventura, may be seen every evening, filled with merry parties of fair ladies and their captive knights, who, in the cool and calm hours of evening, leaving the warm city, are thus enjoying the pure country air—either on horse-back, in open buggies, or in strolling among the dark shadows of the magnificent forest trees, and plucking the wild flowers which cluster beneath their branches. Thunderbolt is the name which this road bears. It passes near a locality, where tradition says that a thunderbolt once descended from an unusually dark cloud on an oppressively warm summer's afternoon: entering the earth, and leaving a trace of its passage downwards in the rent soil: immediately a spring welled forth from the opening, whose waters savored strongly of the bolt. This is doubtless an Indian romance, perhaps suggested and confirmed by the presence of iron or sulphur, which may have impregnated the water in the neighborhood. But it is not the spring with its legend that most attracts our notice. A few more revolutions of the wheel, and we are upon holy ground. Those magnificent trees radiating from one common centre in extended avenues, and meeting over head, casting a mournful shade over the tomb-stones, attract our attention. They seem like long rows of Sphinxes guarding the entrance to the temple of Carnac. The "Live Oak" is a tree of an uncommonly interesting character, and imposing appearance. It is indeed *here*, the father of the forest, still fresh in the majesty of its might, when others are bending and decaying under the weight of years—appears mountain like, the sole chronicler of centuries. From massive roots striking laterally and deeply in every direction, it lifts its enormous trunk, which not unfrequently measures from twenty to thirty feet in circumference. At a height ranging from twenty-five to fifty feet, above the ground, it begins to throw out its immense branches, which spreading and bending almost to the ground, form a complete arch,—a Druidical Temple of Nature's own handiwork. Its foliage knows not the blighting effect of the snows of winter, but remains fresh and ever-green, when all its companions have lost their luxuriant

verdure, and the woods are filled with countless scar and yellow leaves, eddying in the whirlwinds of Autumn. The most singular feature however in the appearance of this tree, and that, which more than all others awakens the surprise of the stranger, is the *long moss*, which hangs from the under side of the branches far down, some six or ten feet. Viewing a Live Oak as this moss is gently waving in the mild winds of evening, or tossed to and fro by the strong breath of the tornado,—as its leaves torn from the branches are scattered over the plain, while the firm trunk moves not, and its iron limbs scarce tremble under the mighty power of Eolus, it does indeed seem like some hoary patriarch—with his venerable and flowing beard, and still despite his years, the embodiment of all that is heroic and enduring. No wonder that the Druids and the Ancient Germans selected old oaks, (although of a far less imposing character than these) as the *natural temples*, where with unconstrained ceremony and freedom, they might worship the God of the Universe. No wonder that the grandeur of these giant branches locking arm in arm with their fellows—no wonder that the solemn music of the winds moaning in funeral measure through the dense arches, should have inspired them with awe, and inclined the mind to religious contemplation. Where could the soul unenlightened by the ennobling truths of revelation form a more exalted conception of, or be induced to regard with greater reverence the nature of the Deity, than in a spot like this? Beneath the sombre shadows of these trees, the frivolity and gaiety of the mind are exchanged for emotions of a more enlarged and serious character. Doubtless this frequent communion with Nature, this adorning the God of Nature in temples which his own hands had made, exerted a powerful and beneficial influence upon the minds of the ancient Germans, and tended largely to the development of those noble impulses and characteristics, for which they were so remarkable among the semi-barbarous nations which then surrounded them. Tacitus referring to their notions with reference to the worship and the majesty of Deity, uses the following language, "*Ceterum nec colibere parietibus deos, neque in ullam humani oris speciem assimilare; ex magnitudine coelestium arbitrantur: lucos ac nemora consecrant, deos umque nominibus appellant secretum illud, quod sola reverentia vident.*" These live oaks flourish in great luxuriance throughout the sea-coast portions of several of the Southern States, yet, in no locality is the mystic influence exerted by their presence, more sensibly felt than in this grove of Bonaventura. Here, every circumstance favors the impression, Beneath the ever-shadowing foliage, are consecrated grounds of burial. The scul-

tured piles and gallant obsequies of the Père la Chaise, with its array of tombs, find not here their counterparts, but in quiet simplicity lie the forms of the beloved departed, slumbering now, yet full of the hope, that the germs thus sown in the clods of corruption, will bud in future glory, in the noon-tide eternity of Heaven.

We return to the City, by Lover's lane, bordered on either hand with the Cherokee rose, among whose white flowers and dark green leaves, may be seen clambering the yellow Jessamine—hanging in festoons of luxuriant profusion from the trees, and filling the air with such a delightful perfume, that one might almost imagine that some gale fresh from the houri of Mahomet, was sweeping over the land. Is it singular then, that the young and the fair should be found frequenting this pleasant road, beguiled by the fascinations of nature in her varied forms of beauty? catching her soft music, as warbled by the forest songster, and drinking in her breath, as wafted over countless wild flowers it comes bearing upon its bosom the combined excellence of them all?

Another interesting spot in the vicinity of Savannah, is that, where a few mouldering remains in shapeless ruin mark the former location of the Orphan House—an institution founded in 1740 under the auspices of George Whitefield, that eloquent divine, who by the combined influence of his oratory and piety, caused even the atmosphere around him to breathe of a religious nature. It was the offspring of a philanthropic heart, and designed to secure the education of the helpless children of insolvent debtors; as well as of others, who, amid the privations of the infant colony, might be debarred from the enjoyment of such advantages. Although the original building has been destroyed under the withering touch of time, still these simple remains are eloquent in the praises of one, whose name has already been incorporated among the numbers of those, who were "born to be great." Benjamin Franklin in his autobiography speaking of Mr. Whitefield relates the following anecdote, which because of its connection with our present sketch, may not prove wholly unentertaining. "Mr. Whitefield formed the design of building an Orphan House in Georgia. Returning Northward, he preached up this charity, and made large collections; for his eloquence had a wonderful power over the hearts and purses of his hearers, of which I myself was an instance.

I did not approve of his design. * * * I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles

in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver: and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collectors dish, gold and all. At this sermon also, there was one of our club, who being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia: and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbor who stood near him, to lend him some money for that purpose. The request was fortunately made, to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, *at any other time friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thou seems to be out of thy right senses.*" These two anecdotes convey vividly to our minds at once the extraordinary and persuasive eloquence of the Divine—and the cool calculating spirit of the age. Judging from the precautions of friend Hopkinson, it would appear that individuals were as much attached to the "needful" then, as they are at the present time. Although a few scattered bricks and mouldering foundations are all that remain to mark the spot where the Orphan House originally stood, still the efforts of Mr. Whitefield were not expended in vain. His charity still lives in the Union Benevolent Association of Savannah, which yearly instructs some forty or fifty boys; and his name connected as it is with the improvement of the earliest settlement of Georgia, is always held in the highest estimation. Many were the oppositions he was called to encounter before the ardent desire of his heart was consummated, yet true to the noble impulses of his generous mind, he successfully triumphed over them all.

"True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exuberant in the shadow it supplies,
It's fruit in earth, it's growth above the skies."

LONGBOWISMS.

"Pon my life 'tis true."

Lord Bacon, in his Essay on Truth, tells us that "a mixture of lye doth always add pleasure." We therefore recommend the following extracts from a dull book, published at the beginning of the 17th century, and entitled "*Miracula Deceituum et Vivorum*," to the future editors of the life of that renowned adventurer, Baron Munchausen. The author was a German jurispudent, named Henry Kornmann, who is represented by Bayle to have been a profound scholar, and a very rea-

enous devourer of learning. He has no claim to originality of invention; but as to the readiness in believing the inventions of others, he is clearly without a rival. We subjoin a few instances of the gravity with which he retails and propegates the most monstrous absurdities: In describing the wonders that are to be found in the South Sea, he tells us that Diodorus, the geographer, writes that "there is an island in it where the inhabitants are four cubits taller than the inhabitants of Greece and Italy—their bones are not hard but flexible, like nerves—their tongue is divided in two from the roots, so that they can keep up a conversation with one man with one half of their tongue, and with another, with the other at the same time. Alluding to the Molucca Islands, he assures us, with inimitable simplicity, that "in the Island of Ceylon, which is one of them, there is a nation with ears so large that they hang down to their shoulders, and that in another island close by it, there is a nation with ears still longer. The inhabitants of it are accustomed when they go to sleep, to lay down on one ear and to cover themselves up with the other!" This story, he informs us, is to be found in that celebrated author Maximilianus Transylvanus, of whose celebrity, however, we are at this time of day unfortunately ignorant. A Knight of the name of Pigafetta pledges his credit for the truth of it, as any of our readers may see, who choose to refer to his History of the East Indies.

To match this people, who made coverlets of their ears, the worthy German informs us that there are a people in India who make a parasol of their foot. This story rests on the authority of Solinus, who, in his 53d chapter, enlightens the world by telling it, that "there is a nation of one-eyed people in India, who, though they have but one leg, are still endowed with singular fleetness. When they want to protect themselves from the heat, they fling themselves on their back, and recline under the shade of their foot, which is immensely large." He likewise quotes a sentence from St. Augustine's 37th Sermon to his brethren in the wilderness, who wear their heads, or rather eyes, beneath the shoulder. This eccentric Saint says—"When I was Bishop of Hippo, I went with some servants of Christ into Ethiopia, with the intention of preaching our Holy Religion. There we saw many men and women, not having any heads, but large eyes fixed in the breasts. Their other members were like our own." Pliny, Mela, and Solinus, all speak of the existence of such persons; but none of them was so favored by fate as to be permitted a sight of them. St. Augustine, however, were more fortunate—he saw them, or at least says he saw them: and who would disbelieve the word of a saint? St. Augustine, in his treatise

tise, "*De Civitate Dei*, lib. 6. cap. 8." pledges his saintly word that there is in Ethiopia a nation which have no mouth or tongue, but which live entirely upon air; but he does not say whether *these* singular persons fell under his own inspection.

The following is told in the life of Gregory the Great by a nameless German;—"When Augustine, the Monk, was sent to England by Gregory the Great to preach the Gospel, he was ridiculed and insulted by a family in Dorchester. who pinned frog-tails (*ranarum caudas*) to his garments. From that day all the descendants of that unfortunate family have been born, like beasts, with a long tail."

Not many years ago an account appeared in the English papers of a servant girl who was restored to life after she had been considered dead for five or six days. This would not have appeared at all extraordinary to our learned German; for he assures us that "Gocellin, a nephew of the archbishop of Cologne, as he was crossing the Rhine in his childhood, fell out of the boat into the river; and in spite of his attendants sunk, and was no more seen. Fifteen days after he was fished out of the rivers (*expiscatus est*). As they were taking him to church to bury him, he surprised his pall-bearers by starting in his coffin, and telling them that they need not go any farther as he was quite alive. We shall conclude this collection of wonders by a single specimen taken out of a book of them written by Peter Damianus, archbishop and Cardinal of Ravenna. He tells us that "Robert, King of France, took a woman to his wife, who was his near relation. She bore him a child who had the head and neck of a goose. The Bishops of France on hearing of this portentous birth, excommunicated both him and his wife." Robert was more unfortunate in his punishment than in his fate; for though he might be first, he certainly was not the last king who has found himself the father of a son with the head of a goose.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION.

The following translation from the French, is one of the many striking examples of female tenderness, affection, and constancy, which modern times have furnished:—

"Mr. Weiss, who was town-surgeon of a small town in Prussia, prompted by that ardent patriotism which inflamed the bosoms of the people of that country, at the commencement of the conflict in 1812, exchanged that situation for the post of surgeon to the Neumarkt Landwehr. The corps formed part of the force employed in the siege of Glogua. In the execution of the duties of his office, he caught the epidemic fever. No sooner did his wife receive the account of his situation,

than she immediately hastened to him from Neumarkt. She found her husband in the height of a typhus, and insensible, in a cottage at Nosswitz, near Glogua. Scarcely had she undertaken the office of nurse, when a sortie made (on the 10th November, 1813,) by the garrison of Glogua, threw the whole neighborhood, and that village in particular, into the utmost consternation. All its inhabitants betook themselves to flight. She alone was left, with her apparently expiring husband, in the cottage, against which the hottest fire of the enemy's artillery was directed, probably because it was distinguished from the other houses by a tiled roof. Several grenades breaking through the roof set the floor on fire. Having carefully covered up her patient, and, as it were, buried him in the bed clothes, she ran out for a pail of water, extinguished the fire, and again directed her attention to the beloved object of her anxiety. She found him, to her great joy, in a profuse perspiration: but the incessant shower of balls rendered her abode more and more dangerous. A twelve pounder fell close to the bed of her husband, but without doing him the slightest injury. Resolved to die with him, she lay down by his side, and thus awaited their common fate. Noon arrived, and this time the Prussians had driven back the enemy into the fortress. She was earnestly entreated to provide for her safety, as it was impossible to tell whether the enemy might not attempt a fresh sortie. She, however, scorned every idea of removing to a place of security herself, unless she could save her husband also; and though the removal of the patient was deemed impracticable, she nevertheless determined on this hazardous and only way of ensuring his safety.

Having tied his hands and legs, to prevent him from moving and taking cold, she laid him, closely wrapped up with bed and bedding, in a cart covered with boards, in which she took her stand, and looked at him every minute. She slowly pursued her course towards Schmarsau, but scarcely had she left Nosswitz, when the besieged began to fire from the fortress in that direction. The balls flew thickly about the cart, and the affrighted lad who drove, took shelter, sometimes under it, and sometimes under the horses. She was fortunate enough to escape this danger without injury, and arrived with her patient at Schmarsau, which was already thronged with wounded, and applied for a lodging at the first cottage. The mistress of the house, whose husband had died of a nervous fever, fell on her like a fury, turned the horses' heads, and protested, with many bitter execrations, that she should not cross her threshold. In this desperate situation our heroine had recourse to a decisive expedient. Almost beside herself, she drew her husband's sword, and point-

ing it to the woman's breast, declared, that she would run it through her heart, unless she immediately admitted her husband. Terrified at this unexpected menace, the other complied, and the patient was carried into the house which had previously contained fifteen wounded. His wife, however, perceived with horror, that her beloved charge manifested not the least sign of life. The bystanders advised her to give herself no farther trouble about him, and offered to lay him out for dead. To this she positively refused to agree; and laying him in the bed, she incessantly rubbed his stiffened body, and with a teaspoon administered some wine, the only medicine within her reach. With the following morning, the expiring spark began to revive, and her joy was unbounded. She continued her attentions, and in a few days had the inexpressible satisfaction to see him out of danger. She now obtained a distinct apartment of her landlady, who began to behave to her with more kindness than at first. When her husband was sufficiently convalescent, she returned with him to Neumarkt, to complete his recovery. Unfortunately, during her absence, one of their two children, a fine boy, was taken ill, and him her maternal care was unable to save. In the beginning of February, her husband again returned to resume his perfunctory duty with his battalion before Glogau.

Bizarre among the New Books.

ENGLISH HUMORISTS OF THE XVIII. CENTURY.

—The Harpers have published, under this title, a very handsome volume of 297 pages, embracing the course of lectures delivered by Thackeray last winter in our principal cities. Copious notes are appended. We took occasion frequently to speak favorably of these lectures while they were in course of delivery; and now that they are published, we see no reason to change our views touching their merits. They are written in an off-hand, easy style, with frequent dashes of humor and pathos; while now and then, of course, there are touches of the smooth satire for which their author is distinguished.

It is difficult to say which of these lectures we prefer. The first, on Swift, unquestionably is the most elaborate. It is also, though severe upon the Dean of St. Patrick's, to our mind, eminently just. He was, morally and socially, at least, not exemplary. whatever he may have been intellectually. We quote some passages, touching the singular story of the Dean's interchanges with Stella and Vanessa, leaving all that relates to him as a writer and politician for such as purchase the volume in notice:—

"We have spoken about the men, and Swift's behaviour to them; and now it behoves us not to forget that there are certain other persons in the creation who had rather intimate relations with the great Dean. Two women whom he loved and injured are known by every reader of books so familiarly that if we had seen them, or if they had been relatives of our own, we scarcely could have known them better. Who has not in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature: pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such faithful pangs of love and grief—boots it to you now, that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave, that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady!—so lovely, so loving, so unhappy. You have had countless champions, millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty: we watch and follow your story your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We knew your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

And if Stella's love and innocence is charming to contemplate, I will say in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart—in the teeth of Vanessa, and that little episodical aberration which plunged Swift into such woeful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous perplexity—in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who, as far as my experience and conversation goes, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy—in spite of the tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that love from running smoothly: the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson. It has been my business, professionally of course, to go through a deal of sentimental reading in my time, and to acquaint myself with love-making, as it has been described in various languages, and at various ages of the world; and I know of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these brief notes, written in what Swift calls 'his little language' in his journal to Stella. He writes to her night and morning often. He never sends away a letter to her but he begins a new one on the same day. He cannot bear to let go her kind little hand as it were. He knows that she is thinking of him, and long-

ing for him far away in Dublin yonder. He takes her letters from under his pillow and talks to them, familiarly, paternally, with fond epithets and pretty carresses—as he would to the sweet and artless creature who loved him. ‘Stay,’ he writes one morning—it is the 14th of December, 1710—‘Stay, I will answer some of your letters this morning in bed—let me see. Come and appear little letter! Here I am, says he, and what say you to Stella this morning fresh and fasting? And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes?’ He goes on, after more kind prattle and fond whispering. The dear eyes shine clearly upon him then—the good angel of his life is with him and blessing him. Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom. A hard fate: but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift’s cruelty to have had his tenderness. He had a sort of worship for her whilst he wounded her. He speaks of her after she is gone; of her wit, of her kindness, of her grace, of her beauty, with a simple love and reverence that are indescribably touching: in contemplation of her goodness his hard heart melts into pathos: his cold rhyme kindles and glows into poetry, and he falls down on his knees, so to speak, before the angel, whose life he had embittered, confesses his own wretchedness and unworthiness, and adores her with cries of remorse and love:—

‘When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
And groaning in unmanly strains,
Called every power to ease my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief,
And though by Heaven’s severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employed for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warmed,
With vigor and delight performed.
Now with soft and silent tread,
Unheard she moves about my bed:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes.
Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours:
For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed.’

“One little triumph Stella had in her life—one dear little piece of injustice was performed in her favor, for which I confess, for my part, I cannot help thanking fate and the Dean. That other person was sacrificed to her—that—that young woman, who lived five doors from Dr. Swift’s lodgings in Bury-street, and who flattered him, and made love to him in

such an outrageous manner—Vanessa was thrown over.

Swift did not keep Stella’s letters to him in reply to those he wrote to her. He kept Bolingbroke’s, and Pope’s, and Harley’s, and Peterborough’s: but Stella ‘very carefully,’ the Lives say, kept Swift’s. Of course: that is the way of the world: and so we cannot tell what her style was, or of what sort were the little letters which the Doctor placed there at night, and bade to appear from under his pillow of a morning. But in Letter IV. of that famous collection he describes his lodging in Bury-street, where he has the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a-week: and in Letter VI. he says ‘he has visited a lady just come to town,’ whose name somehow is not mentioned; and in Letter VIII. he enters a query of Stella’s—“What do you mean ‘that boards near me, that I dine with now and then?’ What the deuce! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do.” Of course she does. Of course Swift has not the slightest idea of what she means. But in a few letters more it turns out that the Doctor has been to dine ‘gravely’ with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh: then that he has been to ‘his neighbour’: then that he has been unwell, and means to dine for the whole week with his neighbour! Stella was quite right in her provisions. She saw from the very first hint what was going to happen: and scented Vanessa in the air. The rival is at the Dean’s feet. The pupil and teacher are reading together, and drinking tea together, and going to prayers together, and learning Latin together, and conjugating *amo, amas, amavi* together. The little language is over for poor Stella. By the rule of grammar and the course of conjugation, does not *amavi* come after *amo* and *amas*?

The loves of Cadenus and Vanessa you may peruse in Cadenus’s own poem on the subject, and in poor Vanessa’s vehement expostulatory verses and letters to him, she adores him, explores him, admires him, thinks him something god-like, and only prays to be admitted to lie at his feet. As they are bringing him home from church, those divine feet of Dr. Swift are found pretty often in Vanessa’s parlour. He likes to be admired and adored, *Il y prend gout*. He finds Miss Vanhomrigh to be a woman of great taste and spirit, and beauty and wit, and a fortune too. He sees her every day; he does not tell Stella about the business: until the impetuous Vanessa becomes too fond of him, until the doctor is quite frightened by the young woman’s ardour, and confounded by her warmth. He wanted to marry neither of them—that I believe was the truth; but if he had not married Stella, Vanessa would have had him in spite of himself. When he went back to Ireland, his Ariadne, not con-

tent to remain in her isle, pursued the fugitive Dean. In vain he protested, he vowed, he soothed and bullied; the news of the Dean's marriage with Stella at last came to her, and it killed her—she died of that passion.

"And when she died, and Stella heard that Swift had written beautifully regarding her, 'that does not surprise me,' said Mrs. Stella, 'for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick.' A woman—a true woman! Would you have had one of them forgive the other?"

In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Dr. Tuke, of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair, enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written in the Dean's hand, the words: "*Only a woman's hair.*" An instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference.

See the various notions of critics! Do those words indicate indifference or an attempt to hide feeling? Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair, only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion;—only that lock of hair left: and memory and remorse, for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim."

The notes which are given in connexion with these passages are extremely interesting; but we have not space for extracts. Besides, they appear mostly in Scott's life of Swift.

Thackeray thus admirably expresses his ideas touching Congreve's plays.

"I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I dare say most of us here have had, at Pompeii, looking a Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy, a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness around about, as the Cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and darning, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly yellow frame work. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold-chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheek, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to

dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones!

Reading in these plays now, is like shutting your ears and looking at people dancing. What does it mean! the measures, the grimaces, the bowing, shuffling and retreating, the cavalier soul advancing upon those ladies—those ladies and men twirling round at the ends in a mad gallop, after which everybody and the quaint rite is celebrated. Without the music we cannot understand that comic dance of the last century—its strange gravity and gaiety its decorum or its indecorum. It has a jargon of its own quiet unlike life; a sort of moral of its own quite unlike life too.

I'm afraid it's a Heathen mystery, symbolising a Pagan doctrine; protesting, as the Pompeians very likely were, assembled at their theatre and laughing at their games—as Sallust and his friends, and their mistresses protested—crowned with flowers, with cups in their hands, against the new, hard, ascetic pleasure-hating doctrine, whose gaunt disciples, lately passed over from the Asian shores of the Mediterranean were for breaking the fair images of Venus, and flinging the altars of Bacchus down.

I fancy poor Congreve's theatre is a temple of Pagan delights, and mysteries not permitted except among heathens. I fear the theatre carries down that ancient tradition and worship, as masons have carried their secret signs and rites from temple to temple. When the libertine hero carries off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife: in the ballad, when the poet bid his mistress to gather roses while she may, and warns her that old Time is still a-flying: in the ballet, when honest Corydon courts Phillis under the treillage of the pasteboard cottage, and leers at her over the head of grandpapa in red stockings, who is opportunely asleep; and when seduced by the invitations of the rosey youth she comes forward to the footlights, and they perform on each other's tiptoes that *pas* which you know and which is only interrupted by old grandpapa awaking from his doze at the pasteboard chalet (whether he returns to take another nap in case the young get an encore): when Harlequin, splendid in youth, strength and agility, arrayed in gold and a thousand colours, springs over the heads of countless perils, leaps down the throat of bewildered giants, and, dauntless and splendid, dance danger down: when Mr. Punch, that godless old rebel, breaks every law and laughs at it with odious triumph, out wits his lawyer, bullies the beadle, knocks his wife about the head, and hangs the hangman,—don't you see in the comedy, in the song, in the dance, in the ragged little Punch's puppet-show,—the Pagan protest? Does not it seem as if Life puts in its plea and sings its comment? Look how the lovers

walk and hold each other's hands and whisper! Sings the chorus—"There is nothing like love, there is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty of your spring time. Look! how old age tries to meddle with merry sport! Beat him with his own crutch, the wrinkled old dotard! There is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty, there is nothing like strength. Strength and valour win beauty and youth. Be brave and conquer. Be young and happy. Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy! Would you know *Segretto per esser felice*? Here it is in a smiling mistress and a cup of Falernian." As the boy tosses the cup and sings his song. Hark! what is that chaunt coming nearer and nearer? What is that drige which *will* disturb us? The lights of the festival burn dim—the cheeks turn pale—the voice quivers—and the cup drops on the floor. Who is there? Death and fate are at the gate, and they *will* come in."

MR. COLLIER'S OLD FOLIO.

—Mr. J. Payne Collier writes a letter to the London *Athenæum*, under date of May 28th, wherein he announces his having advanced an important step towards tracing the ownership and history of his remarkable annotated and amended folio. He says he has clear proof that it was in existence fifty years ago, and upon the foundation of this probably he thinks he can carry it back almost to the period when the volume was published. The facts he offers are these:—

"John Garrick Moore, Esq., of Hyde Park Gate, (nephew to Sir John Moore, who fell at Corrunna, in Jan., 1809,) being in possession of a copy of the 'Notes and Emendations' founded upon my folio, 1632, happened to show it to a friend of the name of Parry, residing at St. John's Woods. Mr. Parry remarked, that he had once been the owner of a folio, 1632, the margins of which were much occupied by manuscript notes in an old handwriting; and having read my description of the book, both externally and internally, and having looked at the fac-simile which accompanied that description, he declared, without a moment's hesitation, that this very copy of the folio, 1632, had been given to him about fifty years since, by Mr. George Gray, a connexion of his family—who, he believed, had procured it some years before, from the library of a Roman Catholic family of the name of Perkins of Ufton Court, Berkshire, one member of which had married Arabella Fernor, the heroine of the 'Rape of the Lock.'

"These particulars were, as kindly as promptly, communicated to me by Mr. Moore, with whom I was not personally acquainted—and he urged Mr. Parry also to write to me on the subject; but that gentleman was prevented from doing so by a serious fall, which confined him to his bed. Being, of course,

much interested in the question, I soon afterwards took an opportunity of introducing myself to Mr. Moore; who, satisfied that Mr. Parry had formerly been the proprietor of my copy of the folio, advised me to call upon that gentleman at his house, Hill Road, St. John's Wood,—assuring me that he would be glad to give me all the information in his power.

"I was, I think, the first person whom Mr. Parry saw after his accident,—and in a long interview, he repeated to me the statements which he had previously made to Mr. Moore, respecting the gift of Mr. Gray, half a century ago, and his conviction of the identity of the volume. He could not prove the fact, but he had always understood and believed, that Mr. Gray had become possessed of it on the dispersion of the library of the Perkins family, at Ufton Court, and that it had been in his hands some years before the conclusion of the last century. Mr. Parry had himself had the curiosity to visit Ufton Court about 1803 or 1804, when a Roman Catholic Priest, not less than eighty years old, showed him the library, and the then empty shelves, from which the books had been removed.

"On referring subsequently to the 'Magna Britannia' of Lysons, under the head of "Berkshire," I found various particulars regarding the Perkins family at Ufton Court, between 1635 and 1738; but I did not meet with any mention of Thomas Perkins, whose name, it will be remembered, is on the cover of the folio, 1632, in question. The name of the distinguished actor of the reigns of James the First and Charles the First, was Richard Perkins; and Ashmole's Collections, according to Lysons, speak of a Richard Perkins as the husband of Lady Mervin of Ufton Court. It is just possible that this Richard Perkins was the actor: for although the 'Historia Histrionica' tells us that he was buried at Clerkenwell, that authority is by no means final: just before it notices the death of Perkins, it speaks of Lowin having expired in great poverty at Brentford, when we know that this "player" (so designated in the register) was buried at St. Clement Dane's, Strand, on the 24th of August, 1653. However, it is a mere speculation that the Richard Perkins who married Mervin may have been the actor,—and I am not yet in possession of any dates or other circumstances to guide me.

"Having put in writing the particulars with which Mr. Parry had so unreservedly favoured me, I took the liberty of forwarding them to Mr. Moore,—and he returned the manuscript with his full approbation as regarded what had originally passed between himself and Mr. Parry. After it was in type, I again waited upon Mr. Parry, only three days ago, in order that I might read the proof to him and introduce such additions and corrections

as he wished to be made. They were few, but not unimportant; and among them was the fact (confirming the probability that Mr. Gray had obtained this copy of the folio, 1632, from the Perkins' library) that Mr. Gray resided at Newbury, not far from Ufton Court,—a circumstance which Mr. Parry had previously omitted. The connecting link between the book and this library is, therefore, not complete,—and we have still to ascertain, if we can, who was Thomas Perkins, and by whom the notes and emendations were introduced into the folio, 1632. A Francis Perkins died at Ufton Court in 1635.—and he may have been the first purchaser, and owner, of this second folio of the works of Shakespeare.

"At all events, however, it is certain that this very volume was for many years in the possession of Mr. Parry (how he lost it he knows not),—who obtained it from his connexion Mr. George Gray, of Newbury. Mr. Parry was well acquainted with the fact that various leaves were wanting; and he so perfectly recollects its state and condition, the frequent erasures of passages, as well as the hand writing of the numerous marginal and other corrections, that when I asked him, just before I wished him good morning, whether he had any doubt on the point of his previous ownership, he answered me most emphatically in these words—"I have no more doubt about it than that you are sitting there."

"Since writing what precedes, I am informed by a letter from a friend, who has just made a search at Heralds' College, that in the pedigree of the family of the Perkins of Ufton Court, several members are named Thomas, especially in the earlier dates,—but that latterly Francis was the prevailing name.—Richard Perkins, who married Lady Mervin, as a younger son, is not mentioned."

"We would add, that Mr. Redfield, of New York, has published the second part of the new edition of Shakespeare's Works, amended and annotated in accordance with this admirable relic, and that the succeeding numbers will speedily follow. It will unquestionably be the standard edition of Shakespeare, and for all time.

"JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE,

—And other sketches of characters, including William Wirt, together with *Tales of Real Life*," is the title of an entertaining book, from the pen of T. W. Thomas, Esq., author of *Clinton Bradshaw*, which Mr. A. Hart, of our city, has just published.

Our Weekly Gossip.

—The sculptors of Great Britain are to be invited to send in designs for the contemplated monument to the poet Moore.

—The Magazines of the month have most of them, reached us. *Putnam*, which comes to us from Stokes & Brother, Arcade, is certainly a sterling publication: its success too, speaks well, for the literary taste, of our people. *Godey* is filled with its usual amount of various reading, adapted to the ladies. The *Ladies' Keepsake* for July, published in New York by John S. Taylor, has many pleasing articles, and a fine mezzotint, entitled "The hour before the Duel." *Harper* and *Graham* we have not yet received, but both possess undoubted—their usual amount of attraction.

—Several books remain on our table, unnoticed saving by announcement. They will be attended to hereafter.

—It is said that Mr. George S. Hilliard, of Boston, has a work in press, which will be called *A Year on the Continent*; and which gives the observation and thoughts of the author during a residence in Europe.

—*Putnam's Magazine* contains a very lively and sparkling notice of musical matters, from which we gather the following, touching certain operatic notables of the past and present.

"It is not our purpose to follow in detail the flickering fortunes of the Astor Place house. That, in connexion with copious reminiscences of the musical history of New-York, will be done soon and at length, in these pages. But we cannot forget to mention Salvi, the agreeable tenor, always much overrated; Bettini; Marini, the *basso profondo*; Beneventano, the burly baritone, always ready, willing, and happy—always enjoying the occasion of which he was an ornament more than any one else; and Signora Patti's *Il Segreto*. Can the impartial muse omit Biscaccianti's clock-work stockings in *La Sonnambula*, or little Forti's booties, in every thing? or the first night of Parodi's *Norma*, Parodi who had been singing only second in London, a fact known to most of the *habitués* yet who was expected to develop into a resplendent prima donna by the magic of Astor Place? How sad was that failure! How the singer dwindled and dwindled in estimation! How good her *Lucrezia* was! How very bad every thing else! How she starved, one melancholy summer, through the interior towns; and slipped back to Europe no one knows precisely when nor how! To our own fancy Steffanone was much the best singer ever heard in that house. Indolent, luxurious, Bacchic Steffanone, with the airy veil over her voice, which, like delicate drapery around a statue, made it only the lovelier! Her *Alice* in *Robert le Diable* was the best thing we ever saw upon our operatic stage. It was so full, so simple, yet so appreciative and rich. How sad it was, when she lay clinging to the cross and defying Mumbo Jumbo Marini who "disfigured or presented"

Bertram, to think that she was presently going to glide away into the mysterious wood and—swig beer behind the scenes! *O Tempora! O Steffanone!* What stories the profane tell of her. They even hinted *s-n—ff!* Then there was Bosio, frail and flower-like. She was the "lady." She did every thing with an elegant *naïveté* that was admirable when not out of place, which it was in *Zerlina*, one of her prettiest parts. It was a graceful, and gay, and charming thing to hear Bosio and to see her; and we young America loved the very front seats of the parquette that we might worship our divinity at ease, and show to our other and more domestic divinities in the boxes and balconies that we had all kinds of acquaintances and were surcharged with marvellous experiences. It was the way of the world. We could not help it. If Bosio glanced our way, why, perhaps she remembered that bouquet, that *bonboinière*. *Que sais-je?* "Why shouldn't we have la *bonne fortune*?"

—Five thousand francs have been given in Paris, as a pension, to the widow of the distinguished Orientalist M. Burnouf; and five hundred francs to the mother of the celebrated Novelist, De Balsac.

—A correspondent informs the Editor of the London *Athenum*, that the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, at Philadelphia, have elected Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Copley Fielding, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Cousins, Mr. George Godwin, Mr. J. P. Knight, Mr. Maclise, Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. Stanfield, and Mr. John Ruskin, honorary members of their body. The Pennsylvania Academy is said to be the oldest Art body in the United States.

—The private cabinet of coins belonging to M. Rolin the famous lover of Numismatics just dead, is announced for sale by auction about the 18th of July next, by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, of London.

—We gather the following musical extracts from foreign papers:

Besides the collection of music belonging to the late Earl of Falmouth disposed of not long since in London, that nobleman's instruments were also sold. The highest prices obtained were 110*l.* for a violoncello by Straduaris.—110*l.* for a violin by Guarnerius,—and 101*l.* for the late Kiesewetter's violin (also by Guarnerius).—'L'Epreuve Villageoise,' a comic opera by Desforges and Grétry, has just been revived at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris, the instrumentation having been slightly retouched for the occasion by M. Auber. A Spanish opera in three acts—'Maravilla,' by M. José de Ciebra—was to be performed at the Italian Theatre in Paris. The *Gazette Musicale* also reviews at some length a *Cantata* by M. Valdemosa, written by Court

command for the birthday of the Princess of Asturias.

—On the Evening of the 14ult., there was a sale of books at Mackey's, which included many valuable and curious works, formerly in the library of John Bertram. The night was hot, and the attendance thin, and included few persons who could appreciate the value of the scarce volumes offered for sale. The prices, of course, were by no means what they would have been, if the sale had been fully announced, and a good descriptive catalogue had accompanied it—but there was nothing of the kind. We observed Sir Hans Sloane's *Histo Jamaica*, a presentation copy from the author: his catalogue of *Jamaica Plants*, also a presentation copy: and books that were presents from Edwards, Catesby, Peter Collinson and Gronovius—and some more modern donors. The gem of the collection, however, was a very fine copy of Wilson's *Ornithology*, with the plates colored by Wilson himself—this was a presentation copy to William Bertram, with the author's autograph, and brought four dollars a volume.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

GRANT THORBURN AND HIS THIRD WIFE.

—Our old friend, Grant Thorburn, has just taken unto himself a third wife! He writes us announcing the fact, and at the same time encloses an article from the *Home Journal* which he desires us to print. We will comply with the request, when space is more abundant. Let us, meantime, congratulate bride and bridegroom, and wish them many happy years of wedded love. Grant has twenty good years more to live, before he is a hundred; and the sunset of his life, from all appearances, bids fair to be as warm and genial as that of a fine August day.

New York 27th June, 1853

Friend BIZARRE—If the enclosed is acceptable, give credit to the *Home Journal*. Insert three Yankee lasses, in place of two; for the article in the *Journal* was in type, when I was being buckled to the third edition. When properly bound, gilt, and lettered, I think the Yankee lass is the best article in all the domestic department. I speak from fifty-six years experience, when I advise all bachelors, if they wish to begin to live, to catch one of those neat articles, which they may find running through the pumpkin-fields near Hartford in Connecticut. I preach by example; having made a prize of one of these only two weeks ago, though in my eighty-first year; my wife is a comely lass of forty summers, thus meeting me half-way; she is two inches

taller, and five pounds heavier; so I think on reflection, I have got the best of the bargain.

Thine sincerely,

GRANT THORBURN.

AMUSEMENTS

—THE HIPPODROME was to open on Thursday evening, and no doubt will cause an immense excitement in our city. Gen. Welsh is the manager, and such arrangements have been made, as it is believed will give to the entertainment extraordinary success. He has imported riders and horses from Paris, and all things have been secured without the slightest regard to expense. The Hippodrome can be managed so as to be made an amusement of a perfectly innocent character. We hope and trust it will be. Our clever young friend Mr. Richard B. Jones, has been secured as Hippodrome Editor, and will doubtless do peculiar honor to the post.

—MR. PERHAM has stated a new Gift Enterprize, in connexion with the exhibition of Howarth's Grand National Panorama of the Mammoth Cave, Crystal Palace, Niagara Falls, &c. It comes off, too, at the Assembly Buildings. The Panorama is to be exhibited until the Fourth of July, when the distribution of Gifts will take place. They amount in value to \$5,000, and a chance for one of them may be secured, in addition to the admission to the Panorama, by purchasing a fifty cent ticket. A memorable Fourth at the Assembly Building will be that which is approaching. Several exhibitions of the Panorama will take place before the grand and exciting distribution. We direct attention to the advertisement in our columns.

—THE BUCKLEY NEW ORLEANS SERENADERS close their delightful entertainments at Musical Fund Hall on the 30th.

—MR. SANFORD commences a new season with his Ethiopian Opera Troupe at the new house, now preparing for them in Twelfth street.

—GOTTSCALK, the excellent American pianist, is in town, and was to give a concert on Wednesday evening, at Sansom Street Hall. He stopped, we learn, on account of a particular request to do so, from many of his friends and admirers. He is *en route* for Cape May, where it is possible the roaring surf of the beach will suggest to him new themes for the exercise of his genius. He still retains Mr. Pratt as agent. In many respects Gottschalk is the finest pianist we have ever heard. We hope, as we believe, he will return to us next Autumn, and give us a series of concerts.

COINING WORDS.

—The liberty of coining words ought to be used with great modesty. Horace, they say, gave but two, and Virgil only one to the Latin tongue, which was squeamish enough not to swallow those, even from such hands,

without reluctance. See *Sketches and essays on Variout Subjects*, by Launcelot Temple, Esq., Dublin, 1770, at page 156. The author says "It is the easiest thing imaginable to coin words. The most ignorant of the Nobility are apt to do it every day."—Quere—Who coined Nobility?

NOBLE STOCK OF OLD MORTALITY.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT says in his Introduction to *Old Mortality*, that he had a son, John Patterson, who settled at Baltimore, in America. This John made a large fortune there, and had a son who married Marianne, daughter of Richard Caton, Esq. A daughter of this pair married Jerome Bonaparte, and after her separation from him married Monsieur Serrurier, the French Consul at Baltimore.—Marianne Caton survived her husband, and afterwards intermarried with the late Marquis Wellesley, being his second wife. What would Old Mortality have said, as he pored among the neglected grave-stones in Scotland, had he foreseen that the widow of his grandson was to become an English Marchioness, sister-in-law of the Duke of Wellington; and his grand-daughter Queen of Westphalia, and sister-in-law of the Emperor Napoleon?

ELIHU TOWNSEND.

—This eminent merchant and excellent man died at his residence in Union Square, New York, last Sunday. He was connected with many of the most brilliant enterprizes connected with the State and city of New York, and his loss will be severely felt in the business as well as the social walks of that proud city.—Mr. Townsend commenced business in 1807, in New York. He was, until within a very short time, a partner of the house of Nevins, Townsend & Co. He leaves a large and exceedingly clever family.

SUMMER SQUAD.

—A new correspondent sends us the following:—

A BUNDLE OF AS-ES.—"The light of other days is faded," as the whale said when he heard that people had taken to burning lard oil.

"I left thee where I found thee, love," as the man said who was unable to pull his sweet-heart out of the swamp.

"Cool and collected," as the man said who huddled himself up in a snow-bank.

"Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer," as the man said who was eating venison steaks.

"Railroads annihilate time and spare not to mention a large number of passengers," says Theodore Hook.

—Leigh Hunt, after giving an account of the freezing of a poor woman to death, who had been refused admittance to a number of houses, adds—"It is surprising how few christ-

ians there are, considering the number of them."

—Mr. Christopher Crawfish is respectfully informed that there is another Irish family as old as that of O'Rion,—as is proved by Virgil, book 2, lines 311, 312.

— "Jam proximus ardet.

— "Ucalegon."

O'Callaghan flares up next.

— HAVE WE A BABOON AMONG US?—On Thursday week, as Price, Sturgess & Robinson's menagerie was crossing the Green Mountains, in Vermont, one of the wagons was accidentally upset, and an old baboon, who has been for years attached to the company, made his escape, and had not at the latest intelligence been caught, although frequently seen. The various contradictory accounts of his whereabouts have made the question—"Have we a baboon amongst us?" a most exciting one among the Green Mountain boys.

—The following *profound* paragraph lately appeared in a daily paper in this city:—

"The 'Seven Ages of Man' better known perhaps, than any other portion of Shakespeare's multitudinous creations, is said not to be an original idea. The trustees of the British Museum have recently acquired a rare and curious impression from a wood block, representing the seven ages of man in a series of quaint figures, in the costumes of the fifteenth century—one hundred years before the birth of Shakespeare."

Is there any engraver now living who would find the slightest difficulty in engraving figures in the dress worn one hundred and fifty years ago?

KRAWFISH-IANA.

— "The high school examination will begin on the 5th of July."

Some of the folks who get *high* on the 4th of July, will be examined on the 5th at the Mayor's office.

— You *flat*-ter me, as the clean dickey said to the smoothing iron, as it passed over.

BUSINESS MEMS.

— Col. Maurice sticks to his desk at No. 123, Chesnut street, despite the hot weather. He will, however, unquestionably, soon be rolling over in the surf at the Capes, or at Newport. In the meanwhile, the best of everything in the stationery line may always be found at his place.

— Beautiful dressing-cases, writing-desks, port-monies, indeed everything in the fancy and toilet goods way may be purchased of F. H. Smith, Arch street, below Sixth.

— The Music trade of Philadelphia has rapidly increased within a few years past, and will now compare favorably with that of New York. The fires that a year or two since devastated so large a portion of Chestnut St. re-

sulted in some advantage to the appearance of our city and seems to proved the old adage that, "Its an ill wind that blows nobody any good." Among the new and spacious buildings erected on the ruins of the past, is Swaim's Buildings, standing on the site of "Barnum's Museum." The middle store of those comprising the block has been well fitted up by J. E. Gould and there now can be found at 194 Chestnut St. a stock of Pianos, Music Books, Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise, not excelled by any in the United States.

Our old friend and much esteemed fellow citizen, A. Fiot after upwards of twenty years of Music trade, disposed of his stock of music, plates and copyrights, to Mr. J. E. Gould, about six months since. The long experience of Mr. Fiot not only in the music trade of this country, but of Europe, rendering his acquaintance with the musical literature of the world, perfect would cause his suspension business a severe loss to the public were we not assured that he is active in his efforts to impart the information he possesses to his successor; so that customers may rely upon him with as much confidence as upon Mr. F. Mr. Gould, also, is no stranger to the business. He has been for several years in the music trade in New York,—recently of the firm of Gould & Berry of that city. He has also been known for many years as a talented and popular composer, and has compiled numerous collections of Sacred and Secular music. His knowledge of the wants of the music public, especially of Seminaries and private schools,—he having been for many years a most successful teacher—renders his establishment worthy of the patronage of the South and West. The arrangements between Mr. G. and other publishers are of the most liberal kind, and all that is wanted by Professor, Amateur, or Scholar, will be found at his store.

His arrangements are such as will enable Mr. G. to furnish dealers and Seminaries, with the works of all the largest dealers in New York and Boston, at the same prices at which they would be charged, were they to order directly of these publishers.

There will, therefore, be two great advantages derived by purchasing from Mr. G.

First. The expense of freight from New York and Boston will be saved; and

Second. Much time will be gained, and the Music deliverable to customers three or four days sooner.

The long experience of Mr. Fiot as a dealer, the many years practice of Mr. Gould as a composer, combined with an untiring industry and energetic enterprise, presents to the musical public facilities for the furtherance of their objects unsurpassed by those to be found in any other city.

"BEMARR, BEMARR, WHAT SAY YOU, MADAM?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1853.

VERNON; OR, THE DRAMA OF LIFE.*

CHAPTER IX.

"Short and sweet."

Mr. St. Clair led the disconsolate party into his rag room, and endeavored to cheer them by assuming an air of confidence, he felt not. While they were in the act of being seated, the door opened, and in rushed Peter and Margaret. The children, who thought the world and all of them, evinced actual joy, while Mrs. Vernon and Alice were really glad to see them.

"Come, Peter, old friend," exclaimed Mr. St. Clair, "you sit down here; we are not quite as comfortable as we once were, but no matter, we are at least all together."

"Why, look here, Mr. St. Clair, we all have our ups and downs. I have had downs, my ups are to come; but there is no use of repining, and so you see, Maggy and myself have had a little talk together—"

"O, Sally, tell your dream, your dream," was shouted by the children.

"There, she is at her charms again—about a spider, I suppose."

"No such thing; now listen—I dreamt that Mr. St. Clair—ah, there he sits—I dreamt that I saw him dressed up as a lawyer, and that he was sitting on that very pile of rags reading a huge sheet of paper, filled with strange characters, when all of a sudden, I saw the heap of rags open, and great bags of gold tumbled out. Peter, let us look under this heap, I know they are there."

"Hold your tongue, won't you."

"Indeed, Margaret," remarked Mr. St. Clair, "your dream is a strange one, perhaps more so than you are aware."

"Well, Maggy, now out with your business, and let us be off."

"Madam, Peter and me, that is me and Peter, come here on some business. Peter said—no—I said—well, there's no use of talking, we want to lend you some money,—that's it, and there's the purse, I knit on purpose to put it in."

"Why, Margaret, this is full."

"Chuck, Madam."

"And this for me?"

"And the children."

"I cannot take it."

"O, madam, do not say that; Peter, will be offended, I will be offended—do take it, it will make us so happy; I know you must want it."

"Indeed we do, but—"

"Borrow it, madam, do borrow it."

"Well, Margaret, I will, for I know I will shortly be able to return it. This kindness overpowers me."

"Dear Margaret," exclaimed Alice, throwing her arms around her neck, "how I do love you for this."

"Now don't, Alice, don't,—I will cry next, I know I will."

"And so, Peter, you think Robert a big boy,—but hark—I hear the clock strike, it is time to resume our labor. To-morrow, Peter, you and Margaret come and dine with us; it is a holyday, and it will afford our little friends much pleasure, particularly if Margaret were to dream to-night."

"O, that she will.—nay, I insist upon her dreaming, it is only for this occasion; so farewell."

Thus they parted, and we ask of our readers the indulgence of the elapse of six years between this and the next chapter. Many changes, many events,—but we will not anticipate.

CHAPTER X.

—Time hurries on
With a restless, unrelenting stream."

Blair

Six years seems but a small space in the callendar of a man's life, yet how many changes, how many events,—some of a pleasing, others of a startling character,—may mark these few years. They have rolled away—children have become men and women, the wrinkle on the brow of age has become more deep, more furrowed,—all things, save the face of nature, change with time.

Our scene opens in the bar-room of a very clean neat public house, situated at the conjunction of Broad street and the Ridge Road, Philadelphia. Everything in and about it bespoke the sober landlord and tidy landlady. The former entered the room, and seeing the latter behind the bar, thus addressed her:—

"Now, Mrs. P., I must insist upon it, the man is a gentleman, say what you will."

"Bah! Mr. Peter, how can you distinguish a gentleman that don't know the first principles of one?"

"Mrs. P., my wife, you are personal: it is true, this stranger looks a little the worse for wear; ah! we all look so, particularly we married ones,—it's too bad."

"What's too bad? Out with it, I know you mean something."

"Well, I intended to say, it is not too bad that matrimony should so change us,"

"Bah! Mr. P., you are a fool, nor have you any reason to find fault with my conduct. I have been a true wife, and I never would have had you if I had not seen you when I tried that title charm. It is true, you looked a little like Dr. Faustus, but conjuration will change the likeness a little."

"Mrs. P.,—but no matter, you have been a very good wife, apart from your seeing so many ghosts, upsetting salt-cellar, diving into tea-grounds, and sticking pins in candles; and then our business has prospered so."

"Indeed it has: then there is that good, sweet Alice, kind Mrs. Vernon, and the children; only think, there is Robert, a young gentleman, James and Anna, and all so fond of us."

"And, Mrs. P., let me remind you of another. You are very apt Mrs. P., to think of every one before you look at home. Mrs. P., have you forgotten that we have a child, an angel boy. It is true, he has the mark of a spider on his shoulder, but that don't show?"

"Forget our little Charley? no indeed; and Peter, do you know I last night had a dream?"

"Now, Mrs. P., once more let me advise you to be still,—you are now touching upon ticklish grounds. I am content, Mrs. P., with your nonsense when it does not come near our boy. You may place chicken bones over the door, you may nail old horse-shoes to the kitchen door, you may cut up house leeks to stuff your shoes with, you may enter the bed-room backwards, do all sorts of things, but I will not allow you to dream about our boy. I will be master in my own house, now mark that. Nay, Mrs. P., you have death watches enough in the house to set up an establishment,—an establishment for the purpose of selling watches for cast, or trading them for ill omen'd crickets, or wonderful spiders."

"Mr. P., you are a downright brute. You are dull, stupid and ignorant; you know nothing of the mysterious operations of nature. Did not the great horoscope man tell us that a great change would come over our dream of life, eh?"

"Yes, but a much greater one came over his, for the last I heard of him he was taken up and sent to prison for a vile swindler and impostor."

"No matter, I had the dream. But about this stranger, this gentleman, as you call him."

"Hush,—who comes here? Ah, it is the very man, our new lodger. Good morning, sir,—how did you sleep last night, sir?"

"Tolerably, only tolerably, I was feverish."

"Surely, Peter, I have seen that face before."

"Yes, in your dreams."

"I think you told me, landlord, that Mrs. Vernon lived in that beautiful house yonder?"

"Yes sir."

"Delightful property, beautiful and extensive pleasure grounds. And they say she is rich?"

"O, yes, she inherited a vast property some six years ago."

"Peter,—it is,—it is—"

"Who,—what—bless my soul—but it is—Maitland!"

The stranger, who, in fact, was Maitland, had stepped toward the window, and after glancing his eye for a moment down the road, asked if any one had enquired for him. "You know my name it is Brown."

"What a lie!—Oh, yes, sir, I know your name: no one has been here."

"Well, if they should call, I will be back in a few moments; bid them be seated, and await my return. By the way, landlord, who lives at the manor house with Mrs. Vernon?"

"Mr. St. Clair, and Mr. Howard, who is going to marry Alice. Ah! you start!"

"Did I?—that name,—I—I knew one by that name; and so they are going to get married?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will walk down the lane."

No sooner had Maitland left the room than Peter, half frantic, fastened the door, and sinking down upon a chair, overcome with dread, exclaimed;—"The devil's come back, villainy's afloat! O! but he is a desperate villain; there is mischief brewing!"

"Yes, for the yeast last night would not rise a bit."

"We must keep our four eyes on him, Mrs. P."

"Yes, and these ten fingers and thumbs, too."

"No Mrs. P., no, be not too extravagant; such luxuries as your finger nails and that excellent tongue of yours cannot be wasted on strangers. Keep them, my dear, for domestic uses."

"You are a brute; but go to your business, I must to mine."

"Take care of that spider, Mrs. P.,—see, there it crawls."

Peter enjoying the fright of his wife, followed her out of the room, crying with a loud voice:—"beware the spider, the death watch, the cricket."

CHAPTER XL.

"And scenes long past of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain."

Scott

Mrs. Vernon having, without any difficulty, proved the validity of the will, had taken possession of the property, and was now living

in what was called the old manor house. It might be well to explain the nature of the dispute in relation to the property, and why the heirs of her uncle, those whom the law would have recognized if there had been no will, were deprived of their share. It appears when Reynold St. Clair died, and by the way, he was a strange eccentric character, a wild dissipated relation, who had been living with him, recorded a will which the deceased had made in his favor, some ten years previous to his death. Two witnesses, and the lawyer who drew up the last will, reversing the first, and leaving the whole bulk of his property to Mrs. Vernon, came forward and gave evidence to this fact, but no will was found.—The matter, therefore, was held in *abeyance*, commissioners were appointed by the court, and a general search was made for the lost will. The claimant to the property on the first will was suspected of making way with the second but its subsequent discovery proved his innocence. The will had been hid away by old Mr. St. Clair in a closet among all kinds of rubbish, and which found their way to the old room where the will was found by Mrs. Vernon's father, as related.

We now convey our readers to a splendidly furnished parlor, in the old manor house:—with elegance was blended all the pleasing productions of art, and the tables were loaded with the choicest productions of the best authors of the day. On the occasion were assembled together the family, in addition to which were Mr. Howard, the artist, and Mr. Gilbert. Mr. St. Clair was seated at a table with Robert, James and Anna, Mr. Howard and Alice were at another, discussing the beauties of Italy, while the former displayed them to her view, sketched with his own hand. Mrs. Vernon, and Mr. Gilbert, who was now their neighbor, adviser and friend, were talking over matters appertaining to the estate. We commence the conversation with the latter:—

"And so, Mrs. Vernon; you have purchased the Briar farm?"

"Yes, it was the birth place of my poor husband, and on that account I bought it." And have you heard nothing from him since?"

"No, I traced him to New Orleans, and after that all traces have been lost, the advertisements unanswered."

"And Maitland, the companion of his journey?"

"He was taken up at Cincinnati, and was tried and convicted for swindling. I have heard that he is at liberty."

"My poor husband."

"One thing, madam, is calculated to render his absence, nay, his very loss, less afflicting to you, is the fact that Mr. Vernon has never committed an act of dishonor."

"Thank heaven for that,—his name is yet unstained!"

* * * * *

"Alice, how can you say so? I tell you that the scenery is lovely, the climate delightful: the nights, Oh, the nights are a paradise in disguise."

"I don't care, Howard, ours is equally beautiful: the climate in every respect superior, and as for nights, what can be more lovely than even this—look out? how the moon shines, how the stars twinkle, and listen, you can hear the water falling over the dam at Fairmount, sounding for all the world like the music you once spoke about as accompanying the growth of flowers."

"Why, Alice, you have grown quite poetical."

"But, Howard, you know what you promised to-night,—come, mother, Mr. Gilbert, grand pa, all, come listen to Mr. Howard's adventures at Naples."

"Oh, it is romantic, I assure you, for truth is stranger than fiction. Well, to my incident. I had been about a week in Naples; my dwelling was at the foot of Vesuvius, in one of those delightful villas which border on the Gulf of Ischia. One night I was startled from my sleep by a sharp, sudden shock. I flew to the window, a blood-red brightness glared into the apartment, and lit up all the sky: a hoarse hurricane howled, a shower of fire was falling. I at once perceived that I was about to witness one of those awful eruptions of which I had so often read, and longed to witness. Scarcely had I time to hurry on my dress and fling my mantle over me, for the stairs trembled and cracked at each step. I darted into the street. Oh, it was terrible to behold the whole population of a mighty city outpouring in wild confusion upon the heaving earth, between long rows of edifices whose towering walls swung to and fro above their heads, like tall trees reeling in the tempest. Before me hurried two unprotected females, heedless, helpless. I caught them by the arm. I observed a path leading to the sea. I took it, and led them with me. A fisherman had just put off his boat to seek the safety of the opposite shore. I plunged into the wave,—detained his boat,—forced my companions into it, and, sheltering them with a canvass from the falling flakes, the boatman spread his sail—he resisted not—and our bark cut the waves like a belated sea bird."

"Why, this is like a romance, Howard."

"Well, Alice, did I not tell you it was truth?"

"Don't interrupt him," was the general exclamation, for they all seemed much interested in the recital.

"From the moment when the two females, whom chance had thrown under my protec-

tion, were in safety, the desire of witnessing the wonders of the scene shut out all other thoughts; propped against the mast of our little bark, I stood and gazed. Oh! my friends, let me not even attempt to picture what I saw! Fancy a column of broad flame shooting two hundred feet in the air, and trembling, then, in flakes! streams of burning lava leaping in cuscades!—a sea of fire rushing down to the sea of water—first driving before it, then recoiling—alternately repelling and repelled. Two elements struggling like gladiators for the mastery: nature, in the last convulsion, seeming to implore for mercy. In a sky of blood, disheveled shadows, like the damned of Dante, hurrying in throngs,—some one way, some another,—a long the palpitating shore! Fancy all this, and you will still have but a feeble idea of a night at Naples from the Gulf of Ischia, during an eruption of Vesuvius."

"And what became of you?" asked Mr. Gilbert.

"I stood immovable, with folded arms, eyes fixed and bosom heaving, when in the tossing of the bark I felt an arm involuntarily grasping for support at mine, and heard a voice exclaim:—"Is it not indeed, a stupendous scene? sublime beyond conception? more than the awe-struck mind could long endure, and not go mad!" The tones of the voice thrilled through me, I turned, and beheld one of the loveliest of Naples' beauties,—I mean that I ever gazed upon. The piercing eyes—black, the flowing ringlets dancing in the breeze; but I will not describe her, for Anna looks serious. My sketch is done, I had rescued the wife of a nobleman, and that, my friends, made Naples my home."

"I should think," remarked Gilbert, "that this would be a splendid subject for your pencil."

"No, sir, its very splendor awes me,—it is a subject beyond the reach of art."

"Indeed, Mr. Howard, you have pictured a fearful scene," observed Mr. St. Clair, "our young friends here are silent with wondering. How happy should we be in a land blessed by heaven, and never subject to these convulsions of the earth."

"True," replied Gilbert, "but still we have those inflections of the heart, the earthquakes of the soul, which produce suffering more intense than those which proceed from natural causes. Listen to my story: I had been married about two years, my wife bore me a girl, our little Ellen, the fondness of a father would picture her, as she seemed to us, a little cherub:—to us indeed she was, when about three years old,—no, not three, two years and six months, that was her age. We were sitting at the door, it was a lovely night in June, the breeze came down from the hill side laden with the rich perfume of sleeping

flowers: the busy hum of the day was gradually dying away, and a soft mellow light came up from the West, as the messenger from day to welcome in the night. Oh, I remember it well, for we were so happy—so joyous—so blessed. Ellen was on the lawn, her gay laugh was still ringing in our ears, her bright smile still before us: for a moment our eyes were withdrawn from her,—a dark shadow passed between us and our child,—one scream and she vanished, as if in the arms of a demon, from our sight! Never can I forget that moment: maddened I rushed in the direction of the sound—all was still—from that time to this no tidings have been heard of her."

"And her mother?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"Pined away and died with the name of Ellen on her lips. Alas! my friends, altho' fortune has showered her gifts upon me, altho' I have prospered in all my undertakings amid it all, I am wretched."

"That Providence, Mr. Gilbert," observed Mr. St. Clair, "that Divine Power whose mysteries we cannot fathom, knows what is best for us here;—there is a hereafter."

A servant came to announce that tea was ready, and they all arose. Howard offered his arm to Alice, who insisted on his conducting Anna and Mrs. Vernon, as she had to arrange something in the room before she left. "I will be but a moment, Howard, so be reconciled to your fate."

They had all then left the room but Alice, whose object was to secure a side door leading to the garden. While in the act of closing it, a man stepped into the room; she started back. "Hush! on your life, hush!" was the abrupt address to her.

"Who are you, sir? what means this intrusion?"

"One word, Alice."

"Speak, sir."

"Don't you know me?"

"Ha! that voice!—that face!—it is—"

"Your guardian,—Maitland."

"It is, indeed! O! leave this house, sir, do not stay here!"

"And you would desire me hence, you, Alice!"

"No, not that."

"Aye, I know, I am lost, an outcast."

"What would you, sir, with me? There can be nothing in common between us; you have never acted the part of a guardian, or friend,—what would you now?"

"Hark! they call,—I must secure the door,—what I have to say must be said now, and you must hear. Your father, girl,—"

"My father? O, speak of him."

"Will you meet me in an hour?—say two hours from this, in the garden, by the lower gate,—there you shall know all?"

"I will,—the hour will be ten."

"Good,—until then, farewell. I will pass through the side door;—remember, ten o'clock. There, I hear Howard's voice: go, go to your lover, ha! ha!"

Alice hearing Howard call, immediately ran to the door, and meeting him at the threshold, they both left for the supper room.

"So," murmured Maitland, as he cast his eyes around the room, "they are rich, very rich; how elegantly furnished, too. Let me see, I must make something out of this business, the secret is too valuable to be thrown away. Now, if I could get Vernon to join me, for he has returned as poor as ever; so much the better, then, to rob this house. In that there is no crime if he joins me, for he only takes what is, or at least should be, his. He must be my tool ever, and to use him now promises better than ever. Well, I must retire through this secret passage. Ah, what is that? a silver snuff box, as I live, and a gold pencil, too. Carelessness is a species of crime, I will correct the evil it produces, by removing the cause." So saying, he pocketed the articles named, and with cautious steps traced his way to the garden.

(Continued in No. 40.)

THE EVILS OF SOCIETY.

THIRD PAPER.

That universal education would be a partial remedy for the growing evils which now curse our beautiful land. we think no intelligent person will deny That *proper education* would be the *great remedy* it is our purpose to prove.

To make education a remedy for these evils, it must be made a very different thing from what it now is.

We live under republican institutions; and it is one of the fundamental principles of our republic that every individual has the right to "the pursuit of happiness;" and while he pursues his own happiness, or pleasure, and does not directly infringe the rights of others; he has the protection of law in doing so. The man of wisdom and experience may perceive that many who are seeking their pleasure or happiness are really pursuing a course calculated to bring ruin and unhappiness upon them, yet while they commit no unlawful act, we cannot by force constrain them: for *liberty* is the fundamental principle of our government.

The majority must determine what is lawful and what is unlawful; and they cannot be prevented.

If therefore, the people be ignorant and uncultivated, it will necessarily follow that they will seek pleasure in vicious indulgences, excitements and sensual gratifications. It is

the proper business of education to correct this propensity to low indulgences and excitements, which exist where there is no mental or moral culture. We are told in the language of holy writ, that "The heart of man is prone to evil," and our every day experience proves the truth of the saying.

It is not our purpose to speak of what religious education should do for the youth of our community. We wish merely to set forth the advantages of a superior secular education. The refining, humanizing and elevating influences which proper mental moral and artistic culture, exercise upon the minds and hearts of men.

The government which expects obedience to its laws, owes education to those it expects to govern; and it is an act of injustice, for a government to punish conduct which is a natural and necessary result of its own neglect.

Education with us is not what it should be. In a community like ours: "so highly favored of Heaven:" so blessed with all that should make life delightful, there is no proper excuse for a want of intelligence; and yet, a very large portion of the people of our country grow up grossly ignorant, and uncultivated.

Even here in Philadelphia, which boasts of being the seat of learning and refinement, there is a mass of ignorance and rudeness which should bring a blush of shame to the cheek of every one who has any part in matters of public instruction.

Education in Philadelphia does not perform its proper work.

The people of Philadelphia are more superficially educated now than they were fifty years ago.

We have numerous chartered institutions of learning, an expensive system of public schools, numerous private seminaries and hosts of peripatetic teachers: and yet nineteen twentieths of the people grow up without learning to speak or write their native language correctly.

Venerable institutions confer *degrees*, upon graduates, and give *diplomas* to men who *cannot read them*: and who do not know, that it is not "writ down" in Latin, that they are asses to pretend to be doctors,—that is *learned*—when they do not know the rudiments of English Grammar.

Education in Philadelphia does not perform its proper office: inasmuch as it does not create a love for learning. It does not refine, purify and elevate the mind.

There no mental, no moral, no æsthetic culture in it. The education which most of the children in the public schools get is of the crudest kind, and that which most of those get who are educated in private schools, is of the most superficial kind imaginable. Many

of the directors of the public schools are grossly ignorant. Many of the teachers are incompetent and poorly paid: and are required to teach a much larger number than one person can do justice to.

Among fashionable people, it is the custom to have private teachers. It being thought more dignified to have teachers come to their houses than to send their children to school.

Several families will sometimes club together, and have a private teacher come to one of their houses. This is cheaper and more dignified than sending their children to school. Fashionable education consists of a smatter of French and Italian, an extravagant expertness in music: an affection of foreign airs and graces: and a shocking bad knowledge of the vulgar tongue.

When we say that our city lacks refinement, intellectual culture and artistic taste, we do not speak at random. Let us look at the amusements and entertainments of the people. Are any of these of an intellectual character? We have for half a million of people a few courses of dry lectures in the winter season. We have an Academy of Fine Arts, open sometimes, but very rarely crowded with visitors, and we have a number of theatres, which are much more attractive but it is because their entertainments are usually of a low order.

Private entertainments usually consist of music, dancing, eating, drinking, &c. We have not the austerity of a hermit, nor do we wish to be understood as censuring these things: but certainly they are not evidences of intellectual refinement.

Education here, does not create a taste for intellectual pleasures.

What kind of books do the people read!

Thousands have read "Uncle Tom's cabin," who have never read "Shakspeare," nor "Milton."

Authors who pamper vulgar prejudices, grow rich, but those who attempt to improve the public taste are left to starve.

The only regular courses of popular lectures on the sciences, delivered in our city, are those of the Franklin Institute, and the audiences at these lectures will not average over three or four hundred persons many of whom are children, sent there by their parents.

Education in our city is of a superficial character.

Formerly a knowledge of the classical languages was considered an essential part of education. Now we are told by the author of one of our most popular school books, that "the course of instruction in schools, is so extensive that there is not time for pupils to go through the classics &c."

One of the sapient regulations of our public schools, requires that children shall be taught to pronounce all words which occur in

quotations, &c., from foreign languages, as if they were English words. The effect of which is to make meaningless jargon of them.

Let a person read a line of French in such a manner, and can either Englishman or Frenchman understand it? The necessity for this regulation arises from the fact that the teachers are unable to teach the correct pronunciation of those foreign words which occur in the childrens exercises.

There is too much "old fogysm" about our institutions of learning. Too much learned stupidity: and too much unlearned self-sufficiency.

There are too many of—

"Those lazy owls, those baleful unclean birds,
"Who perched near wisdom's roof, sit only there
"To cuff down new fledged virtues, that would use
"To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious."

While the education of the children of our city is neglected, as it now is, there can be no reasonable hope of any great improvement in the popular morals. Thousands of children are growing up amongst us who have no more attention paid to their education, than have the children of the Camanches. Our city is indeed—

"An unweeded garden, that grows to seed,
"Things rank and gross in nature; oases it merely."

In another article we shall endeavor to show what education *should* do, for the children of our community.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ASS.

This festival was for a considerable time celebrated at Beauvais, in Burgundy. It was held in honour of the ass, which was, according to tradition, the animal upon which the Holy Family rode into Egypt. A handsome girl, richly attired, represented the Virgin Mary. She was seated on an ass, which was covered with a cloth of gold, and superbly caparisoned. The ass, accompanied by a vast concourse of laity and clergy, was led from the cathedral to the parish church of St. Stephen, and was finally conducted into the sanctuary. High mass began with great pomp, and the Ass was taught to kneel at certain intervals. Meanwhile a hymn was sung in his praise, in a language of mixed Latin and French, of which Dr. Edgar has given the following translation.

The Ass he came from Eastern climes,
Heigh ho! my Assey!
He's fair and fit for the path at all times.
Sing Father Ass, and you shall get grass,
And straw and hay, too, in plenty.

The Ass is slow and lazy too
Heigh ho! my Assey!
But the whip and the spur will make him go.
Sing Father Ass, and you shall get grass.
And straw and hay, too, in plenty.

The Ass was born and bred with long ears,
Heigh ho my! Assey!

And yet the Lord of Asse appears.
Gin Father Ass and you shall get grass,
And straw and hay, too, in plenty.

The Ass excels the hind at a leap,
Heigh ho! my Asses!
And faster than hound or hare can trot.
Bray Father Ass, and you shall have grass,
And straw and hay, too, in plenty!

The worship concluded with a braying between the Clergy and laity in honour of the Ass. The officiating priest turned to the people, and in a fine treble voice and with great devotion, brayed three times like an ass—while the people, imitating his example, brayed three times in concert.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH THIRD.

Historical Associations.—Local Attachments.—Tomochichi.

"Yea it is dear,—fair southern clime,
Of genial hearts and suns sincere."

Watson.

"Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone;
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victors may appeal or stun
The servile and the vain, such names will be
A watchword, 'till the Future shall be free."—Byron.

The European visitor, in his conceit and pride, not unfrequently expresses his surprise at the ordinary appearance of our cities—at the so-termed rude and uncouth character of our villages—at the destitution of remarkable localities and venerable monuments, commemorative of deeds and personages at once ancient and extraordinary. Sneeringly does he institute a comparison between the historical associations of this, and nations on the continent. True, the Baronial castle, with its ivy-mantled towers, gray walls, deep moats, and high turrets, does not, from its rocky foundations, frown upon our rivers and lakes:—true, the prolonged conflicts of lord and vassal have never involved whole communities here in one common quarrel, linking the story of some deadly feud with forest and mountain:—true, we glory not in crowns and palaces—parchment rolls and "blazoned heraldry;" we never yet have learned to bow in stupid adoration before some vain pageant, whose only title to respect is, that for years mankind have yielded an unmeaning reverence; nor do we regard, with holy feelings, some ruined cathedral, because in early times a devout father with his obsequious satellites once blessed its walls, and hallowed the spot. The iron-bound tower, with its damp, dark dungeons and bloody instruments of death, does not rear its gloomy front to recount the fearful tale of the wan cheek and headless corpse

of the pure and noble,—of the queenly personage who had there perished, a victim of cruel jealousy and determined hate. True, the Gothic arch of five centuries, with its deep-toned organ, stained glass, and magnificent adornments, may not lift its head amid the cities of America, still the God of Heaven is worshipped, with equal devotion, in the sacred temple of not half a century. Kings have never stamped the impress of their gory feet upon these plains—their chariots have never run riot amid the blood and carnage of "ten thousand slain." Within these United States, the moss does not cluster so thickly around our battlements—and still we can proudly point to fields where the sword of liberty was often unsheathed, and never returned in dishonor. We can look with feelings of the warmest satisfaction upon the ruins of comparatively rude fortifications, and grass-covered embankments—we can name heroes whom the world would not blush to own: around whose memory gather national associations far more honorable than the remembrance of the acts and efforts of crowned and jewelled monarchs. There are a thousand places suggestive of patriotic emotions, where the American breast feels the power of local attachments, and cherishes, most ardently, the recollection of events which have alike signalized the actors, and the localities where they so admirably performed their parts. Reverence for deeds—exalted deeds—the scenes where they transpired, and the heroes who there figured, is a noble instinct, planted in our hearts for noble purposes. The emotions suggested by local associations and national attachments, have in every age, and among all nations, proved of a most interesting character to the citizen. To them no one can possibly be indifferent, and he feels them most thrillingly, whose soul is duly sensible of the importance of his country's honor and reputation. The recollections of past events cluster around the places where they transpired: encircling every object there with a garb of attraction, awakening emotions of a strikingly engaging character, and causing scenes whose visible traces have long since vanished, divested of their shadowy forms, to live again in active being. There is a secret and powerful satisfaction, possessed of no ordinary interest, in knowing and feeling that we are actually surveying the spot where some remarkable occurrence has happened—and treading the hall, or the battle ground, where a distinguished personage has lived, acted, and died. Leo Allatres wept over the ruins of Homer's house. How beautifully does Dr. Johnson, in his tour to the Western Islands, express his feelings, as his foot first pressed the soil of *that Island*, so long the Luminary of the Caledonian regions. Demosthenes selected Athens, that war-field of

mighty orators and chieftains, as the spot whence, in enthusiastic appeals, he could most effectually arouse the sea of popular passion—more powerful than the deep blue waters of the *Ægean*, whose billows, dashing near, mingled their roar with the thunders of his eloquence. It was in the Church of St. Maria d'ara Coeli, on the Capitoline Hill, as Gibbon sat musing over the ruins of the imperial city, during the calm hours of evening, when bare-footed friars were chanting their vespers, that he conceived the idea of writing the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Cicero, in his work "De Finibus," tells us that often, when he entered the Senate Chamber, the shades of Scipio, of Cato, of Lælius, and especially of his venerable grand-father, rose in imagination before him. And Schiller declares, that the scenes which beneficent and heroic spirits have visited, remain hallowed to all time—still blest, though robbers haunt the place.

With what ardent attachment then, should the American cherish the remembrance of those events and localities, so intimately connected with the honor of his country. The voices and the forms of our grand-sires who participated, in the glorious revolutionary struggles, are fast fading away. Their tongues no longer recount the incidents of many a well fought action—that arm once strong in the defence of freedom and of right, now lies motionless and cold. Yet how does memory linger around that monument commemorative of the brave deeds of our forefathers—how does the hand love to handle that rusted and time-worn cannon, which once proclaimed the death warrant for all tyrants, and oppressors on these shores,—how does the foot delight to press that grass-grown fort—and how eagerly does the eye search for every relic of those noble deeds, and noble men. In the presence of these scenes, imagination dwells not upon the present, but proudly revels in the consideration of the past, losing herself in the contemplation of the illustrious events connected with the spot now before her view,—in the veneration of those

— "men of old, whose tempered blades
Dispersed the shackles of usurped control,
And hewed them link from link—Then Albion's sons
Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a Mother's wrongs;
And shining each in his domestic sphere,
Shone brighter still, when called to public view."

Let the American never cease to cherish these places with the deepest attachment. Let him feel that the *grave of the patriot, is the Mecca of Liberty*—that upon the battle-fields where freedom was won, all may unite—forgetful of party intrigue and sectional differences, in rekindling those sentiments of regard for the whole country, which will

prompt each and every citizen to defend it if need be, from invasion,—to protect its rights and honor with untiring vigilance, and maintain its laws and institutions, in vigor and purity. Although he may wander into foreign climes, and find objects of wonder and admiration, still let him send back his thoughts to these shores, and dwell with increasing rapture upon the battle-fields—the heroic characters—the intrepid councils of the Atlantic Coast. Almost every city and village, river and mountain, in the older portions of this country, has witnessed the struggles between the rifle and the tomahawk, or proved the arena, upon which was achieved some noble triumph of '76. *Savannah* is not destitute of historical associations of this character. Here it was that Tomochichi, the distinguished chief of the Creek Nation, extended the open hand of fellowship to the stranger, and swore perpetual friendship—an oath sacredly kept until his hoary head was bowed low in death. In the presence of the colonists, and his Indian warriors—in a manner at once so natural and appropriate to the Aborigines of this country, he presents General Oglethorpe with a buffalo skin adorned with the head and feathers of an eagle, thus addressing him "The eagle is an emblem of speed, and the buffalo of strength. The English are as swift as the bird, and as strong as the beast, since like the former they flew over the seas to the uttermost parts of the earth, and like the latter are so strong, that nothing can withstand them." Wisely did the old chieftain foresee in this small band, the seeds of a great nation, which by reason of its superior intelligence and acquirements, should one day sweep as surely and as rapidly over the domains of the red-man, as does the wild-fire over the grass-covered prairie. He adds further—"The feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify love—the buffalo skin is warm, and denotes protection," and therefore he hoped the English would love and protect the little families of the sons of the forest. How sadly have these fond desires of the Indian warrior remained unrealized in subsequent years! The members of his tribe, scattered as leaves before the blasts of autumn, have been hurried from the land which gave them birth. Their venerable King, Tomochichi, realized not in person the terrors of that day, when, an exile band they were driven from the beautiful plains and attractive mountains of Georgia.

Firm in his friendship, at the advanced age of ninety-seven he breathed his last, and dying, desired that his body might be interred with his friends the English in *Savannah*. This request was cheerfully complied with, and his corpse was accordingly brought there, and buried in Percival Square with military honors. Yet it has justly been inquired,

where is his monument? Savannah owes it to herself—she owes it to the memory of General Oglethorpe—for it was his design that a suitable tribute of that character should have been erected—she owes it to her first and best friend among the red men—the noble-hearted—the brave—the generous Tomochichi.

(Concluded in No. 40.)

Bizarre among the New Books.

ENGLISH HUMORISTS OF THE XVIII. CENTURY.—Second No. 10.

—We last week gave extracts from a book with this title, which has been just published by the Harpers; and which embraces the course of lecture delivered by Thackeray last winter in Philadelphia and other principle cities. It partakes of his apt thought, exuberant fancy, and rich humor, and is spiced to a high degree with original dashes of satire.

The lecture on Steele is particularly interesting, both on account of the idea it gives of Sir Richard himself, and the times in which he lived. We present some extracts:—

“We possess of poor Steele’s wild and chequered life some of the most curious memoranda that ever were left of a man’s biography. Most men’s letters, from Cicero down to Walpole, or down to the great men of our own time, if you will, are doctored compositions, and written with an eye suspicious towards posterity. That dedication of Steele’s to his wife is an artificial performance, possibly: at least it is written with that degree of artifice which an orator uses in arranging a statement for the House, or a poet employs in preparing a sentiment in verse or for the stage. But there are some 400 letters of Dick Steele’s to his wife, which that thrifty woman preserved accurately, and which could have been written but for her and her alone. They contain details of the business, pleasures, quarrels, reconciliations of the pair: they have all the genuineness of conversation: they are as artless as a child’s prattle, and as confidential as a curtain-lecture. Some are written from the printing-office, where he is waiting for the proof sheets of his “Gazette,” or his “Tatler;” some are written from the tavern, whence he promises to come to his wife “within a pint of wine,” and where he has given a rendezvous to a friend, or a money-lender: some are composed in a high state of vinous excitement when his head is flustered with Burgundy, and his heart abounds with amorous warmth for his darling Prue: some are under the influence of the dismal headache and repentance next morning: some, alas, are from the lock-up house, where the lawyers have im-

pounded him, and where he is waiting for bail. You trace many years of the poor fellow’s career in these letters. In September, 1707, from which day she began to save the letters, he married the beautiful Mistress Scurlock. You have his passionate protestations to the lady: his respectful proposals to her mama: his private prayer to Heaven when the union so ardently desired was completed; his fond professions of contrition and promises of amendment, when, immediately after his marriage, there began to be just cause for the one and need for the other.

Captain Steele took a house for his lady upon their marriage, “the third door from Germain-street, left hand of Bury-street,” and the next year presented his wife with a country house at Hampton. It appears she had a chariot and pair, and sometimes four horses: he himself enjoyed a little horse for his own riding. He paid, or promised to pay, his barber fifty pounds a year, and always went abroad in a laced coat and a large black-buckled periwig, that must have cost somebody fifty guineas. He was rather a well-to-do gentleman, Captain Steele, with the proceeds of his estate in Barbadoes (left to him by his first wife), his income as writer of the “Gazette,” and his office of gentleman waiter to his Royal Highness Prince George. His second wife brought him a fortune too. But it is melancholy to relate that with these houses and chariots and horses and income, the Captain was constantly in want of money, for which his beloved bride was asking as constantly. In the course of a few pages we begin to find the shoemaker calling for money, and some directions from the Captain, who has not thirty pounds to spare. He sends his wife, “the beautifullest object in the world,” as he calls her, and evidently in reply to applications of her own, which have gone the way of all waste paper, and lighted Dick’s pipes, which were smoked a hundred and forty years ago—he sends his wife now a guinea, then a half-guinea, then a couple of guineas, then half a pound of tea: and again no money and no tea at all, but a promise that his darling Prue shall have some in a day or two; or a request, perhaps, that she will send over his night-gown and shaving-plate to the temporary lodging where the nomadic captain is lying hidden from the bailiffs. Oh that a Christian hero and late captain in Lucas’s should be afraid of a dirty sheriff’s officer! That the pink and pride of chivalry should turn pale before a writ! It stands to record in poor Dick’s own handwriting: the queer collection is preserved at the British Museum to this present day: that the rent of the nuptial house in Jermyn-street sacred to unutterable tenderness and Prue, and three doors from Bury-street, was not paid until after the landlord had put in an

execution on Captain Steele's furniture. Addison sold the house and furniture at Hampton, and, after deducting the sum in which his incorrigible friend was indebted to him, handed over the residue of the proceeds of the sale to poor Dick, who was not in the least angry at Addison's summary proceeding, and I dare say was glad of any sale or execution, the result of which was to give him a little ready money. Having a small house in Jermyn street for which he could not pay, and a country house at Hampton on which he had borrowed money, nothing must content Captain Dick but the taking, in 1712, a much finer, larger, and grander house, in Bloomsbury-square: where his unhappy landlord got no better satisfaction than his friend in St. James's, and where it is recorded that Dick, giving a grand entertainment, had a half dozen queer-looking fellows in livery to wait upon his noble guests, and confessed that his servants were bailiffs to a man. "I fared like a distressed prince!" the kindly prodigal writes, generously complimenting Addison for his assistance in the "Tatler,"—"I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." Poor, needy Prince of Bloomsbury! think of him in his palace, with his allies from Chancery-lane ominously guarding him.

All sorts of stories are told indicative of his recklessness and his good humour. One narrated by Doctor Hoadly is exceedingly characteristic; it shows the life of the time; and our friend very weak, but very kind both in and out of his cups.

'My father,' (says Dr. John Hoadly, the Bishop's son)—'when Bishop of Bangor, was, by invitation, present at one of the Whig meetings, held at the Trumpet, in Shoe Lane, when Sir Richard, in his zeal, rather exposed himself, having the double duty of the day upon him, as well to celebrated the immortal memory of King William, it being the 4th November, as to drink his friend Addison up to conversation-pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time. Steele was not fit for it. Two remarkable circumstances happened. John Sly, the hatter of facetious memory, was in the house; and John, pretty mellow, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand to drink off to the *immortal memory*, and to return in the same manner. Steele sitting next my father, whispered him—*Do laugh. It is humanity to laugh.* Sir Richard, in the evening, being too much in the same condition, was put in a chair, and sent home. Nothing would serve him but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him

up stairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them down stairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed.'

"There is another amusing story which I believe that renowned collector, Mr. Joseph Miller, or his successors, have incorporated into their work. Sir Richard Steele, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and, before it was opened to his friends and guests, was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak up from the stage. The man at first said that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, and did not know what to say to his honour; but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost; and after a moment he began, in a voice perfectly audible: 'Sir Richard Steele!' he said, "for three months past me and my men has been a working in this theatre, and we've never seen the colour of your honour's money: we will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail.' Sir Richard said that his friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much.'

"There exists a curious document descriptive of the manners of the last age, which describe most minutely the amusements and occupations of persons of fashion in London at the time of which we are speaking; the time of Swift, and Addison and Steele.

"When Lord Sparkish, Tom Neverout, and Colonel Alwit, the immortal personages of Swift's polite conversation, came to breakfast with my Lady Smart, at eleven o'clock in the morning, my Lord Smart was absent at the levee. His lordship was at home to dinner at three o'clock to receive his guests; and we may sit down to this meal, like the Barmecides, and see the fops of the last century before us.

"Seven of them sat down at dinner, and were joined by a country baronet, who told them they kept court hours. These persons of fashion began their dinner with a sirloin of beef, fish, a shoulder of veal, and a tongue. My Lady Smart carved the sirloin, my Lady Answerall helped the fish, and the gallant Colonel cut the shoulder of veal. All made a considerable inroad on the sirloin and the shoulder of veal with the exception of Sir John, who had no appetite, having already partaken of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale, besides a tankard of March beer as soon as he got out of bed. They drank claret, which the master of the house said should always be drunk after fish; and my Lord Smart particularly recommended some excellent cider to my Lord Sparkish, which caused some brilliant remarks from that nobleman. When

the host called for wine, he nodded to one or other of his guests, and said, "Tom Neverout my service to you."

"After the first course came almond pudding, and fritters, which the Colonel took with his hands out of the dish, in order to help the brilliant Miss Notable: chickens, black puddings, and soup; and Lady Smart the elegant mistress of the mansion, finding a skewer in a dish, placed it in her plate with directions that it should be carried down to the cook and dressed for the cook's own dinner. Wine and small beer were drunk during this second course: and when the Colonel called for beer, he called the butler, Friend, and asked whether the beer was good. Various jocular remarks passed from the gentlemen to the servants; at breakfast several persons had a word and a joke for Mrs. Betty, my lady's maid, who warmed the cream and had charge of the canister (the tea cost thirty shillings a pound in those days). When my Lady Sparkish sent her footman out to my Lady Match to come at six o'clock and play at quadrille, her ladyship warned the man to follow his nose, and if he fell by the way not to stay to get up again. And when the gentlemen asked the hall-porter if his lady was at home, that functionary replied, with manly waggishness, "She was at home just now, but she's not gone out yet."

"After the puddings, sweet and black, the fritters and soup, came the third course, of which the principal dish was a hot venison pasty, which was put before Lord Smart, and carved by that nobleman. Besides the pasty, there was a hare, a rabbit, some pigeons, partridges, a goose, and a ham. Beer and wine were freely imbibed during this course, the gentleman always pledging somebody with every glass which they drank; and by this time the conversation between Tom Neverout and Miss Notable had grown so brisk and lively, that the Derbyshire baronet began to think the young gentlewoman was Tom's sweetheart; on which Miss remarked, that she loved Tom "like pie." After the goose, some of the gentlemen took a dram of brandy, which "was very good for the wholesomes," Sir John said: and now having had a tolerably substantial dinner, honest Lord Smart bade the butler bring up the great tankard full of October to Sir John. The great tankard was passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, but when pressed by the noble host upon the gallant Tom Neverout, he said, "No faith, my lord, I like your wine, and won't put a churl upon a gentleman. Your honour's claret is good enough for me." And so, the dinner over, the host said, "Hang saving, bring us up a ha'porth of cheese."

The cloth was now taken away, and a bottle of Burgundy was set down, of which the ladies were invited to partake before they

went to their tea. When they withdrew the gentlemen promised to join them in an hour: fresh bottles were brought, the "dead men," meaning the empty bottles, removed; and "d'you hear, John? bring clean glasses," my Lord Smart said. On which the gallant Colonel Alwit said, "I'll keep my glass; for wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in."

"After an hour the gentlemen joined the ladies, and there they all sat and played quadrille until three o'clock in the morning, when the chairs and the flambeaux came, and this noble company went to bed."

A lecture on "Charity and Humor," included in this volume, was not delivered in Philadelphia. It contains many admirable passages, and in some respects surpasses all of its predecessors. One extract is all we dare give, and with it we take leave of this very agreeable book:—

"I look back at the good which of late years the kind English Humorists have done: and if you are pleased to rank the present speaker among that class, I own to on honest pride at thinking what benefits society has derived from men of our calling. "That 'Song of the Shirt,' which Punch first published, and the noble, the suffering, the melancholy, the tender Hood sang, may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world, and call from it its thanks and regard for its teacher and benefactor. That astonishing poem, which you all of you know, of the 'Bridge of Sighs,' who can read it without tenderness, without reverence to Heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us so nobly?

"I never saw the writer but once; but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses (which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them)—I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his death-bed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain.

"As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all: upon our children: upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue: have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes: made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments. There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for know-

ing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dicken's Christmas Carol? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is unhappy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is tired, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is in bed, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she has nothing to do, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; and when she has finished the book, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, 'I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;' and frequently expresses her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him."

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

— This book, published by the Harpers, contains a number of very pleasing sketches of life, various in sentiment, yet one in naturalness and rare. The morality is good, without possessing any features stamped with striking genius: there are, at the same time, frequent evidences of a warm heart and ardent temperament, while there is, also, a sound practical sense. The book will find a plenty of readers, especially at this summer tide light-reading season. It responds to every good impulse of the human heart. At the same time it charms the fancy. Now and then one may imagine one has fallen upon a new series of the Sketch book, but it is only now and then. It well and happily portrays country life;—to our mind the only life that is worth living. As a specimen of the author's cleverest style, we give the following, one of the good things told at the "Old House," and entitled

MR. STUART'S STORY.

"I was a lonely sort of a bachelor, and had never yet known what young men syle 'the passion.' Of passion I had enough, as my old man yonder can tell you. I broke his head twice, and his arm once, in fits of it, but he has always seemed to love me all the better, and he clings to me now very much as two pieces of the same ship cling together when drifting at sea. We are the sole survivors of a thousand wrecks: and of the gallant company that sailed with us two years ago, no other one is left afloat. I had been a sailor from boyhood, and when I was twenty-five I may safely say no man was more fit to command a vessel among the mariners of England. And at this time my old uncle died and left me his fortune. I had never seen him, and hardly knew of his existence, but I had now speaking evidence of the fact that he existed, and equally good proof that he existed no longer. I was young, strong in limb, and I think stout in heart, and I was possessed of a rental of some thousands per annum. What bar was there to my enjoyment of the goods of life? No bar indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of means of enjoyment. I was a sailor in every sense. My education was tolerable, and I had read some books, but my tastes were nautical, and I pined on shore. You will easily understand then why it was that I built a yacht, and spent most of my time on her. She was a fine craft, suited to my taste in every respect, and I remember with a sigh now the happy days I have spent in the Foam. I used to read considerably in my cabin, and occasionally, indeed weekly, invited parties of gentlemen to cruise with me. But the foot of a lady had never been on the deck of my boat, and I began to have an old bachelor's pride in that fact. Yet, I confess to you a secret longing for some sort of affection different from any I had heretofore known, and a restlessness when men talked of beautiful women in my presence.

"One summer evening I was at the old hall in which my uncle had died, and was entirely alone. Toward sunset I was surprised, while over my book, by the entrance of a gentleman, hastily announced, and giving indications of no little excitement.

"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremonious entrance. My horses have run away with my carriage, and dashed it to pieces near your park-gate. My father was badly injured, and my sister is now watching him. I have taken the liberty to ask your permission to bring him to your residence."

"Of course, my consent was instantly given, and my own carriage despatched to the park-gates.

"Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of fortune, residing about forty miles from me; and his father, an invalid, fifty years or more of age,

was on his way, in company with his son, to that son's house, there to die and be buried.—They were strangers to me, but I made them welcome to my house, as if it were their own, and insisted on their so using it.

"Miss Sinclair was the first woman who had crossed my door-stone since I had been the possessor of the hall. And well might she have been loved by better men than I.—She was very small and very beautiful—of the size of Venus which all men worship as the perfection of womanly beauty, but having a soft blue eye, strangely shaded by jet-black brows. Her face presented the contrast of purity of whiteness in the complexion, set off by raven hair, and yet that hair hanging in clustering curls, unbound by comb or fillet, and the whole face lit up with an expression of gentle trust, complete confidence either in all around her, or else in her own indomitable determination. For Mary Sinclair had a mind of her own, and a far-seeing one, too. She was eighteen then.

"Her father died in my house, and I attended the solemn procession that bore his remains, over hill and valley, to the old church in which his ancestors was laid. Once after that I called on the family, and then avoided them. I cannot tell you what was the cause of the aversion I had to entering that house, or approaching the influence of that matchless girl. I believe that I feared the magic of her beauty, and was impressed with my own unworthiness to love her or be loved by her. I knew her associates were of the noble, the educated, the refined, and that I was none of these. What then could I expect but misery, if I yielded to the charm of that exquisite beauty, or the graces which I knew were in her soul?

"A year passed, and I was a very boy in my continual thoughts of her; I persuaded myself a thousand times that I did not love her, and a thousand times determined to prove it by entering her presence. At length I threw myself into the vortex of London society, and was lost in the whirlpool.

"One evening, at a crowded assembly, I was standing near the window in a recess, talking with a lady, when I felt a strange thrill. I cannot describe it to you, but its effect was visible to my companion, who instantly said, 'You are unwell, Mr. Stewart, are you not?' 'Not at all, madam; why did you think so?' Your face became suddenly flushed, and your hand trembled so as to shake the curtain.'

"It was inexplicable to myself, but I was startled at the announcement of Mr. and Miss Sinclair. I turned, and she was entering, on her brother's arm, more beautiful than ever. How I escaped I do not know, but I did so.

"Thrice afterwards I was warned of her presence in the same mysterious way, till I

believed that there was some link between us two of unknown but powerful character. I have since learned to believe the communion of spirit with spirit sometimes without material intervention.

"I heard of her frequently now as engaged to marry a Mr. Waller; a man whom I knew well, and was ready to honor as worthy of her love. When at length I saw, as I supposed, satisfactory evidence of the truth of the rumor, I left London and met them no more. The same rumor followed me in letters, and yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary Sinclair, until months after I woke to the sense of what a fool I had been. Convinced of this. I went on board my yacht about mid-summer, and for four weeks never set foot on shore.

"One sultry day, when the pitch was frying on deck in the hot sun, we rolled heavily in the Bay of Biscay, and I passed the afternoon under a sail on the larboard quarter-deck. Toward evening, I fancied a storm was brewing, and having made all ready for it, smoked on the taffrail till midnight, and then turned in. Will you believe me, I felt that strange thrill through my veins, as I lay in my hammock, and awoke with it, fifteen seconds before the watch on deck called suddenly to the man at the wheel, 'Port.—port your helm! a sail on the lee-bow. Steady! so!'

"I was on deck in an instant, and saw that a stiff breeze was blowing, and a small schooner, showing no lights, had crossed our fore-foot within a pistol shot, and was now bearing up to the north-west. The sky was cloudy and dark, but the breeze was very steady; and I went below again, and after endeavoring vainly to explain the emotion I had felt in any reasonable way, I at length fell asleep, and the rocking of my vessel, as she flew before the wind, gave just motion enough to my hammock to lull me into sound slumber. But I dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair. I dreamed of her, but it was in unpleasant dreams. I saw her standing on the deck of the Foam, and as I would advance toward her the form of Waller would interpose. I would fancy, at times, that my arms were around her, and her form was resting against my side, and her head lay on my shoulder; and then, by the strange mutations of dreams, it was not I, but Waller, that was thus holding her; and I was chained to a post, looking at them, and she would kiss him, and again the kiss would seem to be burning on my lips.—The morning found me wide awake, reasoning myself out of my fancies. By noon I had enough to do. The ocean was roused. A tempest was out on the sea, and the Foam went before it.

"Night came down gloomily. The very blackness or darkness was on the water as we

flew before that terrific blast. I was on deck lashed to the wheel, by which I stood, with a knife within reach to cut the lashing, if necessary. We had but a rag of sail on her, and yet she moved more like a bird than a boat, from wave to wave. Again and again a blue wave went over us, but she came up like a duck, and shook off the water, and dashed on. Now she staggered as a blow was struck on the weather-bow, that might have staved a man-of-war, but kept gallantly on; and now she rolled heavily and slowly, but never abated the swift flight toward shore. It was midnight when the wind was highest. The howling of the cordage was demoniacal. Now a scream, now a shriek, now a wail, and now a laugh of mocking madness. On, on we flew. I looked up, and turned quite around the whole horizon, but could see no sky, no sea, no cloud—all was blackness. At that moment I felt again that strange thrill, and at the instant, fancied a denser blackness ahead; and the next, with a crash and a plunge, the foam was gone! Down went my gallant boat, and with her another vessel, unseen in the black night. The wheel to which I had been lashed had broken loose, and gone over with me before she sank. It was heavy and I cut it away; and seizing a spar, went down in the deep sea above my boat. As I came up to the surface, a hand grasped my coat. I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot through me as I recognized the delicate fingers of a woman. I drew her to me and lashed her to the spar by my side; and so, in the black night, we two alone floated away over the stormy ocean.

"My companion was senseless—for aught I knew, dead. A thousand emotions passed through my mind in the next five minutes.—Who was my companion on that slight spar? What was the vessel I had sunk? Was I with only the body of a human being, or was there a spark of life left? and how could I fan it to a flame? Would it not be better to let her sink than float off with me, thus alone to starve or die of thirst or agony?

"I chafed her hands, her forehead, her shoulders. In the dense darkness I could not see a feature of her face, nor tell if she were young or old—scarcely whether white or black. The silence on the sea was fearful. So long as I had been on the deck of my boat, the whistling through the ropes and around the spars had made continual sounds; but now I heard nothing but the occasional sprinkling of the spray, the dash of a foam cap, or the heavy sound of the wind pressing on my ears.

"At length she moved her hand feebly in mine. How my heart leaped at that slight evidence that I was not alone in the wild ocean—I redoubled my exertions. I passed one of her arms over my neck to keep it out

of the water while I chafed the other hand with both of mine. I felt the clasp of that arm around my neck tighten, and I bowed my head towards hers. She drew me close to her and laid her cheek against mine. I let it rest there—it might warm hers, and so help to give her life. Then she nestled closely in my bosom and whispered, 'Thank you.'—Why did my brain so wildly throb in my head at that whispered sentence? She knew not where she was; that was clear. Her mind was wandering. At that instant the end of a spar struck some heavy object, and we were dashed by a huge wave over it, and to my joy were left on a floating deck. I cut the lashings from the spar and fastened my companion and myself to a part of the new raft or wreck, I knew not which, and all the time that arm was wound around my neck and rigid as if in death. Now came the low wild wail that precedes the breaking of the storm. The air seemed filled with viewless spirits mournfully singing and sighing. I never thought of her as anything but a human being. It was that humanity, that dear likeness of life that endeared her to me. I wound my arms around her, and drew her close to my heart, and bowed my head over her, and in the wildness of the moment I pressed my lips to hers in a long, passionate kiss of intense love and agony. That kiss again unlocked the prison of her soul. She gave it back, and murmuring some name of endearment wound both arms around my neck, and laying her head on my shoulder with her forehead pressed against my cheek, fell into a calm slumber. That kiss burns on my lips this hour. Half a century of the cold kisses of the world has not sufficed to chill its influence. It thrills me now as then! It was madness with idol-worship of the form God gave us in the image of himself which in that hour I adored as never God! I feel the unearthly joy again to-day, as I remember the clasp of those unknown arms, and the soft pressure of that forehead. I knew not, I cared not, if she were old and haggard, or young and fair. I only knew and rejoiced with joy untold that she was human, mortal, of my own kin by the great Father of our race.

"It was a night of thoughts and emotions and phantasms that can never be described.—Morning dawned grayly. The first faint gleam of light showed me a driving cloud above my head; it was welcomed with a shudder. I hated light; I wanted to float on, on, over that heaving ocean, with that form clinging to me, and my arms around it, and my lips ever and anon pressed to the passionless lips of the heavy sleeper. I asked no light. It was an intruder on my domain, and would drive her from my embrace. I was mad.

"But as I saw the face of my companion gradually revealed in the dawning light, as

my eyes began to make out one by one the features, and at length the terrible truth came slowly burning into my brain, I moaned aloud in agony, 'God of heaven, she is dead!' And it was Mary Sinclair.

"But she was not dead.

"We floated all day long on the sea, and at midnight of the next night I hailed a ship and they took us off. Every man from the Foam and other vessel was saved with one exception. The other vessel was the Fairy, a schooner-rigged yacht, belonging to a friend of Miss Sinclair, with whom she and her brother and a party of ladies and gentleman had started but three days previously for a week's cruise. I need not tell you how I explained that strange thrill as the schooner crossed our bow the night before the collision, and which I felt again at the moment of the crash, nor what interpretation I gave to the wild tumult of emotions all that long night.

"I married Mary Sinclair, and I buried her thirty years afterward, and I sometimes have the same evidence of her presence now that I used to have when she lived on the same earth with me."

"UNCLE ROBIN IN HIS CABIN

—In Virginia, and Tom without one in Boston," is the title of a neat 12 mo. just published by J. W. Randolph, of Richmond, Va. It is from the pen of J. W. Page, Esq. Its object appears to be to disprove statements made in Northern romances, touching the evils of slavery, as well as to show that whatever ills attend the life of the Southern negro, there ills are produced by the imprudent sympathy of self styled philanthropists, like Garrison Pillsbury, Abby Kelly and Beecher Stowe. We have examined the volume but cursorily, and are inclined to think it well worth a perusal. It is written in a plain, substantial style, and with an earnestness, though of the shape in a colloquy, among the characters introduced, which is strongly marked.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

GONE AT LAST.

—Two large willows were blown down at Beverly, N. J.,—our old fish-honored Beverly—during a thunder-gust, which swept over that place on Friday week. These trees were at least one hundred years old, and had witnessed many events connected with stirring scenes at Dunks' Ferry, during and after the Revolution. On one occasion General Washington sat for some hours under their shadows. It was just previous to his return to the Pennsylvania shore opposite, on his march to Trenton. He had crossed the river with the

view of attacking a body of Hessians and English, encamped at Mt. Holly, but after a little deliberation gave up the plan, recrossed, and subsequently fought the battles of Trenton and Princeton. The period was, however, winter; and hence the General did not seek their shade, as the writer has many a time done, to escape the scorching rays of a mid-summer sun. At a later period, a party of Americans, understanding that there was to be a meeting of Tories and Hessians at the old tavern—the house is still standing—which these trees fronted, went over from Pennsylvania, at dead of night, to the house of meeting; and stealing slowly up the bank, paused under the shadow of these trees until they had fully arranged the plan of attack. When all was ready, they made a dart upon the house, securing their enemy while they were in the midst of a merry-making over "apple-jack,"—a popular drink in Jersey.

Other events transpired in the times that tried men's souls beneath the branches of these venerable willows, but we have not time to recount them. They can tell not an unenterprising tale of experience since, too; not the least marvellous portion of which is, that they have seen a very respectable town rise up about them, as it were in a night, by the magic of Alladin's lamp. Certainly Beverly, the town to which we allude, was six years ago only a very respectable pickle-farm, and a part of the old Vansciver estate, to which these upturn and downfallen willows belonged.

We have something to say of the storm which so unceremoniously gave the finishing-stroke to these willows. It dashed upon the steamboat "Richard Stockton" when she was just below Beverly wharf, and when the writer and some score of others were just preparing to go ashore. Never was there a more sudden surprise for all on board. We had seen a very frowning black cloud at the north-west, and thought it might make a call when we were well ashore. It chose to come a little sooner than we had expected, and to be even surlier and more furious than its very ugly face indicated in the distance. There was with it a rush of wind, a falling of hail-stones as large as English walnuts, a perfect deluge of rain, and the pinkest and at the same time the spitefullest lightning we ever saw. It was now found there was no landing at Beverly; so on we went, plowing through a darkness, a din, and a dampness, all which we can but faintly picture. We were all suddenly cast, as it were, into an Erebus; and there was, for a few moments an exchanging of very wry faces. Where the boat was no one could have guessed from looking out upon the water. The presumption, was that we were somewhere between Beverly and Burlington; that was all. At last deliverance came in the abatement of the storm, but in

the meantime serious damage had been done ashore: one melancholy feature of which was the destruction of the two willows which furnished the text for this article. Other fine trees were unrooted, but we did not sit down to speak of them: and what we have spoken is altogether more considerable in amount than was at first designed.

THE FOURTH

—Passed of with the usual observances; in other words it was signally honored, by merry-meetings, orations, cheers, dinners, drinkings, and the burning of much gun-powder. China spoke loudly, as usual for the glory of '76. BIZARRE was kindly invited to pass the day with the Editorial fraternity at Cape May, but he could not avail himself of the pleasures tendered, for reasons which need not be stated. No doubt Col. Fitzgerald's oration was very good, while Harwood's woodcock and champagne, were also of the best. No doubt, too, both were heartily enjoyed by the press-gang present. BIZARRE did not fire a cracker: neither did he see a champagne bottle; but after killing some four dozen fine rock-fish, he sat down in a shady spot on the banks of the Delaware; and while he ate ginger-cakes also quaffed pure sparkling water in honor of the anniversary, which he could perceive by distant boomings of cannon and more adjacent poppings of pistols, guns and crackers, was properly observed on all hands.

ACADEMY OF ARTS

—A connoisseur has sent us the following, the first number of a series of notices which he proposes to write on the exhibition of paintings at the Academy:—

“Seeing the announcement that the Academy of Fine Arts was now open, we strolled in to take a look at the pictures, and shall proceed to notice a few of the most conspicuous.

No. 2. View of Chalons.—This is one of that species of mechanical water paintings, manufactured at so much a yard. The sky is brown, water brown, buildings brown, in fact it is decidedly a brown picture.

No. 3. England, 60 years ago, J. Peel.—What a contrast between this and No. 2.—This is a very graceful composition, and beautiful in color. The figures are artistically grouped, and the whole effect is very fine.

No. 9. History and Poetry, Z. Groustee.—We cannot see the appropriateness of this title. History is represented by a gigantic individual with a very red nose. Poetry by a young Female overrun with great grief, the cause of which we are unacquainted with.

No. 23. William Penn's Treaty with the Indians, B. West.—Every one is familiar with this picture. We have it in the spelling books of our youth, in the histories of our country, in our monthly Magazines, and, in

fact, go where we will, we always see something to remind us of the worthy old Quaker driving the red-men out of their broad hunting grounds, for bits of red tape, calico and strings of beads.

No. 52. David playing the Harp before Saul, P. F. Rothermel.—This is a very gay picture. White, red, blue and lilac are very conspicuous. The same model seems to have sat for all the figures. for they are all of one family, and strikingly alike each other. Saul looks anything but refreshed, as the veræ from the Scriptures tell us. His legs are stretched wide open, and he sits as if he were determined to break his back: his countenance indicates that his mind is made up on that point. David does not appear to be playing on his harp, but his hands gesticulate as though he were offering it for sale to Saul, and was pointing out what a bargain he was offering him. The attendants look greatly annoyed, and each one tries to appear more indifferent than the other, yet afraid to move lest they should arouse the sleeping lion.—We turn with pleasure to—

No. 59. Luther Burning the Pope's Bull, C. Schlessengir.—This admirable composition represents Luther about to consign to the flames one of those commands of the Pope which had been, till then, received by all Europe with so much awe and reverence. There is nothing violent or extravagant about this picture, either in composition or color, at the same time the terror of the bystanders is admirably portrayed, while gazing on the bold act of defiance by the great Reformer, as though they were in doubt whether to consider it as one of heroism or sacrilege. We think our young aspirants to historical painting would do well to study this picture.

No. 68. Antonio's Letter, P. F. Rothermel. This picture would do very well for a young beginner, but from Mr. Rothermel, we have a right to expect better. The expression of Bassanio is too violent, too exaggerated; he looks like an enraged Frenchman reading an exorbitant bill for his dinner. Well educated people do not show their feelings in such a manner. Any one who has seen the print of the same subject, after Stuart and Newton, will acknowledge the justice of our remarks.”

KRAWFISH-IANA.

—“Bloody noses and cracked crown”, will soon be the order of the day in Europe. The Russian bear intends to devour the old Turkey, which has roosted so long on the shores of the Black sea. The British lion will growl; the Gallic cock will crow; and Brother Jonathan will read the news.

—A perfumer in Chestnut street, says that his Cologne Water is “scent pur-scent” better than any other.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1853.

VERNON; OR, THE DRAMA OF LIFE.*

CHAPTER XII.

"Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase
Are fruits of innocence and blessedness."

The dark shadows of the old oaks lengthened themselves across the road, and fancy might have imagined them the sleeping forms of as many giants. The birds had ceased to warble, and the murmuring of the breeze came solian-like on the air, making that lone spot musical with its notes. The figure of a man, the only living thing discernable, made the whole scene even more desolate: and yet the place we are describing was the very spot whereon now stands a mansion, and around and about evidences of a progressing city.—The figure moved out from the dark shade of an old oak, and as he glanced his eyes around, a deep and bitter sigh came up, as it were, from the depths of a sorrowing heart.

"So, here I am, once again. Six years have passed away,—long, tedious years. I am again within sight of all I hold most dear; my feet press the play-ground of my youth, and my voice sounds as an echo of the long past. Six years!—Oh! time, how leaden has been thy chains on this heart which bind me to thee,—and yet I have not loved for nothing. No, thank heaven, I have lived to conquer one vice, and lay the foundations, I hope, for many virtues. Gracious Power,—Heavenly Father,—to Thee I look for aid. The past,—Oh! may it fade away from memory, and be like retrogressive shadows only,—may the dark days of my madness and folly be but as the incentives to better deeds. And my wife! my children!—I—I have seen them, I have looked in upon them, in their quiet, happy home,—they seemed happy,—can they be happy? No, no, for I heard my boy, my noble boy, exclaim, 'Poor father,' and a tear came into the eye of my wife as she gazed upon the lad. Dare I approach them?—the outcast,—the lost,—at least, still so in all men's eyes. Dare I venture—home—is it my home?"

"No," and Mailand, following up his word, stepped in front of Vernon. "No, they are rolling in wealth. What would you do there, eh?"

"True, true,—what could I do there?"

"Much, if you follow my advice. Chance, or fortune, has once more thrown us together, and may fashion out for us a new sphere of action. Your wife is now the heiress of the great St. Clair estate. You are afraid to appear. You, who ought to boldly demand a share, now play hide and seek in these woods. I am playing at that game, too.

"It is not the fortune, Maitland, I would not take one dollar if it were not accompanied with my wife's forgiveness and love. That is what keeps me loitering around the house and grounds like a thief."

"And why not a thief?—have you not been one since we parted?"

"Maitland, you have the right to talk thus, but listen, as there is a heaven above us, as sure as you see those sparkling stars,—I am free from crime:—these hands are unstained,—the heart only debased, and that by the person we have made our worship."

"Umph,—I have fared worse, then.—Know, Vernon, that I am just out of prison—a convict—aye, a convict, hardened and ready made by the schools of our penitentiary, for all sorts of villainies."

"Wretched man!"

"None of your pity.—I despise, can't and will have none of it. But no more of this. I know the secret entrance to the house. I know all its turnings and twistings,—you are its owner,—who has a better right to enter its walls?—answer that."

"What mean you?"

"Robbery,—that is, if taking what is yours be robbery."

"No more, no more,—I will not listen to this."

"By hell! but you shall! Look here, Vernon, I am now desperate;—I have been abused by the world, taunted by your wife, and I ask you again,—will you join us?"

"Us?"

"Aye; I am not alone,—there are more convicts at large in this city than Bob Maitland."

"Then your prison life has effected no good?"

"Crime, Vernon, engenders crime, and within the walls of a prison it thrives most,—the very atmosphere becomes infected; and what care have the iron-hearted jailors, or the pompous inspectors, for the morals of the prisoners? None."

"This is strange."

"Listen,—the man who is sent to the State prison for a trifling offence, comes out of it prepared for a greater one. While there, he learns all the art and mystery of crime. Our laws are said to be predicated on justice,—no such thing, Vernon, they are the sand-banks of crime, a stream of gold from the pocket of a

* Concluded from page 197.

rich rogue washes it all way. Bah! justice is a humbug."

"Give me until to-morrow to think of your design."

"To-morrow? well,—to-night I meet Alice; I expect to make something in that quarter,—so farewell, and remember, you but taste your own, and repay the kindness of those who deserted you."

"He is gone,—thank heaven, he is gone.—Rob my own house? poor fool, he knows me not, he only judges from the past."

"Let me see, there's no time for delay, I must act,—but how? This man is leagued with rogues, as bad, perhaps even worse than he is. I will keep my promise to see him again. But there is one promise made him in our compact of crime, which must be broken. Years have passed since that, reason has resumed its throne, and his conviction for a crime releases me from it. Alice must know her father. I have already written a statement of the—but surely, here comes Alice: she stoops at the gate,—that figure, it is Maitland. I must step aside, the mystery increases."

"So, Alice, you have kept your promise, and it is only nine o'clock."

"Mr. Maitland, my time is limited,—tell me my father's name."

"Don't be in too great a hurry."

"Do not keep me in suspense."

"Well, my secret is worth a price."

"Oh! name it—here—see, I have money."

"Bah! child, you cannot carry money enough to buy it."

"What am I to do?"

"Take this letter, give it to Mr. Gilbert,—he is rich,—on reading it, he will furnish you the means of buying my secret; say nothing to him of what has passed between us; if you do, the secret dies with me. Tell him it was handed to you by a stranger,—well a stranger to him:—to-morrow night meet me here, and bring me his answer. The money I receive, of course, when he is in possession of the secret,—a secret which concerns you only."

"Why not get the money from Mrs. Vernon, she is rich, and will buy the secret, if it concerns her daughter, as she calls me?"

"Ha! ha! well, perhaps she would, but Mr. Gilbert is a man of business, him I have selected, no other shall know it."

"Give me the letter."

"There it is,—now, farewell; remember, to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night, and— he is gone, I feel relieved by his absence. To-morrow I perhaps, may know my father."

As she was about entering the gateway leading to the lawn, Vernon stepped from the hedge. She started, and was hastily pursuing the path, when his words caused her to stop:—

"Alice.—Alice."

"Who speaks?"

"A poor traveller, a wanderer."

"Here is money for you, sir." (As she hands the money towards him he accidentally, as it would appear, strikes the letter from her hand.)

"Lady, you dropped this letter." Unseen by Alice, he takes a letter from his pocket, and hands it to her,—replacing Maitland's he accepts from her hand a small piece of money, to keep up the character of a mendicant, which his dress would almost indicate.

"You called me Alice, just now, if you are a stranger how knew you my name?"

"Did I call you Alice? Yes, so I did, I remember; your name, lady, is familiar to me."

"Good night, sir."

"Farewell. Now, Maitland," he exclaimed, and rushing into the wood, "we are quits,—letter for letter."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt."

We now conduct our readers to a room in Mrs. Vernon's house. The door of a small chamber opens, and Mr. St. Clair, followed by Robert, enters hastily.

"Now, my poor boy, you know my worst fears. I saw them both,—both,—your father and the scoundrel Maitland. The hopes we had that absence and repentance would have produced, are now destroyed."

"Oh! my poor father! how can we save him? Once so fond and affectionate, now lost to us forever! But, dear grand-pa, is there no way to save him?"

"Robert, leave that to me— I will go down to Peter's tavern, and endeavor to trace his whereabouts. Keep up your spirits, boy, if he be not totally deprived, he may yet be saved."

"I will not tell mother of this, it would break her heart."

"No, by all means keep this from her. If I can only get to see him. Ah, here comes Mr. Gilbert. Welcome, sir, we may want your assistance."

"That is what I come to offer,—you know all."

"All,—what?"

"Know you not that Vernon has returned, and with him that villain Maitland? Years of crime have only filled up her measure of guilt still higher."

Yes, we know this; I was just telling Robert, and propose now to seek him out."

"Do so, but I am afraid, even hope, he is dead."

"Say not so, Gilbert, hope never dies while

one ray of reason guides the sunless heart on its dreary way to the grave; let us hope for the best. Here comes Alice in haste."

"Oh! Mr. Gilbert," she exclaimed, running up to him, "I am so glad to see you,—I was just going to your house."

"And for what, young lady?"

"Oh, I have such news, and so good."

"What is it?"

"You must all know, that my old guardian, Maitland, has returned, and I have met him."

"Grand-pa—"

"Silence, Robert. Speak, my child, you met him?" asked Mr. St. Clair.

"Why, you all look astonished. Well, I met him, and he gave me this letter for Mr. Gilbert, it will tell who my father is."

"Gracious heavens! what means all this? Give me the letter."

"Oh! Robert, look how the letter affects him."

"It does indeed, Alice."

The reading of the letter had, indeed, a wonderful effect upon Mr. Gilbert. He staggered and would have fallen if Mr. St. Clair had not caught him.

"Be calm, my friend, you are either overjoyed or astonished at this man's villainy.—What does it mean?"

"My friends, bear with me a moment; the contents of this letter have, I confess, unmanned me. Let me peruse it again."

"Will you have a glass of wine?"

"No, no,—let me recover, one moment.—Father of Mercy!—I thank thee, Mr. St. Clair,—Robert, I—I have found my long lost child;—she whom, for sixteen years and more, I have mourned as one lost to me forever,—she whose infancy was to me as a beauteous flower, blooming in the sunshine of a mother's happy smile,—that flower passed away in the winter of our grief,—is now found!—joy! joy! joy!"

"Dear, Mr. Gilbert," timidly inquired Alice, "I—I thought the letter was to speak of My father?"

"It does speak of your father,—Alice,—child,—here,—to these arms! come, let me embrace the thus, thus,—ever thus!"

We drop a curtain over this scene,—let joy have her way.

* * * * *

"And did Maitland write such a letter?" asked Mr. St. Clair.

"No, not Maitland. but one long lost to you and us all."

"Hush! breathe not that name here yet,—much is to be done. But Alice says Maitland gave her the letter."

"Oh! I remember, just as I was about entering the gateway, a mendicant applied to me, as I thought, for alms, while in the act of giving him some, he, as it seemed accidentally, struck the letter from my hand, and in

picking it up, he must have substituted this."

"Oh! my friends, I am so happy to find my child thus; how shall I ever be able to repay the kindness you have all shown her? Come, Mrs. Vernon, all must know my source of joy. Come, my child, dear beloved one. Oh! when I lost thee, a little laughing cherub,—but no more of this. Come, my friends, be witness of my accidental joy in presenting her to Mrs. Vernon as my daughter."

"Oh! my father, I am so happy!"

"Robert, be silent in relation to your father. Mr. Gilbert, keep the arrival of Vernon a secret for the present."

"I will."

"Now for the inn to find if possible the wretched outcast."

* * * * *

The inn kept by Peter, was one of those old fashioned edifices built in the year 1750, and some of which are still standing in the neighborhood of the scene of our story. They were of Swedish architecture, having neither convenience or order in their arrangements. In an upper room of the one in question, sat two men,—Maitland and Vernon. It is true, their appearance was rather, what is called, the "worse of wear," yet on this occasion, *the table was not cursed with the burden of liquor.*

"And so, Maitland, you have engaged several ruffians to aid us in the business?"

"If you term brave men, educated in the State's prison, ruffians,—I have.

"So to-night you propose to call them together on the lawn, and I am to find the entrance, and conduct you? Is that it?"

"Exactly. How cool and collected you have grown Vernon."

"No matter,—now listen, Maitland. Have you told the men anything? given names or place?"

"No, I am not such a fool as that,—time enough."

"Well, we do not want their aid, we can do it ourselves; and mark me, Maitland, whatever the result of this night's work may be,—we part, forever. No time, no place, no confidence,—nay, name itself must pass away from between us like the mystic shadows of evening, leaving no trace of their existence behind;—to this you must swear."

"I will swear, for I believe, Vernon, you have grown honest—no, I mean wiser."

"Maitland, you have sworn. Now mark me,—from this time forth we are strangers.—Your crimes have drawn a broad line between us. Your acts have been wicked, base and revengeful,—this night ends all connection between us,—you have sworn."

"I have, and now you have preached quite enough. But here comes old Mr. St. Clair up the lawn. I have my reasons for avoiding him, so I will go down the back stairs. Vernon, one word. You have called me base—I

am so—wicked, I know I am. One act may add a deeper crime to the last.—murder!—

“Murder!”

“Aye, for if you act the traitor in this matter, I will blow your brains out on the instant.”

“The result, Maitland, will show.”

Maitland left the room.

“So, once more I have engaged in an act of crime. The result will prove how much it deserves that name. Come in.”

This was in reply to a knock at the door, which being opened, gave entrance to Mr. St. Clair and Peter.

“This, Mr. St. Clair, is a sort of sitting room; there he is, a poor devil, no doubt he wants assistance. Mr.—I don’t know your name—this is Mr. St. Clair, who expresses a desire to—”

“Leave us, Peter. I will introduce myself.”

“Well, just as you like,—good old soul, how I do like him.”

After Peter had left the room, Mr. St. Clair walked up towards where Vernon sat, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, said:—

“My son,—look up.”

Vernon started, gazed for a moment on the benign countenance of St. Clair, then placing his hands over his face, fell back sobbing on the chair.

“Look up, Vernon, this looks like repentance. I will not ask you about the past, let us talk and hope better things for the future. If crime has not crimsoned your fair fame, the curse of liquor can easily be removed.”

“I am not a criminal;—miserable,—but not vicious.”

“Thank heaven for this! and now, Vernon, now here, in this silent chamber, receive from me an old man’s blessing!”

“Thanks! my father, thanks! But my poor wife! my long neglected children!—wronged, and by me! But heaven has taken them in its keeping,—fortune, at least, is theirs. They,—can they forgive me?”

“Man! how can you ask that question?—You do not know a woman’s faithful heart, you have yet to learn the secret springs of its inward affection. Your life has been of a mixed character,—you have err’d from yourself; time, I hope, at least, has mellowed down the wayward passions of the reckless man, and you can now look back over the dark and fearful path you have trod, and brighten the future with a new existence.”

“And can I do this?—dare I hope forgiveness from her I have injured?”

“Ask it first of heaven.”

“I will,”—and Vernon knelt down, and in silence offered up a prayer.

“Now, my son, you make glad an old man’s heart; and oh, Vernon, had you seen the joy one act of yours has already produced, I am certain you would forever forswear the past.

You see, I know all about the letter. One thing more, Vernon,—I will not ask of you a history of the past, your present appearances speak of penury and want,—but why, why do I find you in company with that man?”

“Do not question me now, my dear sir,—father, let me call you,—much remains to be explained; but rest assured of one thing, this day ends my connection with that man. And more, a drop of liquor has not passed these lips for five years.”

“Well; but why not come to your own house,—your family?”

“The man, my father, who has acted as I have, feels the guilt of years upon his soul; he cannot, with a smileless face, meet those that he had met with tears. I—I cannot step into the presence of my wife and children with the deep, dark spot of guilt, at least, as regards my treatment towards them, without a blush. I feel it here, I feel it crimsoning my very cheek,—I am yet an outcast.”

“No, you are the prodigal son returned, and ask forgiveness.”

“I do ask it,—but in day-light, in the glare of yon bright sun, I cannot meet them. Let it be when the moon has gone down, as well as the sun, when all is dark and drear as is this heart,—let it be in silence and gloom,—this is my wish.”

“My son, this indeed is contrition,—it is repentance.

“For reasons which will be explained hereafter, I would prefer meeting my family in the large room, a door of which leads out on to the lawn. Your pardon, but grant me this favor, and let the hour be ten o’clock.”

“My son, your wish is granted, until then, farewell. Oh! but this will be a joyous meeting.”

“He is gone, the dear, good old man is gone. Such is life, such the change from crime to repentance, repentance to happiness. This, Oh! sweet religion! is thy work: let me fast to-day, to-morrow for feasting,—that heavenly feast which contrition brings the soul.”

A noise at the door interrupted him.

“I tell you, Mrs. P., I will speak, now hold your tongue. Excuse me, sir, but my wife says—”

“Be silent, Peter, I tell you.”

“What is the matter?” asked Vernon, as Peter and his wife came wrangling into the room.

“Why, sir,—Oh! it’s no use; Mr. Vernon, don’t you know us?”

“So you know me, I see. Know you, my friends? indeed I could never forget you,—and so you are married? well, happy days are in store for all.”

“I knew it, for the crickets chirped ten times louder to-day than ever. Come this way, Mr. Vernon, Oh, I have such nice tea

and toast; take care of the steps,—get out of the way, Peter. Come along, sir.”

So saying, she led Mr. Vernon out of the room in triumph.

“Well,” exclaimed the astonished Peter, “this beats all, women take the lead in everything,—here I am as nothing, take two from three and 0 remains. That wife of mine, with all her faults, is a rare woman, after all. Some of these days I will tell her all about the manor business; she has told that as gospel to a thousand people.”

CHAPTER XIV.

“Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well;
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us,
There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

It was a family circle; how dear to every heart that delightful expression—the family circle is home: it is there all that can make man happy on earth, is to be found—it is there, and there only, that the dreams of the future are in part realized. Home is man’s paradise on earth—if it be not one—chaos were better than such an Eden. It was a family circle, religion, virtue, peace, and comfort, with the happy embellishments of genius and art to render all there even more perfect, surrounded that little group. We have already described such a scene—the same parties were here, but oh! how changed—there sat Alice beside Howard, their marriage-day was already fixed,—Mr. Gilbert and Mr. St. Clair, were both gazing upon the young lovers. The latter remarked:—

“Are they not a lovely couple? see that smile, ah Gilbert her young heart is now indeed happy.”

“And yet St. Clair—it is our nature to be dissatisfied—blessed as I am—do you know I have another grief, a sorrow here, which I think in itself sinful?—my poor wife, when I recall her last words—they were for her child—I grieve now that she is not with me to witness this scene.” But see Mrs. Vernon is far from being happy: as yet she knows not of this visit.

“She does not even know of his return,” hark, the time approaches.”

“Some one is on the steps.” The door was opened and two heads were visible. Robert who was near the door, started up, and succeeded in forcing in, our two old acquaintances. Peter and Maggy.

Mrs. Vernon rose up and met them with affectionate greeting: indeed, such kind hearts were not to be treated coldly: wealth may render the outside warm and richly clad, but it can never make that heart feel for others woes, as does the cold frosty hand of sorrow, when crushing human affections to ruin and death.

Peter who seemed as if he were treading on thorns; at last succeeded in reaching where Mr. St. Clair sat,—“He has come sir—but—” here he whispered a few words in his ear.

“Ah! well perhaps this is better. I will prepare my daughter for the interview.” So saying he approached where Mrs. Vernon and Maggy were talking.

“My daughter, Peter informs me, that a gentleman arrived at his house to day, who is enabled to give us some information of our unfortunate—”

“My husband—oh—speak—say—where is he?”

“Be calm my child—he is well—the stranger is here.” As he spoke, Vernon stepped into the room; as he stood on the threshold of the door, the light beamed full upon his face, one step brought him into the full glare of light from a dozen lamps; and there, statue-like, stood the outcast. But how changed! He was dressed in a full suit of black; his face was like it was in his days of temperance and of honor; his eye rested calmly and affectionately upon all; no one stirred—no one moved—all there seemed as if they had been transformed into living statues, deprived of the power of limbs.

For a moment—but for a moment, this picture varied not: but, like the dissolving views in those combinations of art and science, a change became visible—Mrs. Vernon gave a scream, and was rushing with outstretched arms towards her husband—the children, as in one voice cried, father!—but one word, one motion from Vernon, and they were all again as if spell-bound.

“Back—touch me not—the parent owes something to children—the husband to the wife—the man to his friends—and oh! how much—to his God! I stand here before you all—the ban, the curse, the upas breath of the past, must be removed—you—all must see it depart, not as the dull heavy vapors of the morning, but quick and sudden as the lightning flash: the change from vice to virtue, should always be sudden; progression is doubt.

I left you in misery; I left you in sorrow; in poverty—in want; I left these, my children, clinging to their mother and crying for bread. I left you in madness—I return to you restored to reason. He comes back to you now, not the wanderer, not the medicant—but one on whom fortune has in part smiled. I had learned, my dear wife, children, and friends, of the recovery of the will. You were provided for, and I, had now to provide for myself: no, not myself, but for name, and honor, to make me worthy of you all. I come back to you, not the discarded outcast; but the repentant, humbled man. I come back to you, my friends, honored with an office under our government; proffered me when, as the

humble secretary to a foreign minister, I preferred the office here, to the one abroad, for it brings me to the feet of those I love, and wronged."

"No William, not to our feet, but to our arms." Once more Vernon found himself with those who had learned in adversity those lessons, which make our moments in prosperity seem as the consequences of the inflictions of poverty.

The clock now struck eleven—a knock was heard at the side door, already alluded to—"Be not alarmed," remarked Veruon, "but all step aside, I have one other scene to act."

"Come in Maitland," he exclaimed in a loud voice. The door opened, and that worthy muffled in a cloak entered.

"Is all ready? ah! betrayed; then look to yourself Vernon."

"Hold Maitland, be not rash, all are friends here. I planned this Maitland, for your good; you have been linked to me for years; remember your oath, after this night's business we part forever. Betray not your purpose here."

"But our contract—I am a desperate man every way."

"Shall be fulfilled. My friends, Maitland leaves us, and forever; he goes into another land, he intends to leave off all his bad habits; to reform; to become an honest man. He wronged your father Mr. Gilbert: he acknowledges it. He has wronged me—wronged all—he acknowledges that too.

"I do, I do; but what am I to do, in poverty, without a home?"

"Maitland," observed Mr. Gilbert, you have wronged me, you have tortured me, aye, you can never feel such agony as that one act inflicted upon me; let that pass—this is a night of rejoicing. So shall it be of forgiveness; promise to reform, promise to do this, and you shall not lack the means to effect that that object."

"I do, I do promise." And the man of crime was humbled to the dust.

"Then Maitland, Mr. Gilbert and myself will see you in the morning. Peter here will attend to your comforts until then."

"Yes, that I will Mr. Vernon," replied Peter.

"Hold your tongue." And Mrs. P's hand was in an instant on her husband's mouth.

"These tears, Vernon, tell me that I am still a man. God bless you all. Alice will you forgive me, Mr. St. Clair, and dare I ask Mrs. Vernon, and these dear children to forgive me too?"

"You may ask it, Mr Maitland," for that repentance which has brought a beloved husband to my arms, may once again restore you to society. You have our forgiveness."

Our story is ended. A house of mourning was turned into a house of joy.

Alice was married to Mr Howard. Peter and his wife still kept the Inn in good repute, although the several doors of the main entrances, were literally covered over with old horse shoes; and it is said, that several ghosts were seen in the neighborhood, but their transit from the other world was predicated alone on the evidence of Maggy, which we regret to add was somewhat questionable.

We have endeavored in this story to present the vices of men in such a light, as will, we hope point out to others the way to avoid them. Again, we have attempted to raise a standard for poor human nature, in the estimation of those whose sole object is and ever has been to abuse and lessen it—

THESE ARE THE DRUNKARDS OF SOCIETY.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH FOURTH.

Mary.—Bosomworth.—Noble Jones.—Jasper's Spring—Scene there.—Siege of Savannah.—Pulaski.—Major Jones.—Sergeant Jasper.—His last Words.

"Not to the swift, nor to the strong,
The battles of the right belong;
For he, who strikes for freedom, wears
The armor of the captive's prayers;
And Nature proffers to his cause
The strength of her eternal laws."

WHITTIER.

"Combined by honor a sacred tie,
Our word is, Laws and Liberty!
March forward, one and all."

SCOTT.

Around this infant settlement of Savannah, for many long years, clustered the hopes and fears of the colonists, who scattered amid the surrounding forest, looked thitherward for protection and counsel. Many were the dangers, numerous the difficulties which beset its onward progress, and once in particular a cloud of darkness had well-nigh settled gloomily and fatally upon its pathway. When the tribes of Southern Georgia, duped by the intrigues of the designing Mary, had hailed her queen, and were persuaded to adopt the perfidious counsels of traitorous Bosomworth, it was deemed proper to convoke a grand assembly of the natives in this city, in order to convince, if possible, the Indians of their folly in forwarding the intentions of an artful woman. While with tranquilized minds they are listening to the voice of reason, suddenly the frantic Mary escaping from her confinement rushes wildly into their presence, and with awful denunciations of wrath upon the whites—calls upon the Indians to rally and protect their queen. The entire assembly is in an instant thrown into an uproar. Every warrior with brandished tomahawk springs

to his feet. For a moment the war-cry trembles upon his lips, and the eagle eye glares with demoniac rage. For a moment the fate of this infant colony swings doubtfully in the balance. There is but a handful of men among the English, but their hearts are stout, and their arms are strong. At this critical juncture, Noble Jones, a man of commanding aspect, with the personal bearing of a hero, sword in hand steps forward, seizes in the presence of her warriors this Mary, and leads her again to her place of confinement. The effect produced is magical. By this act of consummate bravery, the natives are overawed, and the dignity of his comrades maintained. Who can limit the influence of one determined spirit, when momentous issues are at stake? The wild and angry tiger shrinks back from the fixed gaze and marble front of the undaunted hunter amid the Jungles of Africa, and the sons of the forest dare not oppose the measures of him, whose intrepid daring, and rapidity of action, paralyzed their arms, and over-awed every emotion that would prompt a resistance. Great minds should not only be able to comprehend an occasion and its requisites—but also to make opportunities and improve them, in the furtherance of some desired end. Alexander dragged the Pythian priestess to the temple on a forbidden day—she exclaimed—*My son thou art invincible*. Again with his keen-edged steel he severs that Gordian Knot, whose intricacies his hands were unable to loose. Brennus cast his sword into the poised balance, and Nelson snatched laurels from the doubtful hand of victory, hesitating where to bestow them. Although the time-honored maxim “slow and sure,” should be carefully observed when plans are merely formative in their character, yet when they have been matured, the delay of a single moment may prove fatal, where instantaneous action would have crowned with brilliant success the proposed undertaking. Two miles from Savannah a spring now almost covered with water lilies, is pointed out as a locality possessed of more than ordinary interest. Surely, judging from its appearance, its chief attraction cannot consist in the limpid water; nor are the deep green forests around, more beautiful than many others which are passed with scarce a casual remark commendatory of their luxuriance. Another cause independent of these natural attractions, has rendered it remarkable. Associations of a national and patriotic character have designated it as a spot never to be forgotten by any Georgian, or perhaps—any American. It was here, that one of those extraordinary feats of partisan warfare was performed, which so signally characterized the Revolutionary conflict in these young States. Sergeant Jasper at this time engaged in examining the strength and position of the English camp at Ebenezer,

was moved with the deepest sympathy at the distresses of a Mrs. Jones, whose husband had just been captured; and being regarded as a deserter from the royal cause, was soon to be carried to Savannah—there to atone for his devotion to the cause of liberty perhaps upon the gibbet. Savannah was now in the hands of the British, and was strongly garrisoned. A guard of a sergeant, corporal and eight soldiers was despatched to conduct him thither. The design of rescuing Jones and several others in irons from their impending fate, was immediately conceived by Jasper, and communicated by him to his only companion Newton, who with enthusiastic ardor immediately enlisted in the generous undertaking. The odds were fearful, circumspection absolutely necessary, and under the circumstances they were unable to suggest any determinate plan of operations. Passing the guard however, and finding that the proximity of the enemy in Savannah, every moment rendered the hope of delivering the prisoners more precarious, considering this spring as the spot most favorable for the enterprise, they accordingly concealed themselves within the dark undergrowth in its immediate vicinity. The main road runs just by this place, and this route the British guard had taken for Savannah. The spring is reached. An air of mingled heroic resignation, and magnanimity of soul suffuses the countenances of the prisoners, as they halt, firmly bound. Only two of the soldiers remain to guard the captives. The others carelessly leaning their guns against the trees, leisurely approach the spring. In an instant the sentinels are shot down, and before the remainder of the guard have sufficiently recovered from this unexpected attack, every musket is in the possession of Jasper and his comrade. It was the exploit of a moment. Two of the seized muskets are levelled at the group, who springing to their feet, with their lips still moistened with their cool draught, are petrified and astounded at the suddenness of the attack, and the complete success of the victors. Resistance is useless. The chains are loosed from the captives, and with them the English soldiers are confined. What must have been their surprise and mortification, at finding themselves so suddenly, so unexpectedly captured by an enemy, only one-fifth their number: just too at a time, when they had deemed their mission accomplished, and were actually not two miles from the head quarters of their army! Now, instead of a weeping mother, and a pinioned husband, with his companions in chains, we behold a joyous wife, and liberated captives, enlisted once more in support of American freedom, conducting their oppressors completely in their power, to their own brave band at Puryburgh. With what proud emotions of satis-

tisfaction must the breasts of Jasper and Newton have swelled, as they regarded the successful accomplishment of their daring project. Gallant exploit! Worthy the heart and arm of an American Patriot! In this short sketch, it were impossible to recount all those Revolutionary incidents connected with the history of Savannah, so dear to the heart of every true lover of his country. The pen need not trace them, for they are already written on the tablets of memory. Yet, we cannot forbear alluding to that memorable attempt made by the combined armies of the Americans and French, under Count D'Estaing to rescue Savannah from the dominion of the English. True, it proved unsuccessful, yet the chapter containing an account of the brave deeds, and the intrepid warriors who there fought and fell, is a bright and glorious one in our national history. It was here that Count Pulaski the noble Pole, who an exile from his country sought these shores in order nobly and generously to enlist in a vindication of the rights of an injured colony struggling for a name and station among the nations of the earth, received a mortal wound. The post of danger was always to him the post of honor, and on this occasion he appeared foremost in battle. Bravely did he struggle to win the day—but his eyes never beheld that vision of a people free and independant, which his soul so long and so ardently coveted. The defender of Polish and American liberty, fell before the walls of Savannah. His gallant comrades perceiving the absence of their esteemed companion from their ranks, and suspecting the cause, rushed through fire and smoke, and succeeded in bearing him blackened with gun-powder, and faint with loss of blood, in triumph from the field. After the battle, he was placed in a vessel, to be conveyed to Charleston, where he might receive better medical treatment. He died however during the passage, and his body was consigned to the deep. The announcement of his decease, cast a gloom over the advocates of liberty in this region: for they sensibly felt that one of their most valuable coadjutors, had been taken from their midst. His funeral rites in Charleston were performed with military honors: and the citizens of Savannah have erected a monument (which we noticed in a former sketch) as a testimonial of their regard, and under a due sense of the lasting obligations which they owe. Georgia officers with no command, and private gentlemen, here fought as common soldiers, and with them shared the dangers and the destruction of the day. Major John Jones, an aid of Brigadier General M'Intosh, while bravely heading an attack upon the Spring-Hill battery, was instantly killed by a four pound ball. Sergeant Jasper also fell here. During the bloody assault, two officers had been cut

down, and one wounded, in attempting to plant the American colors upon the enemy's parapet at Spring-Hill redoubt. He, who had proved himself a *Hero* at the "*Spring*," who at Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, seizing the flag-staff as it lay in the ditch, severed by the English cannon from the men of war, and leaping upon the rampart, supported it there single-handed and alone, while iron balls were crashing around him, he now attempts to replace the standard upon these works, and in the brave effort received a mortal wound. That flag was a lady's gift to his regiment, sacred in his eyes. Fired with chivalrous emotions, he raises his bleeding body, grasps it, and bears it from the scene of conflict. Exhausted with the exertion, he sinks upon the ground. A few more throbs, and that brave heart must cease its pulsations. Taking his sword in his hand, with his dying breath he said to Major Horry, "That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge for my services in the defence of Fort Moultrie: give it to my father, and tell him I have worn it with honor. If he should weep, tell him his son died in the hope of a better life. Tell Mrs. Elliot, that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment. If you should ever see Jones, his wife and son, tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the remembrance of the battle which he fought for them, brought a secret joy to his heart, when it was about to stop its motion forever." Perhaps there was no partisan officer in Georgia, whose merit was more duly appreciated, and whose death was more sincerely mourned than Sergeant Jasper. No one could have more admirably fitted the position which he occupied, no one more completely secured the esteem of every one who knew him. His name will remain so long as Georgia endures; for in honor of him they have called one of her counties—Jasper. The spot is still pointed out to the stranger, where the soldiers who perished at this siege of Savannah lie buried. Tall pines wave over, and grow above the mounds: yet who can stand and view this sacred spot without experiencing emotions of the most interesting character! Who acquainted with the circumstances, does not regard the actions of that day as

"Deeds that should not pass away."

and the names of the heroes who there struggled, as,

"Names that must not wither!"

Cowper in his interesting manner has said,

"And when recording History displays
Feats of renown, though wrought in distant days,
Tells of a few stout hearts, that fought and died
Where duty placed them at their Country's side,
The man that is not mov'd with what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in mind, and born to be a slave."

How much severer condemnation than must rest upon him, who can lightly regard these spots, hallowed with all these endearing recollections of blood-bought liberty. We esteem it one of the highest privileges to visit a place like this, and we would fain linger long, to give unconstrained utterance to our emotions, and dwell with increasing rapture upon the glorious visions of the past, as they pass before us,—

“Till all without begins to fade,
Like summer clouds in evening shade:
And bright before our wond’ring eyes,
We mark the vivid picture rise.”

RES CURIOSÆ.

We have been favored by a learned friend, with the file of a very curious periodical, published in Philadelphia many years ago, entitled the *Æsculapian Register*, from which we propose, under the above heading, to offer a series of extracts, which will continue through many numbers of BIZARRE. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for this singular work, was one of its principal Editors, and wrote, without question, many of the most learned articles. He is now far advanced in life, but still retains his love for science and literature. His collection of old and rare works is probably the largest and best of its kind in the country; and he has drawn from it, no doubt, largely, in order to his contributions for the work in notice. But to our extracts:—

—“**REPOSE OF THE HEART.**—Mr. Laennec, in his interesting work on Mediate Auscultation, has given a very curious and ingenious calculation of the quantity of repose allotted to the heart. This muscle has generally been thought to perform its functions without rest, and to be a kind of perpetual motion.—As there are, perhaps, many who have not read this work, or probably this part of it, we give here Mr. Laennec’s statements. After some observations, &c., he proceeds thus:

“It follows from these observations that the heart, far from being in a state of continual motion, as is commonly thought, presents alternations of repose and action, whose comparative sums scarcely differ from the proportions which many other muscles of the animal economy, and particularly the diaphragm and intercostal muscles present in this respect. In effect, in admitting by an approximating calculation very near to exactness, that of the total duration of time occupied by the complete succession of the movements of the heart, one fourth is occupied by an absolute repose of all its parts, one half by the contraction of the ventricles, and a fourth by that of the auricles, we will find that out of twenty-four hours, the ventricles have twelve

hours of repose, and the auricles eighteen. In individuals, whose pulse gives habitually less than fifty pulsations a minute, the repose of the ventricles is more than sixteen hours a day. The muscles of voluntary motions themselves have often not more, in men engaged in laborious occupations, and amongst those especially which serve to maintain the trunk and head in an erect position, there are some certainly that repose less; the more so as their action is not perhaps always completely interrupted by sleep.”

—“And again he says:—‘We may therefore conclude that in a healthy man, and one who, following the rules of hygiene, habitually takes, or pursues some exercise proportioned to his strength, the sum of motion is nearly the same in each order of muscles, and that the heart offers no exception in this respect.’

“He concludes the paragraph thus:—‘This nearly equal distribution of motion in the muscular system, in spite of a great apparent inequality, seems in fact to be the result of a general law in nature. Thus, the medium duration of the day, the medium temperature, do not differ sensibly, spite of contrary appearances, at Senegal and at Petersburg; and one year in the same climate, does not present in these respects any more than under that of the quantity of rain, a notable difference from the year preceeding or following.’

“Whether these last items are correct, or whether all will agree with our learned author therein, is a matter perhaps Q. E. D.”

—“**WHAT IS A JOURNAL?**—What is a Journal? I ask, for I hear of *daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly*, aye *annual* journals. Formerly, the word was restricted to the first, and gave an account of things that happened from day to day,—a quotidian affair,—a diary,—but modern improvement has wonderfully extended its signification, and consequently its sphere of utility. Now, gentlemen, I cannot agree with a friend of mine, who says the proprietors, editors, &c., of these things are all *Hibernians*, and therefore, until some of your learned and ingenious correspondents will afford me a more rational explanation, I must conclude that *custom*, by its sanction and support, has triumphed over *derivation*. *

“If six hours sleep is all that is absolutely requisite to health, what portion of a man’s life, who arrives to three score years and ten, is actually lost to him for ever?”

—“We are requested to ask whoever it may concern, by what authority the *public* stairs, running from Front to Water Street, are in several places shut up,—and have been for a great length of time? It was very proper during the yellow fever, but what has called for its continuance? If this is not soon obviated, what is *public* property will probably

soon be claimed as private. It is highly probable that by some *entering wedge* like the present, the citizens have been deprived of that beautiful esplanade and fine prospect which William Penn contemplated in the original plan of Philadelphia, by allowing of buildings on the West side of Front street only;—and although the measure proposed some time ago by Mr. Beck, seems at present slumbering, we hope that a plan adapted both to beautify and improve the city, may still be carried into operation within a few years.”

—“GENTLEMEN,—I think the following old verses will prove a good translation of your Latin line on a deaf man:—

‘A DEAF MAN.

‘Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all his friends a burden grown;
No more he hears the church’s bell,
Than if it rang out for his knell:
At thunder now, no more he starts,
Than at the rumbling of the carts;
And what’s incredible, alas!
Can scarcely hear a woman’s clack’

“P. S. Can any one inform me why the tolling of the bell at a funeral is called the knell?”

—“SACK, the favorite beverage of Fallstaff, seems to have been equally acceptable to some of the physicians of nearly two centuries ago. Witness Dr. Hodges, who, in his *Loimologia*, p. 217, thus extols it:—‘But before I proceed further, gratitude obliges me to do justice to the virtues of Sack, as it deservedly is ranked amongst the principal antidotes, whether it be drank by itself, or impregnated with worm-wood, angelica, &c., for I have never yet met with anything so agreeable to the nerves and spirits in all my experience. That which is best is middle-aged, neat, fine, racy, and of a walnut flavor; and it is certainly true, that during the late fatal times, (the plague of 1665,) both the infected and the well found vast benefit from it, unless they who used it too intemperately.’”

—“1767, January 24,—‘One Patrick Redmond having been condemned at Cork, in Ireland, to be hanged for a street robbery, he was accordingly executed, and hung upwards of twenty-eight minutes, when the mob carried off the body to a place appointed, where he was, *after five or six hours*, actually recovered by a surgeon, who made the incision in his wind-pipe called *Bronchotomy*, which produced the desired effect. The poor fellow has since been pardoned.’—*Gent. Mag.* v. 37, p. 90.

“In Vol. 58, p. 616, of the same work, is a long account of one Ambrose Gwinnett, who was executed for a murder that was never committed; he was brought to life again and escaped into a foreign country, where he lived many years, until he accidentally met with the man for whose supposed murder he had been hung.

“An interesting deduction may be undoubtedly drawn from a knowledge of these facts, viz:—the importance of *long continued exertions* to secure success in asphyxia from any cause: too often, content with an hour, an hour or two perhaps, we leave the unfortunate patient to his fate, when probably on the point of a happy issue to our exertions!—Another deduction of as great importance, is, perhaps, the influence of bronchotomy, in a case of asphyxia of less probable success than that from drowning.”

—“The following account of the discovery of a drowned body, is very gravely given in the *Gent. Mag.* above adverted to, p. 189—under the head of the *Historical Chronicle*:

‘The body was discovered by a very singular experiment, (singular indeed, and unique, for we presume it will never occur again,)—which was as follows:—After diligent search had been made in the river for the child, to no purpose, a two penny loaf, with a quantity of quicksilver put into it, was set floating from the place where the child, it was supposed, had fallen in, which steered its coast down the river upwards of half a mile, before a great number of spectators, when the body happened to lay on the contrary side of the river, the loaf *suddenly tacked about*, and swam across the river, and gradually sunk near the child, when both the child and loaf were immediately brought up with grabbers ready for that purpose.’”

—“May 3d, 1767.—‘Francis Gorman, for the murder of T. Griffith, was executed pursuant to his sentence. A young woman, with a wen upon her neck, was lifted up while he was hanging, and had the wen rubbed with the dead man’s hand, from a superstitious notion that it would effect a cure.—*Gent Mag.* v. 37.”

—“*Idem.*—A sugar baker in Cheapside, was put into fresh earth up to the chin, in which situation he remained 6 hours, by way of remedy for an inveterate scurvy, that had baffled the skill of eminent physicians.”

—“In the archives of St. Claude in the mountainous part of Burgundy, is preserved the following sentence: ‘Having seen all the papers of the process, and heard the opinions of the Doctors learned in the laws, we declare *Claude Guillon* to be fully attainted and convicted of having taken away part of the flesh of a horse, and of eating the same, on the 1st of March, 1629, (being a fish day)—For this offence, on the 28th July, in the same year, he was beheaded.’

—“In the 28th v. of the *Philos. Trans.* p. 273, an account is given by Dr. Slare of his grand-father, who, at the age of 85 years, had a complete new set of teeth, and his hair, which was as white as snow, became gradu-

ally darker; after this he lived about 14 years in great health and vigour, and in the 100th year of his age, died of a plethora for want of bleeding."

"— 'I know an old man (says Turner, *Symphysis*, p. 164.) who, although disabled in his feet by this disease (Gout) for 20 years past, yet sets upon his chair with his legs upon a stool playing almost every night with his friends at cribbage; when instead of *chalk*, he scores with this kind of animal fossil, (*chalk-stones*, or more properly *urat of soda*.) dug out of a mine in the joints of his great toes: of which he never is without a supply in a box at hand."

"— Feb. 1, 1763. 'Being a very clear day, a gentleman at Wentworth procured a circular piece of ice two feet nine inches in diameter, and five inches thick, which he reduced to the form of a lens, and about noon, being exposed to the sun, the rays transmitted through it, (converged to a focus at seven feet distance,) fired gunpowder, paper, linen, and other combustibles.'"

"— Among the deaths mentioned in the supplement to the *Gent. Mag.* for 1793, p. 1215, we find that of 'William Lewis, Esq., in the act of drinking a cup of Welch ale, containing about a wine quart, called a *tumbler maur*.— He made it a rule every morning of his life, to read so many chapters in the Bible, and in the evening, as a digestion of his morning study, to drink full eight gallons of ale. It is calculated that in his life-time he must have drunk a sufficient quantity to float a 74 gun ship. His size was astonishing: it is supposed the diameter of his body was no less than two yards, He weighed forty stone. He died in his parlour, a lucky circumstance, as it would have been almost impossible to have got him down stairs; as it was, it was found necessary to have a machine, in form of a crane, to lift him on a carriage, and afterwards to have the same brought into the church-yard to let him down into the grave,' &c."

"**ÆROSTATION.** It is scarcely possible to imagine the ancients altogether unacquainted with the principles of ærostation. The *Fairy Tales* and *Arabian Nights*, afford a strong presumptive of this in those excursions through the air, by wooden horses, Turkey carpets, &c., which they so delightfully describe to the astonished and bewildered fancy of the youthful inquirer into the accounts of former ages!

Can we not discover some vestiges of the same in the tale of Fortunatus? and, long before those tales were penned, we may perhaps trace in the flight of Icarus and Dædalus some proof that balloons were even then known and employed. The downfall of the former was but the prototype of the celebrated de Romier.

To demonstrate this beyond all cavil, is perhaps impossible, and we shall therefore conclude, by stating, that a legend exists respecting the Chinese emperor Kam, who reigned about 16 centuries ago, which adds plausibility to the opinion. The *festival of the lamps* in China is an annual exhibition, said to be in commemoration of the downfall of the emperor Ki, who shut himself up from the light of the sun, in a palace perpetually illuminated. So splendid was the spectacle that the emperor Kam irresistibly inclined to behold it, but not daring avowedly to leave his court, he put himself into the hands of a magician, who enabled him, *seated on a fine throne, to sail through the air*, and contemplate from above the whole solemnities of the festival. Whether all the above notices are adequate to demonstrate the fact I shall not say; but it seems scarcely possible that there should not be some (*solid*) foundation for such notions of the ancients; or that the whole of these legends should be but the product of an excursive imagination! We were long ago informed by the wisest of men, that there is *nothing new under the sun*."

Letter from Dr. Wilcocks.

Sir,—The Conde D'Ericeyra, a nobleman of letters, and curious in natural knowledge, brought from the frontiers of this country, (Germany) a woman, *without a tongue*, who yet speaks very well. She is 17 years old, but in stature exceeds not one of 7 or 8. I was with her at the Conde's house, and made her pronounce every letter in the alphabet, which she can do distinctly, except Q, which she calls Cu, after the common pronunciation of all her country people. She hath not the least bit of tongue, nor anything like it; but the teeth, on both sides of her jaw, turn very much inward, and almost meet. She finds the greatest want of a tongue in eating; for, as others, when they eat, move their meat about with their tongue, she is forced to use her finger. She pretends to distinguish tastes very well, but I believe doth it imperfectly. Her voice, though very distinct, is a little hollow, and like that of old people who have lost half their teeth. The Conde, who is a friend to the muses, has written the following epigram on the occasion:

"Non mirum elinguis mulier quod verba loquatur,
Mirum est cum lingue quod taceat mulier."

Bizarre among the New Books.

HOME PICTURES.

— The Harpers have just issued a book with this title, which is from the pen of Mrs. M. A. Dennison: a lady of refinement as well as genius. It consists of what its name implies "Home Pictures:" and embraces graceful and winning manner and matter. The author has acquired no little reputation, by her contribu-

tions to the columns of a Boston newspaper, under the signature of "M. A. D." As between herself and "Fanny Fern;" the latter, to our mind, is left sadly in the vantage; not so much on the score of original thought, happy expression, grotesque but appropriate comparison, as on the score of refinement, delicacy; without which, to us, woman's writings lose their great charm. "Fanny Fern" is vulgar. You laugh at her droll conceits, as you do at those of a fish-vender in Market street. She is tender and touching at times nevertheless; she draws tears from unwilling eyes: but you can't help thinking after the quick-breathing, after the strong blowing of the nose is over, that the fish-vender it still is, who has excited you; indeed the fish-woman will impel to a conviction of this kind—by a sudden leap which she makes out of an uncongenial atmosphere: where her genius has helped her to shine, into a congenial one, where she literally blazes with glory.

We give a few specimens of "Home Pictures." Take the following: it is entitled

"THE OLD CHURCH."

"I was very young when I was first taken to church. I remember how my little hand trembled as we went up the two square stone steps—my mother and I—and how I gazed around with a vague, indistinct idea of vastness when fairly within the sacred portals. The house seemed so large, so silent, so awful to me. I wondered if the minister always lived in that square box, and if he ever went up to the great sounding-board above. I thought possibly the carved cherubs were real angels looking down from the pulpit. I wondered why every body was so silent, and clung to my mother that I might continually assure myself of her presence. If I had been suddenly thrust upon an isolated shore with beings of another race, speaking another tongue, and all possibility of rescue out of the question, I do not think I should have felt more deserted—only my mother was there. I started at the minister's voice; and though the old gray-headed man had held me often on his knee, he seemed as far removed from me and all the earth in that holy place as the light of the gray dawn is from the darkest shade of midnight.

The first hymn oppressed me; it was a sad melody, and softly sung—I knew not then what for; and the prayer, the silence of a moment seemed to be prolonged to an age. Undefined thoughts took tangible shapes, and I had strange visions. I can remember them distinctly, though there is no need that I should portray my childish fancies.

Marion Summers was christened that day.

I sat on the little cricket at my mother's feet that evening, just after tea, looking with her upon the changing beauty of the sky,

when a neighbor came hurriedly in, and, lifting her veil, said, with a burst of tears,

"Its all over, dear lamb!"

"You don't mean that Marion Summers is dead?" said my mother, starting, and bending forward.

"Yes, like the going out of a candle it was; nobody thought it, you know, but herself. George is well-nigh distracted. So young, and only just married! Who didn't love Marion? And there she lies—beautiful! beautiful! You wouldn't think her dead. But I must go. I am trying to get some one to watch with the corpse to-night."

And so she went out; and for an hour my mother sat and looked steadily out into the wanning twilight, and I dared not speak. A haunting question in a form intangible kept floating through my mind—"What can this death be?"

When my mother went with me to my little chamber, I begged her to stay till I slept; and, kind creature that she was, she understood me. So I fell to sleep with my fingers clasped in her hand, and dreamed of Marion Summers.

I have been watching the lake: it seems to have a pulse this morning, and the lily leaves shake upon its bosom. Beautiful lake! you will lose the wild companion whose hand has broken your crystal clearness to shower its diamonds against the slant sunbeams. The mallows are creeping out, with little specks of blossoms, and the crimson flowers of the peach make the garden brilliant.

Herbert has just gone, repeating "next week;" and—and I believe I am rather sorrowful than otherwise.

I have not planted yet; I always have before now. Somehow I dread to bury the seeds, and leave them while the earth is black over them.

The heroine is a simple country girl who becomes interested in a city gentleman. She marries him, and the pictures she presents are those which rose up before and after that event. We have striking scenes of real life, and the reader, whether male or female, may gather useful lessons from them. Such a book is destined to do much good. Without being great it may easily accomplish great results.

ELLEN, OR THE CHAINED MOTHER.

—This is the title of another negro romance, or 'tomitide,' which comes to us from Cincinnati, where it was published for the author. Mary B. Harlan, by Applegate & Co. Its design is to show the practical workings of slavery in Kentucky, where the institution is thought to exist in its mildest form. The scenes, too, are declared to be sketches of real life. Whether this be really the fact, we cannot say. We should judge, if true, they

are drawn from the exception rather than the general rule. They portray, too, features of debauchery and crime, which cannot but exert a pernicious influence upon the pure mind. We feel surprised that any woman should have mane a book of them. We shall wonder all the more, if that woman can find any considerable class of readers, among the delicate and refined of her own sex. The author writes very well. It is singular she should write about such vulgar, disgusting things, as she does in the course of this volume.—However, Mrs. Stowe is the chief of sinners in publishing these revolting pictures. She it was, at any rate, who first tested their capacity for bringing in the dollars. Finding them splendidly productive, she has aroused the cupidity of others of her sex, to say nothing of that of certain things who call themselves men.

We question whether the author of the "Chained Mother" will get either gold or glory. Like the rest of those who have trod in the cloven foot-tracks of Stoweism, she will only find a few husks in the path. The cream of the glory of negro romance writing belongs to Mrs. Stowe; and she will feed upon it as long as she lives. If we are not mistaken, the day is coming when she will reap the bitterness of fatness; it will come, too, with the uprising of the bloody hands of insurrection, which will incarnadine the memory of "Uncle Tom," and consign its author to an infamy greater than that which attaches to the name of Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot.

HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP.

—This story comes to us from H. Long & Brother, New York, through Peterson, of our city. The author has written one or two entertaining works, and enjoys considerable popularity among a certain class of readers. The style is easy, and there is, upon the whole, much to interest, particularly at this dull, dreamy season. One wants a book like "Harry Coverdale's Courtship" to while away the time, when the thermometer rises up among the nineties, as at present. Deep and elaborate books invite action of the mind, which, in the hot summer months, excites perspiration of the body. A light story, however, well besprinkled with incident, is decidedly seasonable. There is wit and pathos of decided character in "Harry Coverdale," while it also contains certain limnings of character really and truly those of an accomplished artist.

SECOND BOOK IN LATIN

—The Harpers have published a work with this title. It contains syntax and reading lessons in prose. The author is Professor John McClintock, late of Dickinson College in our State, and a fine classical scholar.—The name of the work implies a predecessor, and one actually exists, to which the present is a complement. The readings are taken

from Cæsar and Cicero, sources than which none in the whole range of the classics are purer. The selections and the arrangements are excellent. The author acknowledges himself indebted to Klaiber's "Latteinische Chrestomathie," Kraft's "Chrestomathie Ciceroniana," Merring's "Memorirbuch," and other standard authorities.

Our Weekly Gossip.

—The English papers notice the death of Joseph Cottle, well known from his connection with Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, and as being one of the brothers of Amos Cottle, who was handled so severely by Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," as follows:—

"Oh! Amos Cottle! Phœbus, what a name,
To fill the speaking trumpet of future fame,
Oh! Amos Cottle! for a moment think
What meagre profits spread from pen and ink!
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
Oh, pen perverted! paper misapplied!
Had Cottle still adorn'd the counter side.
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Ploughed, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him."

On re-perusing these lines in 1816, Byron adds in a note:—"All right. I saw some letters of this fellow (Joseph) to an unfortunate poetess, whose productions the poor woman by no means thought vainly of; he attacked her so roughly and bitterly, that I could hardly resist assailing him, even were it unjust, which it is not, for verily he is an ass."

This same person has the honour to be noticed also in the "Antijacobin," probably by Canning, thus;—

"And Cottle, not he who that Alfred made famous,
But Joseph, of Bristol, the Brother of Amos."

—A writer in the "Notes and Queries" says that he has in his possession a book presented by Addison to Swift, with the following inscription in Addison's hand-writing on the fly-leaf at the beginning:—

"To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most Agreeable Companion, the Truest Friend, and the Greatest Genius of his Age, this Book is presented by his most Humble servant the Author."

This is a more pleasing picture than that presented by a late writer, who being born three quarters of a century after the era of Swift, is not likely to be so good a judge of his character as a contemporary.

—France has determined to send a complimentary mission over to attend the inaugura-

tion of the New York Industrial Exhibition. M. Sallandroux De Lamornaix, who is about to visit Dublin on special service in connexion with its Exhibition, has been selected for the transatlantic journey. He receives instructions to represent his country on ceremonial occasions,—to examine the articles exhibited,—and to report on such new markets as may be open to French industry, and on the nature of any treaties which might be concluded in favour of the enterprise and commerce of his country.

—Messrs. Ingram, Cooke & Co., have reprinted a work by an American author, entitled 'Money; How to get, how to keep, and how to use it,'—not being, as they say, aware that the said American author had taken—"conveyed," the wise it call,"—a quantity of his matter from an English writer, Mr. Henry Taylor. The publishers have made the proper acknowledgments. The *Athenæum* in announcing this fact says:—

"While writing on this subject, we may take the opportunity of referring to a kindred topic:—the appropriation of well-known and popular titles to American books reprinted in this country. We see advertised 'The Chronicles of Cloverbrook' by one of the cheap reprinting houses, in a series; and on looking narrowly, we find that it is a 'Chronicle' by 'Aunt Cary,' or some such person.—and not the well-known work of Mr. Douglas Jerrold. This is in any case improper: and we should think it is a breach of copyright. A title is always a significant and often an essential part of a book; and, as such, has a claim for legal protection."

In the matter of stealing, John Bull is fully as expert and unscrupulous as ourselves. The habit should be denounced on all hands.

At a recent meeting of the London Entomological Society Mr. Westwood mentioned some curious circumstances which had lately occurred in his apiary. About ten days previously one of his hives threw off a swarm which settled in the front of the bee-house, and stopped the entrance to the next hive, the inhabitants of which at once commenced fighting the invaders. Mr. Westwood then sought for and removed the queen, and having released her, she led the swarm to the entrance of another hive, where a second battle began. The queen being again removed; this time to a rosebush; she flew away, and the swarm returned to the hive whence it had come, probably following the queen, for this day a fine swarm had come off. Yesterday, a different hive gave forth a swarm from another hive: much fighting ensued, but to-day all was quiet, whence it might be presumed that one of the queens had been killed. Mr. Waring knew an instance in which four swarms had united, and the hive had to be

enlarged, being too small to hold the bees. Mr. Wallace read a paper, 'On the Insects used as Food by the Indians of the Amazon,' several different kinds being mentioned which are sought for and eaten with avidity.

M. Demetrius Galanos, a learned linguist at Athens, who for more than twenty years occupied with distinction the Chair of Sanscrit at the College of Benares, in Hindoostan, lately died, at the age of sixty-nine; bequeathing to the University of Athens, on condition of its causing them to be published, his numerous works on the idioms of Asia: for which purpose he has left sufficient funds. The University accepts the gift and the office: and has appointed its rector, Dr. Georgio Thypaldos, to conduct the publication. The works will make about ten folio volumes.

Among the latest acts of Louis Napoleon has been, his award of a pension to the Mlles. Corneille, descendants of the great tragic dramatist of France.

A Neapolitan boy, by name Tito Mattei: aged twelve years, is now in London, says the *Athenæum*, adding to the list of musical prodigies past and present, by his precocity in pianoforte playing, his "rare organization" (to quote Mr. Ella's 'Record') "for analyzing sounds," and, most of all, his cleverness in the making of melodies. He has crossed the Alps, it is added, to study.

The brilliant painter-poet, Buchanan Read, received a handsome testimonial from his friends on leaving this city, in the shape of some thousands of dollars, forwarded to him by the liberal donors.

The *Library and Garden* an excellent weekly paper published at Buffalo (N. Y.) thus kindly notices BIZARRE:—

"BIZARRE" is an original weekly journal, for fireside and wayside, published by CHURCH & Co., Philadelphia. We hail the weekly visits of this beautiful paper with pleasure. It is edited with ability, and contains much valuable literary matter. In fact it is one of the best literary papers of the country. Grave and gay, young and old, will ever find something in its columns to please them. The Editor's *sans-souci* is a spicy dish well served up."

The sisters of Kossuth have established themselves in New York city, where they are supporting themselves and their children by the sale of laces, embroideries, muslins, silks, jewelry, and such articles of value or necessity, as pertains to a woman's wardrobe. Their address is No. 1 Irving Place, corner of Fourteenth street.

The *Knickerbocker* for July is glorious. The work has been increased in size sixteen pages. In consequence of his enlarged qualities, the editor "spreads himself" exceedingly. He tells

capital stories and tells them well. Even the "Joe Millers" gather grace and interest under his pen. We perceive he is again sojourning at "Dobbs, his Ferry," up the North river. There may now be a *bellum pennæ* between "Old Knick" Clark, and "Idlewild" Willis.

MR. REDFIELD, has issued the fourth part of Collier's new amended edition of Shakespeare's works, and we have received it from Peterson of our city. This edition as we have before said must take precedence of all that have as yet appeared: in other words, it will be the standard edition.

The Germanians are concertizing with great success at the West. They have Jaell and little Camille (Japonica) Urso with them.

Max Maretz is really to hazard an opera season at Castle Garden in New York, with Sontag, Salvi, Marini, and Pozzolini for stars. Will the Countess consent to sing to fifty cent admissions? If yes, she has come down amazingly.

MR. A. HART of our city, has just published a new tale by Mrs. Lee Hentz, entitled "Helen and Arthur, or Miss Thusa's Spinning-wheel," which has an inviting look. We shall notice it hereafter. Meanwhile let us beg our readers to cast their eyes to Mr. Hart's list of "Summer Reading" books, advertised in our pages.

"*Democratic Monthly Review*," is the title of a new periodical published at Washington, by William H. Lewis & Co., the first number of which has reached us. It is built up, as we learn, upon the ashes of the old *Democratic Review*, and we trust, for the sake of its editors and publishers, it may be successful. We find some excellent things in its pages, among which are the introduction and several opening chapters of a new "Tomtude," entitled "A Peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The London *Athenæum* of June 18th, contains a most favorable review of Ross Brown's "Yusef." It closes as follows:

"Everywhere Mr. Brown aims at being lively and grotesque. Some of his drawings are full of satire. His 'General View of Constantinople' (with a foreground full of lean dogs quarrelling, with a few domes and minarets in the distance), is capital.

"Bleak House," No. 16, has been published by the Harpers. The story is swelling to a bursting point.

C. J. Price & Co., of our city, has published "Mind and the Emotions," from the pen of Dr. Cooke, which we shall notice hereafter. The same enterprising house has received "The Popular Educator" for July, and other admirable works issued in New York by Alexander Montgomery. Their place of business is No. 7, Hart's Buildings.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

THE HIPPODROME.

—The entertainments at this place are of a novel and extraordinary character. We have never before had anything like them in Philadelphia. The old-fashioned circus round is almost entirely discarded; while a strange, wild, exciting series of doings occupies their places. No longer does the horse travel at a regular clock-work gait around a circle called the "ring," with a man or woman on his back, who goes through a precise stereotype of leaping garters, and jumping through balloons, while at stated intervals Mr. Merri-man cracks jokes which are musty with antiquity: but wild restless steeds, two and three and four abreast, leap into a kind of race-course, either with a rider who dances about upon their backs, as if they were the flooring of Mons. Jules Martin's saloon, or attached to chariots, which fly about the ellipse as if they were propelled by lightning, driven by men who are entire strangers to fear. Then comes a troupe of ladies seated seemingly, on untamed chargers, who perform the most daring races, often leaping hurdles and barriers three feet high: and causing the thousands who look on to raise all manner of evidences of their satisfaction. It is often the horse and rider tumble over together in the dust, a confused blending of main, muslin, tails, gauze, hoofs and ankles shadowing forth very, very palpably, a violent death to one or both of the prostrated; but all eventuates most happily, for both lady and beast soon find their feet, and after a shake or two are ready once more to enter the field. We might speak of other features of the Hippodrome, and especially of the very funny monkey hurdle race, but we have no more space. We are told that the present is the last week.

PAINTINGS AT THE ACADEMY.

The series of notices of the present exhibition of paintings at the Academy of Arts, commenced in our last, will be continued in our next. The writer is rather severe. He is, however, a connoisseur, and we have concluded to give free scope to his opinions in our pages. His first notices contained a number of typographical errors, which, it appears, offended him prodigiously. Very sorry, indeed.

BONFIELD, THE PAINTER.

Has taken up his residence at Beverly, on the Delaware, where he is at present occupied in the production of several admirable works. We visited his *Atelier* a short time since, and examined these efforts at leisure. They are mostly river and coast scenes, and are paint-

ed to fill orders from citizens of Philadelphia, among whom James G. Claghorn and William B. Johnston. Esqrs., may be specified. Bonfield has a fine reputation which is destined to be largely increased. His style is extremely chaste. As an evidence of merit, a brother artist of high standing conceded to him, it should be stated that Birch, the great marine painter, on his death bed, desired that the paintings he left unfinished, should be finished by Bonfield, and we saw in his collection one of those pictures, to which the artist was giving the last touches. Several studies of Bonfield, embracing views of Mount Desert Maine, Nahant Massachusetts, and Newport Rhode Island, struck us as being admirable. We hope one of these days to see large pictures executed from them. Our friend Bonfield, we should add, finds recreation of suitable kind at his present sojourning place. Much of the recreation is obtained from fishing, and whether the fruits be rock-fish, eel or cat-fish, Bonfield is equally pleased. He does not pretend to be an Isaac Walton, he cares not for the honor to be pronounced a sportsman, it is enough with him that he is a disciple of Claude Lorraine.

FACTIOUS EPIGRAMS.

— Mr. Joseph Simpson has recently published in London, a book of epitaphs monumental inscriptions &c., from which we gather the following extracts:—

On a Linendraper.

Cottons, and cambrics, all adieu,
And muslins, too, farewell;
Plain, striped, and figured, old and new,
Three quarters, yard, or all;
By nail and yard I've measure'd ye,
As customers inclined,
The churchyard now has measure'd me,
And nails my coffin bind.

From Camallow Churchyard, Cornwall.

Shall we all die?
We shall die all,
All die shall we—
Die all we shall.

From King Stanley Churchyard, Gloucestershire

'Twas as she tript from oak to oak,
In at a bunghole quickly fell;
Suffocation was her task,
She had no time to say farewell.

Let the intemperate be warned by the following:—

My grandfather was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
My father perish'd with an inflammation in the thighs,
And my sister dropp'd down dead in the Minorie:
But the reason why I'm here interred, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living, and hard drinking.
If therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or anything strong.

Explicit enough is the following:—

From Broom Churchyard.

God be praised!
Here is Mr. DUDLEY, senior,
And JANE, his wife, also.
Who, whilst living, was his superior:
But see what Death can do.
Two of his sons also lie here,
One Walter, t'other Joe:
They all of them went in the year 1810 below.
Father and Mother and I
Lies buried here, as under:
Father and Mother lies buried here,
And I lies buried yonder.

A Mrs. Greenwood's epitaph, ends thus ridiculously:—

My grief for this good woman is so sore
That I can really only write four lines more.

GONE.

Three weeks ago we lost six subscribers. Does the reader ask why? We answer, because we condemned the Montreal riots, and upheld Gavazzi and free speech! The reader may guess what was the religion of the indignant six, and what a charity and liberality and republican doctrine it preaches. Last year we printed a long and glowing description of the Sacred Heart Convent, near Torresdale, on the Delaware, while we have frequently had occasion to applaud the movements of the Roman Catholics, yet not a Protestant subscriber was indignant there at Pshaw!

BUSINESS MEMO.

Col. Maurice, 123, Chestnut street, is satisfied with the fruits he has gathered from liberal advertising, for they are many and abundant. The Colonel cannot help succeeding; he was born to succeed. Wherever he has planted himself fortune has smiled upon him. As we write, the Colonel, in company with the great tragedian Forrest, is luxuriating at Cape May: perhaps at this moment the pair are rolling over like porpoises in the surf which lashes the beach at that place. We consider Forrest the best Damon, Spartacus about, while as for our friend Colonel Maurice, he is at the head of all stationers, whether here or elsewhere.

Messrs. Hickey & Co. manufacture a capital leather trunk, one indeed which will last for years, no matter how much travelling its owner may do.

Several communications await notice at our hands. Some look as it they might be consigned to the stove for next winter's kindling stuff, while others will assuredly appear. Among the last is "A City Sketch," and "A son in search of the Murderer of his Father."

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Faryuakar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1853.

HAVE YOU DINED JACQUOT ?

FROM THE FRENCH.

Jacquot was the son of a village cobbler: his parents were poor, but industrious, and he lost them whilst in infancy: at an early age he gave ample proofs of sagacity, for he availed himself of every resource that presented to accumulate the penny; he attended the goats and cows; conducted the horses to water, and waited in the evening at the only inn in the village, where, by chance, a "god-send" induced some solitary traveller to stop. Though sleeping on straw; subsisting on brown bread, fruit, and milk, he sang from the break of morn till its close; and on gaining sufficient to allow of a light recreation, none footed it so nimbly or merrily in the Sunday's dance. His native village, was in his eyes, a beautiful city; the notary's house, a palace; and the villagers, so many lords and ladies—the most exalted of the creation: thus he doated on the fields, woods, lawns and rivulets, and also on a certain little peasant, named Susan, though not even gifted with wisdom, wealth, or personal charms, was nevertheless, in his eyes, an angel of perfection. Jacquot had but just attained his eighteenth year, when a young nobleman passing through the village, discovering something pleasing in the physiognomy of the industrious peasant, proposed to conduct him to Paris and insure his fortune. Jacquot had then but little idea of the advantages gained by homage to this volatile deity, but desire of seeing the capital, a feeling of curiosity, and a secret presentiment of future greatness, induced him to accept the offer. He wept bitterly on bidding adieu to his fields, his dog, Prin, his goats, cows, and Susan, ejaculating, "Ah, well! I won't be long ere I return; and then I shall tell Prin and Susey all the wonders I have seen in the great city."

Jacquot arrives in Paris: first figures as a groom, then footman, afterwards valet de chambre, when he dropped the name of Jacquot (or Jem,) as being too vulgar for his aspiring ideas; an appellation that also occasioned the laughter of the housemaids. He assumed that of Jaques (Jemmy,) as a designation far more imposing; and ere the termination of the year, Mister Jaques had entirely forgot his favorite dog Prin, his cattle, woods, hamlet, and his Susan: in the interim

he studied with assiduity; learned to read and write; became steward; knew how to calculate, and with strong intellects, soon became initiated in subtraction and multiplication: most stewards know the first rule quoted—to their employer's cost. A comprehension of division was essential, with which he soon became perfectly acquainted: he learned to divide, and next proceeded to interest; this he managed with equal facility, by lending money on *interest*, by which an enormous profit was obtained: briefly, after occupying the multifarious situations of steward to a naval and military contractor; secretary of the opera, and confidential agent to a Russian prince, and member of the chamber of Senate, a handsome fortune crowned the anxious endeavours of this deep plodding politician. Courted by all; he entered into extensive financial speculations, in which he was ever so favored by fortune, that on attaining his thirtieth year, an income of 30,000 livres was at his disposal. "Booing, booing" did the business.

"Nor e'en Sir Pertinax such homage showed
As this, his prototype upon the great bestow'd."

Jacques now began to think that he had pruned sufficiently from the garden of Plutus, resolved on enjoying the fruit that he had so amply reaped. His dream of fortune was not now ideal: he purchased an extensive estate; established an elegant equipage; engaged his livery servants; assuming the title of M. de la Jacquiniere, or Squire James; here was a prodigious change, but true: thus

Mushrooms from mingled garbage rise,
And are to votaries of taste a prize.

Repairing one day to the country villa, his carriage was overset by accident at the entrance of a poor village, and whilst, workmen were sent in quest of, to place it in repair, our unfortunate squire alighted, and looking around, exclaimed, "Heavens! what a filthy hole! what a wretched receptacle! what a despicable country! stagnate pools, filthy quagmires, dirty hovels, frightful rustics, not a single spot where a person of consequence can with decency repose! My organs are quite affected at the bare idea of being compelled to remain here till my vehicle is put in order—confound the rascally coachman, he shall be discharged immediately I reach home"—for this hamlet—have it in his own words—for M. de la Jacquiniere presumed now to be a man of letters—a poet, forsooth—and no mean one either, at least he was so flattered by numerous parasites, who admired the delicacies of his table—

"Tis a degenerate—a vile abode,
Which courtier's feet hath never trod;
And I, who half the courtiers reign,
Can only view it with disdain."

Whilst making these sapient observations, our squire had advanced to the bank of a purling rill, whose deviating banks formed, in his eye, an uncouth contrast with the level embankment of his artificial canal, although in the crystal wave, he beheld the finny brood gaily disporting, as he seated himself on a sward beneath an ancient willow—a prospect that had never greeted him in his own torpid reservoirs,

M. de la Jacquiniere had been seated but for a few minutes when he was surrounded by a flock of sheep, goats and cows who were under the surveillance of a swarthy female peasant and her dog; the latter though nearly blind from age, distanced the flock, and hastened with kind and anxious familiarity to lick the hand of the astonished, alarmed, and indignant squire of the town. "Lud, lud, lud!" shouted the lusty conductress. "what may be all this? I never saw Prin so affectionate to any one in all my born days, except poor Jacquot." On the mention of this plebeian name, the wealthy gentleman blushed deeply; a thousand conflicting thoughts pervaded his mind: can it be; yes, it is so! he is in his native village; Susan is before him, under the very willow, beneath which he has so often slept and dreamed—dreamed;—ay, but never of moving in his present sphere!

Oh, M. de la Jacquiniere! what must be your sensations; what those of one devoted to ancient friends and place of nativity? Imagination pictures you pressing in your warm embrace, the poor girl whom you formerly so fondly cherished: your tears distilling on your parent's humble sod; your bounties falling like refreshing April showers on the inhabitants of your native hamlet; the companions of your infancy enjoying the social delight of greeting your prosperity in the garden where once you passed with them so many hours in revelry:—learn the reverse—Prin, poor faithful Prin, the dog so affectionately faithful, was spurned from him with indignation; he thinks his melancholy howl still peals on my ear, awakening grievous contrasts. He hastened from Susan and the village: ascended his coach, and on reaching the splendid villa, caused the neck of a beautiful parrot to be twisted, for having had the misfortune to exclaim, "Have you dined Jacquot?"

His was a love of wealth; so strong—as sure,
As neither time could change, or art could cure.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH FIFTH.

Sir Walter Raleigh—Early Settlement of Georgia—General Oglethorpe's Letter—Motives which generally conduce to the Peopling of a Colony—De Soto—Reasons why our Forefathers sought this Country—First impres-

sions of Georgia—Her common seal—Descriptions of Scenery, natural advantages, resources, &c.

"Happy auspices of a happy futurity! Who would wish that his Country's existence had otherwise begun? Who would desire the power of going back to the ages of fable? Who would wish for an origin obscured in the darkness of antiquity? Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say that her first existence was with intelligence; her first breath the inspirations of liberty; her first principle the truth of divine religion!

W. M. R.

Sir Walter Raleigh is the reputed discoverer of that portion of the United States now denominated Georgia. It appears highly probable, judging from the observations contained in his written journal, that during his memorable and extended voyage along the American coast, he entered the mouth of the Savannah river, and surveyed the country on either bank for several miles. This is further confirmed by the traditions of the Indians. On one occasion, General Oglethorpe was holding conversation with several of them, prominent warriors, and during the course of it, casually inquired whether, previous to his arrival among them, they had ever seen a pale face in their country? The ready reply was, that their fathers long ago held a conference with a great chieftain who had come from beyond the big seas, and that they had ever been taught to revere his memory. They also pointed to a high mound near Savannah, where they affirmed the Indian King was interred who talked with the English,—he having expressed an ardent desire to be buried on the spot where he had conversed with that "great good man." Appropriately may Georgia be proud of her discoverer, for the name of Raleigh stands "highest among the statesmen of England." Possessed of a courageous mind which was never daunted; distinguished not only as the brave, judicious soldier, and the accomplished scholar, but also as the determined opponent of burdensome taxation and lucrative monopolies,—a noble-hearted and zealous adventurer in every project of amelioration,—a man whose intellect shone brightly through the ravages of physical decay and the baneful influence of a damp dungeon,—whose upright and forgiving heart within a palsied frame, still beat high with an undying devotion to his country, although he himself was reduced to beggary by that self-same government, and with an ingratitude which defies all portrayal, finally beheaded. His fame is ever-enduring, and will brighten forever. Possibly Ribault's eyes rested upon the coast of Georgia, as he sought some suitable location for Coligny's French Huguenots. The first permanent settlement, however, established in this State, was that un-

der General James Oglethorpe, in January, 1733. The colonists landed at Yamacraw Bluff, deeming it the most healthy and convenient situation. This received the appellation of Savannah, from the Indian name of the river which flows by. General Oglethorpe, in speaking of the position of the colony, soon after its foundation, says:—"Our people are all in perfect health. I chose the situation for the town upon a high ground, forty feet perpendicular above high-water mark; the soil dry and sandy, the water of the river fresh, and springs coming out of the side of the hill. I pitched upon this place not only for the pleasantness of the situation, but because from the above mentioned and other signs, I thought it healthy; for it is sheltered from the Western and Southern winds (the most in the country) by vast woods of pine trees, many of which are an hundred, and few under seventy feet high."

The last and fullest conviction of the healthiness of the place was, that an Indian nation who knew the nature of the country, chose it for their situation. Experience has clearly demonstrated the prudence and propriety of the choice. There is probably no city on our south-eastern coast more flourishing, or which enjoys a greater degree of health, than Savannah. It is an established fact that the earliest accounts rendered of any new plantation are always more or less exaggerated. What more natural? Every object is novel; the imagination is taxed to its utmost capacities, and the emigrant either revels in beatific visions of coming glorious success, or shrinking from the prospect of future privations, laments the severity of the undertaking and the miseries of his present situation. Should the balmy air of spring blow softly over green-waving forests, should the startled deer leap nimbly with its fellows over the luxuriant meadow, and joyously sport

"Amid the ancient forests of a land,
Wild, gloomy, vast, magnificently grand,"

should the fish dart swiftly through limpid waters, and the song-birds warble their soft notes in linked sweetness on the summer air, as it comes laden with the perfume of flower and fruit, then, in rapture he is wont at once to pronounce his new home a paradise on earth. At such a season, judging from the encomiums bestowed upon every object, and the entire scene, one might readily suppose that the golden age of Ovid had again dawned upon a new world

"*Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebat sphyri natos sine remine flores.
Nox etiam fruges tellus inarata ferebat;
Nec renovatus ager gravidæ canebat arista.
Flumina jam lactis, jam summa nectaris ibant,
Fævaque de vividi stillabant flos mellis."*

But, let the storms of winter dash the snow-flake against his rude cabin,—let the savage string his bow, and speed the feathered arrow,—let the jocund, merry face of autumn be exchanged for the wan and pale visage of him with the frosted locks, and he is immediately prepared to denounce the spot as the direst land on the globe. It is interesting, and often equally amusing in after years, to examine the original descriptions as presented by government agents, or by those who having recently landed, and hoping to find a perfect Eldorado, indulge in the most extravagant portrayals of the beauties and the luxuriance of every object, even those highly trivial. The poet, finding ample scope for the play of his imagination, has delighted to paint in glowing colors the future glory, the present attractions, and the capabilities of the youthful colony. The Historian also deriving his information from some casual observer or common report, endeavors to embody such floating images of "far off life," and to impress upon them the permanent stamp of truth to men at ordinary seasons, when their minds are calm and free from excitement; not a few of these attempts savor of the ludicrous. Mankind too often manifest a preference for the marvellous. A love of the wonderful invested with an air of novelty, has ever characterized our race. Creatures of sympathy, many live only on the excitement of the moment, and readily lend an assenting ear to the relations of strange occurrences, which their own limited personal experience will not enable them to contradict. In fact, the charge brought by Demosthenes against the Athenians will apply to almost every nation in every age. Desirous of change, attracted by the glaring prospects of the future, multitudes will follow the goddess Fortune wherever she blindly leads the way—will dwell with rapture upon the ideal creations of some heated imagination,—regard with deference the garnished tale of some romance writer,—deem the sands of new-found-lands as abounding in golden ore, and be willing to forsake in an instant the occupations and moderate profits of the present, in confident expectations of reaping sudden and rich harvests in the future. The die is often cast by the daring adventurer, but the passage of the Rubicon does not always ensure the diadem of the imperial city. The apple of Sodom hangs fair and beautiful from the green bough, but it crumbles into dust and corruption upon the lips of him who would taste. Pure water in abundance surrounds the parched Tantalus, but before he can quench that burning thirst, it has all vanished, and the arid earth mocks his misery. History furnishes memorable examples of bright hopes unrealized, of present advantages completely lost in vain pursuit of imagined gains in the future. Among

the many adventurous bands seeking their fortunes in this Western World, not a few prompted by desires and expectations of realizing immense gains, were sadly disappointed. Why came De Soto and his six hundred cavaliers,—the knight in glittering array of burnished armor,—the Castilian buoyant in hope and clad in silken robes? Was it for religious liberty? The court and camp of Spain were at that time eminently Catholic. Was it in order to humanize and christianize the natives? Let those dark deeds amid the lagoons of Florida, and the fires of Mavila respond. Far from all this. Regardless of the distinctions of honor and the endearments of home, they rallied around a standard supported by that hero who had himself shared in the spoils of Peru, in confident expectation of discovering beyond the seas that elysium of bliss where wealth abounded in wild profusion, and purling brooks imparted an immortality. They were animated by an ardent desire for gold, as unrestrained as that spirit which inspired the breasts of the crusaders, unrelenting in its pursuit, deaf to the voice of mercy, blind to the cautions of judgment. Were these gorgeous anticipations realized? Let that lurid glare illuminating the dark forests,—let the savage war-whoop of the Indian, as with one hand he applies the burning torch to the tent, and with the other smites the terror-stricken Spaniard to the ground,—let that dull, gloomy, heart-rending plunge into the depths of the Mississippi,—let the faint and sick murmurs of those dying along the banks and upon the bosom of that river, reply. Despite the sad example thus presented, and others of a similar character, the golden spoils of Peru, and the apparently inexhaustible wealth of Mexico, had flashed forth before the eyes of the old world like a pillar of fire; on the one hand encircling every daring scheme with a halo of glory, on the other, obscuring every difficulty and danger. Every possibility of failure being thus precluded, restless desires were awakened to behold the magnificence of America, and reap a share of her treasures. It is surprising to what an extent this spirit of blind adventure,—this ardent longing after sudden wealth, conduces to the peopling of newly discovered regions. Many deeming them lands of pleasure, as affording relief from the responsibilities and necessary exertions of their present occupations, eagerly seek their shores. With what feelings of pride do we look back upon the original settlers of our country, attracted hither by considerations of a far higher, purer, and more honorable character than those which we have just now been noticing. Those noble few who first pressed Plymouth Rock, sought a land where they might worship the God of their fathers, untrammelled by the ceremonies of the English

Church, and the burdensome impositions of an aristocratic clergy. *Freedom to worship God, and liberty of conscience*, were the two great principles emblazoned on their banners. The Colonists of Jamestown desired amid the plains of Virginia that liberty and equality which they had long found so incompatible with the severe restrictions and royal prerogatives of the mother country,—that liberty afterwards so nobly defended and supported by a Henry and a Jefferson,—not to mention him whose *very name is the watchword of liberty*. The original settlers of Georgia were men who could brave the dangers of the savage and the inhospitable welcome of a coast rough with dark forests and tangled swamps, in order to establish and enjoy opinions which they could never with safety entertain so long as they remained within the immediate jurisdiction of England. Here was planned an asylum and a new destiny in America, “where former poverty would be no reproach, and where the simplicity of piety could indulge the spirit of devotion, without fear of persecution from men who hated the rebuke of its example.”

The common seal of the corporation bore on one side a group of silk-worms at their toils, with the generous motto, “*non sibi, sed alii*,”—thus expressing the disinterested purposes and designs of the patrons. On the other side, the device represented two figures reposing on urns, while between them stood the genius of Georgia with a cap of liberty on her head, a spear in one hand, and a cornucopia in the other. So illustrious were the auspices of the design, that hope at once painted brilliant visions of an Eden that was to spring up and reward the ardor of such disinterested benevolence. Georgia was intended as the place of refuge for the distressed people of Great Britain, and the persecuted of Europe. The disabilities of villeinage were here exchanged for the high prerogatives of freemen. The faint heart of a *de facto* bondman was left far behind at the manor of his lord, and he here received another from this new land, of firmer mould, abounding in nobler feelings, more exalted hopes. Divested of those burdensome demands of a superior in the eyes of the law, no longer the villein of England, the boor of Denmark, or the traal of Sweden, he could now stand with open brow and of right among the noblest of the land, and feel that sensation of equality and fraternity so dear to the American heart. He could look upon his son and exultingly feel that for him henceforth there should be no taunts of the oppressor, no lips of scorn to utter words of contumely and approbrium embracing the partner of his bosom, he could joyfully declare that the hated epithet of Neife was removed, that the lash of a brutal lord could no longer be raised with impunity,—and then with pride regard-

ing the broad and comprehensive foundations of his governmental policy, as yet in embryo, confidently expect that the revelations of the future would bring to light still more complete and glorious representatives of national honor. The constitutional arch of Georgia is supported by three enduring columns:—*Wisdom, Justice, Moderation*. It is quite entertaining in the present day to examine the various descriptions of the country and its natural resources, prepared during the first years of the colony, with a view, no doubt, of attracting emigrants and advancing the plantation in royal favor. For example, in a pamphlet which appeared in London, in 1733, entitled "A new and accurate account of the Provinces of South Carolina and Georgia," we find a most favorable impression of the country, conveyed thus:—"The air of Georgia is healthy, being always serene and pleasant, never subject to excessive heat or cold, or sudden changes of the weather. The winter is regular and short, and the summer cooled by refreshing breezes; it neither feels the cutting north-west winds the Virginians complain of, nor the intense heats of Spain, Barbary, Italy and Egypt. The soil will produce anything with but very little culture; all sorts of corn yield an amazing increase,—one hundred fold is the common estimate, although the husbandry is so slight that they can only be said to scratch the earth and merely cover the seed. All the best sorts of cattle and fowls are multiplied without number, and therefore without price." After continuing this strain of eulogy for some time, the author finally concludes in the following words:—"Such an air and soil can only be described by a poetical pen, because there is no danger of exceeding the truth;—therefore, take Waller's description of an Island in the neighborhood of South Carolina, to give you an idea of this happy climate:—

— The Spring which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year;
Ripe fruit and blossoms on the same tree live,
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the climate,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncourt,
To show how all things were created first."

Add to this floral picture of an American terrestrial paradise the fact that the Indians would furnish any quantity of fine deer at six pence sterling, and wild turkeys weighing forty pounds for the small consideration of two pence: that land was so abundant that it was freely given away, and the soil so fertile that it produced almost spontaneously all the necessities of life, and you will readily perceive the reason why those who once visited the colony never, or least, seldom, expressed a desire of leaving the attractive spot. Never was heard from the plantation of Georgia such

a doleful lamentation as this:—"Our drink is unwholesome water, our lodgings castles in the air; were we as free from all sins as from gluttony and drunkenness, we might be canonized for saints." The truth is, that although the descriptions of Georgia may have been exaggerated, and somewhat clothed in the bright colors of fancy, still, the actual appearance of the country must have been prepossessing, and the abundance of its resources very gratifying to him, who, perchance at his own frugal board in his former home, had never felt his appetite completely satisfied.—The extended forests presented an air of expansion entirely novel to the eye accustomed to the farm and grove of a few acres. The luxuriant under growth and tall tree, in all the virgin beauty of the one, and manly majesty of the other, attracted his attention, and encouraged a firm belief in the extreme fertility of the soil. A spirit of freedom pervaded his breast as he threaded the dark mazes of these woods, or chased the swift deer without fear of game, laws and foresters. He could now exercise *ad libitum* those privileges which were allowed only to the nobles of other lands. He now needed no sanction of law, granting commons of pasture, Piscarry and Estrovers. The vegetation, the entire aspect and advantages of this Southern clime, must have struck the beholders with wonder and delight. The phenomena of nature were here displayed in greater perfection than he had ever beheld them. The terrible wrath of the thunder-storm,—the dark recesses of the matted swamps,—the endless variety of birds,—the number of wild animals and reptiles,—the rude dwellings, habits, customs and worship of the sons of the forest,—all these were novel, and possessed powerful attractions. But it is time that we should sketch Georgia as she is. Leaving her then, as she appeared in 1733, we proceed to present some of those features which she now exhibits.

THE EVILS OF SOCIETY.

FOURTH PAPER.

How to destroy Roudyism.

The newspaper accounts of the manner in which the seventy-seventh anniversary of our national independence was celebrated in our city and its vicinity: as well as in other cities and towns of our country, should be sufficient to convince every one, who feels any interest in the prosperity of our country and the progress of republican institutions, of the necessity of some measures calculated to improve the public morals.

Numerous editorial remarks and communications in the papers, show that, to some extent, the public are aware of the existence of

these monstrous evils and their rapid growth ; but no practical remedy for them is proposed.

In one of these articles, it is said that "nothing has been done to prevent these evils, except, in the way of education." And in another it is said that the great fault of American education is in bestowing too much attention upon the development of the intellectual faculties, &c."

Here are some of the errors, under which the people of our country labor, and which are greatly in the way of any improvement. Our system of public education is entirely inefficient. It does not educate the people. And there is not enough attention paid to the developing of the intellectual faculties. The rowdies who disgrace our city by ruffian fights and brutal indulgences: are not those whose intellectual faculties have been too much developed: but they are persons entirely devoid of any mental or moral culture. They are not educated at all, and that is the reason they are rowdies.

We say that our present system of public instruction is entirely inefficient. Inefficient inasmuch, as it does not improve the public morals: which are far worse now than they were before our public schools were established.

What is education good for, if it does not improve the public morals? The reason why our system of public schools does not improve the public morals, is that it does not develop the mental faculties. Intellectual and moral culture go hand in hand; but our system of public instruction has very little if any more intellectual, moral or æsthetic culture in it.

The fact that ruffian violence and rowdiness exist to such an extent as they do, and increase as they do, may be taken as evidence that our school system is utterly inefficient; that the great mass of the children of our city grow up without any proper education.

A few of the young men of our city are educated in "high school." Do these become rowdies? No. And why not? simply because they are educated. Do those educated in the University become rowdies? Do those who are really educated anywhere, find amusement in burning houses to get up a fight; or in catching a single person and maltreating him because he happens to be one and they are twenty?—No.

Then we may find a remedy for these evils, give every child a "high school" education, and rowdiness will be greatly lessened if not entirely suppressed. Perhaps it will be said, "this cannot be done, the expense would be too great." Then it is manifest that the system is defective. But a few can be taught in the high school, and these are generally the *brightest boys*. Those who give teachers the least trouble, while those of duller wits, and who consequently require the most careful

teaching, are left to be taught by the poorly paid and overtaxed subaltern. In another respect our system is defective. The "High school" only gives instruction to such as are not required to labor for their support. And as the great mass, when old enough to be admitted to such a school, have to work for their subsistence, it offers no advantages to them. It thus makes, in effect, an invidious distinction between rich and poor, which is discouraging to the latter. A *public high school* should be an evening school. There are many other defects in our public school system: but it is not our purpose at this time to point them out.

We wish to show what education should do and what it is practicable for a system of public instruction to do.

1. The first instruction of children should be of a kind, calculated to create a love of learning.

Children cannot find pleasure in committing lessons to memory which they do not understand. Where a child is really learning—that is receiving new ideas,—it is always gratified.

Children can understand *things* before they can *know* letters, and they should not be required to learn by rote, what they do not understand.

In primary schools there should be nothing like punishment; nor any unnecessary restraint. And children should not be kept in a school longer than they desire to be there. The school room should be made a pleasant place and then children would love to be in it. But while we make a penitentiary of it, it is no wonder that children regard it with loathing.

The subject of punishment in schools was submitted to a committee of "sage grave men," in the city of Baltimore a few years ago, who, after deliberation and discussion, reported that it was impracticable to preserve order in the schools without *the rod*. As we live in a progressive age, it will perhaps be found in a little time that "chains and a dungeon" are equally necessary.

2. Education should cultivate a taste for what is beautiful in nature and in art.

There are few children who have not a *penchant*, if not a talent for something, in art or in science. A love of music is almost universal, many children show, by their rude efforts to depict objects, a fondness for drawing, all children are fond of pictures. It should be the aim of education to develop and cultivate whatever powers a child may possess: but to do this, would require a different kind of teaching from what we have in our public primary schools.

Children cannot be educated mechanically. The teachers of primary schools should be persons of intelligence and education; fond

of teaching: and should not have too many children to teach, in order that proper attention might be given to each individual.

3. Education should furnish agreeable amusements, to children such as would enable them to pass their leisure time pleasantly and profitably.

4. Education should stimulate an honorable ambition to improve. Not to gain a victory at the expense of a less fortunate rival; but the prize should be placed within the reach of every one, who will use proper energy and industry to win it. Some are less favored by nature than others, and the dullest intellects, are those which require the greatest stimulants.

5. Schools of the highest order should be opened to the poorest youth; and at such times as will suit his convenience, so that poverty should be no bar to any who may feel an ambition to learn.

6. Education should cultivate the moral sensibilities, and excite an honorable ambition in the mind of youth. A desire to do right and refrain from wrong, because it is honorable and manly to do so.

"The fear O' hell's a hangman's whip,
To hand the wretch in order:
But where you feel your honor gripe,
Let that aye be your border."

There is pride enough in the heart of every boy in our community, to make a decent man of him, if it be properly directed.

7. Females should be better educated than they now are.

Women are necessarily the first teachers of children, and when ignorant and unrefined they make very bad teachers. When properly instructed they make the best instructors of young children. Where women are well educated the men who associate with them will not be ruffians.

The trite proverb so often quoted,

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

is as true now as ever it was.

No intelligent person can doubt as to the powerful influence of proper education upon the manners, feelings and character of a people.

It will perhaps be said that it is not practicable to give a good education to every child in the community, because of the great expense. Under the present abortive system we admit that it is.

But with a better system. With a system that would combine instruction with amusements.

The amusements of the people might be made to pay much of the expense of their education.

We believe that institutions might be established which would afford attractive amusements to the whole community, which would

instruct old as well as young persons, which would cultivate a taste for science, literature and arts, afford recreation for the young and keep them out of mischief, without taxing property at all.

In our next article we design to offer a plan of an institution, which we believe with proper management would bring order out of chaos, and turn the very elements of disorder, which now disgrace our city, into the means of security and protection.

RES CURIOSÆ.

— We continue our extracts from the *Esculapian Register*, in our last. As we stated a paper published in this city some thirty or forty years ago, and edited by an association of savans.

A correspondent thus gravely suggests the introduction of hogs as street scavengers:

"It is of importance to our city to derive advantage from the experience of others, in every particular in which health is concerned. I have therefore read with pleasure some remarks in the N. Y. Daily Advertiser relating to the cleaning of the streets in Boston. Now, although I adopt the sentiments therein for the most part, I cannot acquiesce fully in what is stated against the permission of hogs to run at large: because, although fully persuaded of the necessity of two-legged scavengers, with scrapers, brooms, &c., yet, as it is impossible that they can always be in every part of the city, much offal matter must necessarily be accumulating before a repetition of their visit. Unless, indeed, a sufficient number could be daily employed, the offals must either accumulate in our houses, or be thrown out into the public streets and alleys; a measure infinitely better than the first; for exposed thus to view, they are more likely to be removed by those paid for the purpose, than if left concealed in cellars to which they have not access.

During our warm months, when vegetable putrefaction almost immediately takes place, amidst the vast amount of pea-shells, melon-rinds, and other articles of like description, is it not better that we should have an intermediate description of scavengers, such as hogs, which, if not the best, at least do immense good, by speedily removing a large part of those perishable materials, which would become offensive in a few hours.

To allow an indiscriminate range of the swinish multitude, is not my wish: on no account would I permit the *males* to run abroad, for reasons that need not be pointed out: but a sow with a number of young ones, will, without any offence to our feelings, quietly pursue their way, and devour so much of this dangerous material as to leave little to be act-

ed on by the heat of the weather, and consequently diminish greatly the labor of the scavenger himself.

It is a mistake, I think, to assert that hogs do mischief, with the restriction above mentioned. Within a period of more than twenty years, I remember but two or three instances, and these probably owing to the worrying of dogs, by which they are driven to a rapid flight; for, of themselves, it is sufficiently obvious they are peaceable enough. I have heard it objected that they injure the streets by rooting up the stones; it is impossible they can do this when the stones are properly fixed; and if they occasionally detect what escapes the eyes of our street commissioners, we should rather thank them for thus pointing out the necessity of immediate repair."

This communication draws out a correspondent on the opposite side, whose article appears in the following number. He says:—

"The article which advocates the propriety of permitting hogs to run at large in our city, upon the grounds that they are good scavengers, merits a reply, and, with your permission, I will offer two or three reasons why those creatures, of neither sex, should be allowed to range the streets. They do not remove entirely the offals thrown from our kitchens. Pea-shells, one of the articles enumerated by your correspondent as a nuisance, and which they consume, is not removed by them. They chew it only, and then leave it where they found it. They breed most abundantly that terrible tormenting vermin, the *flee*,—they wallow in the gutters,—go on the pavements, rub their muddy sides against our beautiful white marble steps, not unfrequently dash against a lady who may happen to be in their way, soiling, and very often utterly ruining her dress; and worse than all, deposit unceremoniously at your very door, what is most disgusting to the eye, and offensive to the sense of smelling. These evils have been already much complained of, and are, according to my notion of decency and propriety, insufferable in a large and populous city like Philadelphia. Men are the best scavengers, they make no unseemly deposits in their walks.

It is not a fact that swine are altogether harmless. They have been known to seize upon young children with the view of devouring them; and it is not ten days since an occurrence of this sort took place in the neighborhood of Ninth street. For these reasons, Messrs. Editors, I protest against rendering our beautiful city a common sty."

We think anti-hog has the argument decidedly with him. The Editors, however, entertain somewhat different opinions, as appears from the remarks in which they indulge. Hear them:—

"Professing, as we do, in conducting the *Æsculapian Register*, to have solely in view the welfare of the community, we are no farther interested in the subject of hogs as scavengers, than we conceive warranted by facts.—Although advocating, probably, an unpopular opinion in this respect, we are not the less satisfied of the justice of those remarks in our first number, which have elicited the preceding observations. We shall merely remark as to the above, and others of a similar tendency, which we have received, that the authors argue against the use, from the abuse of the thing; and that by proper regulations as to age and sex, all the terrible expositions of the danger of hogs may be set at rest.

That hogs do not eat up *all* the offals thrown into the streets, is granted; no doubt they are epicureans in *their way*, and will, when practicable, make a selection of a *bon bouche*;—but if our correspondent had particularly observed the hogs in eating pea-shells, he would have seen that they squeezed entirely the soft and pulpy part from the inner stringy portion, and rejected only this, which is less liable than before, to fermentation and putrefaction, and consequently less injurious to the public health.

That these animals breed flees is true; but so do dogs and cats; animals more domesticated, and therefore more liable to communicate such unwelcome visitors.

We pity greatly the ladies who have been so unfortunate as to have their dresses injured by such untutored beasts; all of them have not the benefit of education, it is true,—and in this respect we must be satisfied to take them as they are, even if the washerwoman cannot retrieve their misdoings.

That they occasionally commit those indecencies noticed by our correspondent, is, alas, true! but do not horses, dogs, &c., do the same? and why, then, should *they* not be prohibited our streets and pavements? let not the hogs be enabled to say, "An Englishman may steal a horse, whilst an Irishman dare not look over the hedge."

We regret the extreme sensibility of our correspondent's olfactory nerves; but really, for ourselves, we think *no smell more nauseous, offensive and dangerous*, than that of vegetables in a state of putrescency, and which we are desirous the hogs should be permitted to devour.

As to their danger, how few instances of this can be adduced, compared with that from dogs, either from simple tearing or biting as individual, or by being the source of, numerous cases of hydrophobia? How many persons are endangered and killed by horses?—In short, how many sources are there not in every street, of danger and destruction? If limitations are put upon hogs, as to age and

sex, we will venture still to affirm, they will be very peaceable and indefatigable scavengers: and we therefore join firmly in sentiment as to their utility, with the writer of the first communication on the subject.—Ed.”

—There are many curious articles on “Vampyres,” about as big a humbug as Spiritual Rappingism, and yet fully as well backed up by evidence. A correspondent extracts much touching the subject from a work of the Rev. Aug. Calmet, entitled “Dissertations sur les apparitions des anges, des Demons et des Esprits. Et sur les Ravenus et Vampires, de Hongrie, de Boheme, de Moravie et de Sielsie.” Observe:—

“Speaking of the apparitions or ghosts which were so common formerly in Moravia, he says, ‘I was told by the late M. de Vassimont, Counsellor, &c. that having been sent into Moravia by his late royal highness, Leopold I., Duke of Lorraine, on business of his brother, Prince Charles, Bishop of Olmutz and Osnabruch, he was informed by public report that it was common in that country to see men some time deceased, appear in company, and sit down at the table with persons of their acquaintance, without speaking, but nodding to some one, who infallibly died within a few days. The fact was confirmed to him by many, and by an old curate among others, who said he had witnessed it more than once.

The bishops and priests or the country consulted Rome respecting this extraordinary fact, but no answer was returned, because it was apparently considered as the mere result of popular imagination. They afterwards concluded to disinter those who thus returned, and burn, or otherwise destroy, their bodies. After which, said the good priest, they were delivered from the importunity of these spectres, which are now much less frequent than formerly.’

“These apparitions gave rise to a little treatise entitled *Magia posthuma*, by Charles Ferdinand de Schertz. The author relates, that in a certain village, a woman dying, was buried as usual, with all the necessary rites. Four days after her death, the inhabitants heard a great noise and tumult, and saw a spectre, that appeared sometimes as a dog, sometimes as a man, not to one person, but to many, and giving them severe pain, squeezing their throats, and pressing on their stomachs nearly to suffocation. It bruised almost every part of them, and reduced them to such a state of debility, that they became pale and emaciated. It even attacked animals, the cows being found thrown down and half dead, sometimes it tied them together by their tails. They expressed the pain they felt by their bellowing. Horses were seen overpowered with fatigue, in profuse sweats, heated, out of breath, and foaming as after a long and pain-

ful race. These disasters continued several months.

The author mentioned, examined the affair as a lawyer, and reasons much respecting it, and asks, supposing these vexations and misfortunes arise from the person suspected, whether we can burn her, as is done to the bodies of other apparitions who injure the living. He relates several similar instances, and the evils ensuing. A shepherd of the village of Blow appeared for some time, and called certain persons, who died within eight days. The peasants dug up the body of the shepherd, and fastened it to the ground by driving a stake through it. In this situation the man laughed at them, and told them they were very good to give him a club to keep off the dogs. The same night he arose and frightened numbers by his appearance, strangling more than he had before done. They then delivered him over to the executioner, who placed him on a cart to carry him out of the village to burn him. The corpse screamed most furiously, shook his feet and hands as if alive, and when they thrust stakes through him again he roared loudly, and discharged large quantities of florid blood. At length they burned him, and an end was put to his appearance and his infestations.”

Monsieur Calmet's bump of marvellousness was evidently immense. We shall hereafter show other extracts from the articles on Vampires.

—An extract from the *Kentish Gazette*, of Sept. 13, 1796, is given, which speaks of British porter as a “noxious draught,” closing up with the following doggerel thereupon:

“No wonder, cries Ned, we are poisoned by beer,
If you look to the process of hops through the year,
’Tis blubber and horse-dirt that rear up the plant,
Which is brought to perfection by brimstone you'll grant.

But the brewer not finding them nauseous enough,
Adds *Cocculus, Indicus, Quassia* and *Snuff*.”

—The old Nahant Sea Serpent comes in for a notice as follows:

“Much doubt has been entertained as to the existence of the Sea Serpent, which is said to have been seen so repeatedly in our northern waters. Why this should have been the case, under the existence of such a crowd of respectable witnesses, we have to learn: and still less can we understand why the truth of those statements have been ridiculed in so extraordinary a manner. Ridicule is not always the test of truth, and perhaps the following account of a similar animal may serve to substantiate the statements thus opposed without the slightest reason:

“At a meeting of the Wernerian Natural History Society, (1808,) Mr. Peter Neill read the following account of the enormous Sea Serpent which was driven ashore on one of

the Orkney Islands a few weeks ago. The *serpens marinus magnus* of Pontoppidan has hitherto been considered as a fabulous monster, and denied a local habitation and a name, by all scientific and systematic naturalists, who have affected to pity the credulity of the good Bishop of Bergen. One of these monsters, however, has, affectually to prove its existence, been heroic enough to wreck himself on the Orkney Islands. He came ashore at Rothesholm or Rogum bay, in Stronsa, near to Shearers. It was 55 feet long; but its tail seemed to have been broken by dashing among rocks; so it is calculated to have been 60 feet in the whole. Where thickest it might equal the girth of an Orkney horse. The head was not larger than a seal's, and had two spiracles, or blow-holes. From the back hung down numerous filaments, 18 inches long, (the *mane* described by Pontoppidan,) these filaments bear the most perfect resemblance to the silk worm gut, or Indian sea-grass used in troutling.—The monster had three pair of fins, or rather paws: the first pair, five and a half feet long, with a joint at the distance of four feet from the body. Alas! a tempest beat the carcass to pieces before men and ropes could be collected, and only a fragment (about 5 feet) of the back bone, and a whole paw are preserved. M. Laing, Esq., M. P., has got these, and is to send them to our University Museum, (Edinburgh.)

Here we take our leave of the *Æsculapian Register*, until our next number.

Our Weekly Gossip.

—Philip III., King of Spain, having granted a general amnesty to a rebellious city, with some particular exceptions, a courtier informed him of the place where a gentleman was concealed, who had not been included in the amnesty. "You would have done better," said that Prince, "to have told him I was here, than to inform me where he is."

—A French author, on the *Elements of Education*, printed in 1640, says:—"I have a good opinion of a young gentleman who is careful about his mustaches. The time which he takes in combing and adjusting them is not all lost. The more attention he pays this way, the more is his heart nourished and supported with manly and heroic ideas." It appears, in fact, that the love and pride of handsome whiskers is the thing that died last in the brave men of those times. The *French Mercury* relates that "while the executioner was cutting off the hair of the Count de Bouleville, beheaded for duelling, in 1627, the Count stroked his whiskers, which were large and handsome; and the Bishop of Nan-

tes told him, 'You should think no more of this world, my son;—what! do you think of it still?'"

—Messrs. Henderson & Co., Arch and Fourth streets, have sent us "Edgar Clifton," a new, entertaining and useful story, just published by the Appletons. The author is C. A. Adams, and the work is very beautifully illustrated. Right and wrong are here fully portrayed with their opposite results. Young and old may read this story with benefit.

—Several new works await notice at our hands, among them "Calmstorm the Reformer, a Dramatic Comment," "Pleasure and Profit," a series of short stories, by Mrs. Manners, &c.

—THE TUCKER FAMILY in England had long boasted of their founder's immunity in appearing covered in the presence of the British Sovereign, when, lo! some disagreeable antiquarian, (no doubt the counterpart of the amiable Mr. J. H. Graham,) grubbed the following from the Harleian MS., No. 1160, folio 60.

"Copie of a Warrant of K. Henry VIII., whereby he gave licence to Stephen Tucker, Lamartyn, in co. Devon, gentleman, to wear his bonnet upon his head as well in his presence as elsewhere: i. e. at Divine Service, and this in respect of certayne diseases and infirmities (perhaps scald head or leprosie,) attending the said Mr. Tucker: dated 2nd July, anno regni 10. &c."

It seems as if the descendants of the above Mr. Tucker thought the warrant above mentioned to be a glorious mark of the King's favor to their ancestor and family, when really it was only a liberty procured for him, that in such places where he (as well as his superiors,) must otherwise have been uncovered, he might by wearing a bonnet or cap hide a loathesome sight.

An instance may be seen in the Harleian MS. No. 1856, of a like warrant to Bartholomew Hasketh, "because of divers infirmities in his hede."

—Beppo says:—"We are no defenders of Madame George Sand or of her doctrines; but could anything be more absurd than that a letter writer in the *N. Y. Herald* should use such language as the following in reference to perhaps the most conspicuous woman before the world. The helpless reader is informed by this fountain of knowledge, 'that George Sand (known chiefly in the United States as the writer of a notorious novel called "Consuelo,") is a woman. She dresses in man's clothes, gives herself a masculine name—George Sand—and affects to be a man, and is so in all but her sex."

This person has written a recommendatory preface to a French translation of "Uncle Tom," and this person, with his (or her) friends of similar calibre, is the only party to

receive Mrs. B. Stowe in Paris, and make a lioness of her."

— *GODBY's Lady's Book* for August, is already on our table, filled with its usual peculiar attractions.

Bizarre among the New Books.

THE AUSTRALIAN DRUOES

— We have here a most remarkable story of Australian life: full of interest, but at the same time embracing such an extraordinary woof of incident that we are inclined to consider it not altogether reliable. The author says he does not know what induced him after a long and active life, passed for the most part in laborious but pleasurable occupations, to lay down the axe for the pen, and to write an account of his life in that country. Perhaps leisure, perhaps a distaste for ennui, perhaps the garrulousness of old age, one or the other was the cause. He thinks however he was actuated by a better reason, viz., the desire to present a useful history of a settler's life and to show by his own instance "how much may be accomplished by prudence, industry and perseverance." He gives us the story from the period when he was "a sort of half-farmer," in the County of Surrey England; carries us from thence to his embarkation for Australia; and thence, through the stirring adventures which he there encounters. His capital was \$1150; to say nothing of a wife, four children, and wife's mother, feather beds, bedding, blankets, and linen in plenty. He sold his furniture or the bulk of it, being told that it would be many years before he could have a suitable place to put it in; and that the money it would bring him would be far more servicable. The advice was good, too, he found; and he was as happy for many months sitting on the stump of a tree, with his wife opposite him on another stump, as if they had reclined on "the softest sofas of London."

We give the writer's account of his arrival at Hobart Town; which occurred Feb. 3d 1817. He says:

"Hobart Town is the chief town or capital of Van Dieman's Land, at the south end of the island. The new ideas which the words 'north' and 'south' conveyed in those parts confused me at first; for, contrary to the impression which they convey in Europe, the north wind on the opposite side of the globe is the warm one, and the south the cold one.

'These warm north winds' and 'these cold south gales' sounded oddly, and it was some time before I got used to the expressions. The aspect of the new country was not encourag-

ing, and I felt a little damped at first. All the country up the river, from Storm Bay Passage to Hobart Town, had a mournful, desolate appearance. The trees had a sombre look, and the grass was a dirty brown, excepting here and there a green patch, where I was told it had been recently burnt. It looked like the close of autumn instead of the middle of summer, which it was, we arriving, as I said before, on the 3d of February, and the months of winter and summer being reversed here in this topsy-turvy place. A brown and dusky autumnal tint seemed to pervade all nature, and the place had a quiet, sleepy appearance, as if everything had been standing still and was waiting for settlers to come and improve it. Mount Wellington, as the large high mountain, about four thousand feet high, is called, at the back of the town to the left as you go up the river, had a little cap of snow on its summit, which I have observed in summer several times since, but it seldom remains more than a few hours at that season of the year. The town had a straggling, irregular appearance; a pretty good house here and there, and the intervening spaces either unbuild on, or occupied by mean little dwellings, little better than rude huts. It is to be borne in mind that I am speaking of Hobart Town as it was twenty-two years ago; since then, great changes have taken place, as will be found noted from time to time in my journal. One thing I can't help adverting to, and that is, the surprising number of dogs that kept us awake for some nights after we arrived in the town with their incessant barking. At that time every one had a kangaroo-dog who could contrive to keep one, and what with these and others, first one set up a growl, and then another caught it up, and he was of course answered from another part of the town, so that presently hundreds of dogs, watch-dogs, kangaroo-dogs, and mongrels of all sorts and sizes, all would set up such a barking and tearing, that we thought to be sure something dreadful must be the matter; that the convicts had risen, or the natives had fired the town. We wished that all the dogs had their tails stuffed down their throats, to stop their noise. But we soon got used to this, like the apprentice that was lost, and found asleep in the copper that the workmen were hammering at outside; and afterwards we found the value of the faithful and intelligent kangaroo-dogs in the wild-bush; for their vigilance saved us all from being murdered by the natives, or perhaps burned to death, as I shall have to relate in its proper place. Well, I did not care, at this time, for the statistics, as the term is, of the town or the colony; I was too much taken up with my own statistics, and with arranging to settle ourselves on our land, and get out of the town, for we soon found

that our money would melt away very fast if we staid there, and no return for it, everything being so dear. I paid 35s. per week for the wretched place that we got shelter in: as to going to an inn, of which there were one or two indifferent ones, of a public-house order, that would have been ruin indeed. Meat was 9d. and 10d. per lb: bread a little cheaper than in London: as to milk and butter, that we were obliged to go without."

The author did not like all this; and lost no time in getting ready to retire to his land in the country. He says:—

"I must own I could not help feeling strange in a new country, where everything was so different from what one had been used to at home; and the difficulty of getting a female servant, and that a convict one, to help my wife with the children and the house, trifling as it may seem to speak of, troubled her sadly. I felt very queer myself among the convicts: some with yellow jackets on, and some without, and all with a peculiar look, as it seemed to me, with hero and there gangs of a dozen or more working on the roads with chains on their legs, and making the place look, as I must confess, not very respectable. However, I had not expected to find plum-puddings growing on the trees ready baked, and beds of rose-leaves ready spread to lie on, as some did, so I plucked up heart, and set to work. My first care was to see all our goods and chattels safely landed from the ship, and properly housed in a store belonging to a merchant in the town. This I had to pay dear enough for. I was rather puzzled to know what to do with my money, in a land of convicts, where every finger was a fish-hook; but the governor allowed me to deposit it in the treasury. As it was all in dollars, the weight was pretty heavy, more than I could carry by myself; and I said jokingly to my wife that I had sometimes read of the embarrassment of riches, but that I had never felt it before. After all expenses of outfit and passage paid, I found myself in the colony with 3600 dollars in hand, being about £780 sterling, having purchased the dollars in London at four shillings and fourpence a-piece. With this sum I had to set about establishing myself in the wilderness."

We present an extract or two from the author's account of his departure for his farm:

It is more than twenty-one years since I set out on this memorable journey, but the whole scene is present to me as if it was an affair of yesterday; and I remember well my sensations at the sight of my wife perched on the top of a feather bed in a bullock-cart, with her old mother sitting beside her, and the children higgledy-piggledy about her, enjoying the novelty and the fun of being dragged by bullocks in a cart. There was something so droll in the set-out, and at the same time

the occasion was so serious, that my poor wife did not know whether to laugh or to cry: but the tumblings that the roughness of the road gave the children soon made them merry enough, and their joyous mirth set the rest of the party a-laughing, so that the journey was a merry one—in the beginning at least. The old lady sat very quietly in her place, a little frightened, but resigned to her fate. She owned, afterwards, that she never expected to get to the end of the journey alive by such an outlandish sort of conveyance, and she was like to be right in her forebodings, at one time."

On the journey he is joined by a man named Crab, who he had previously taken into his service and the whole party are finally lodged on his acres. His arrival at the settlement is thus given:—

"It was now noon. The sun was intensely hot, and we very tired, bullocks and all: but we had arrived safe, and we felt in spirits. And here we were, our little party, alone in the wilderness. To the west there was no human habitation between us and the sea: and the nearest settler's residence was not less than eighteen miles. There was pasture for sheep and cattle for scores and scores of miles, and no one to interfere with them. But I had not yet a single sheep, nor a single head of cattle, except my eight working bullocks. We turned them out to graze on the plain before us, through which ran the Clyde, then better known by the name of the Fat Doe River; we had no fear of their straying, for they were tired enough with their journey. The two men then set up the tents without bidding."

I remember I sat on a fallen tree, with my wife and children and her mother stretched on the ground in the shade, for some time absorbed in thoughts of mingled pain and pleasure. Crab had strolled into the bush. It was a brilliant day. There was a solemn stillness around that was imposing; the sun shining gloriously in the heavens, and the prospect around most calm and beautiful. I felt melancholy. Thought crowded thick upon me. I had undertaken a vast task, to establish a home in the wilderness. The first stage of my enterprise I had accomplished: through toil, and labour, and difficulty, and danger; but I had accomplished it. The first object was gained. I had reached the land of promise. I had taken possession of my land, and a noble domain it was. But what were the risks and difficulties that remained? I felt fearful at the work before me. No help near in case of danger: no medical assistance: no neighbor. I looked at my wife and children lying listlessly on the dry and parched grass; I looked around me, and tried to penetrate into the obscurity of the future and guess the end. Worn out with thought, and

weary with travel, I insensibly gave way to the feeling of lassitude which possessed us all, and fell asleep on the grass. My wife would not have me awakened, but taking on herself, without hesitation and without delay, the duties of a settler's wife, she silently gave directions for unloading the carts, and preparing our canvass house. The smaller tent she made the temporary storehouse for our multifarious goods: the larger one was converted into a general bedchamber for herself, her mother, and the children. The store tent was destined for me to sleep in. Two boxes formed a table on the outside, and fitting logs of wood formed appropriate seats. A fire was kindled near the spot, and dinner got ready. It was quite an early settler's meal: boiled salt pork and damper, with tea and brown sugar, and rice for the children. All this was prepared while I slept. I was awakened by Crab, who had been absent about a couple of hours on his exploring expedition.

"Holloa!" said he; "here's a pretty settler, to go to sleep while his wife works for him. Look here, I've got something for you."

I awoke at this, and felt quite refreshed and ready for action. Crab displayed a brace of wild ducks, which produced a general curiosity among the party. Without stopping to ask questions, Crab prepared them for the spit after his way. But spit we had none, so we contented ourselves with throwing them on the hot embers, native fashion, and hooking them out with the ramrod of one of our muskets. We distributed them among young and old in equitable proportions. I had brought up with me a five gallon cask of rum, rather in compliance with the customs of the colony than with my own inclination; but on this occasion, and to do honor to the splendour of our repast of game, I served out a moderate ration of it, much to the satisfaction of the two men, who were well pleased at the unexpected libation. We soon got very merry, and at last felt so reconciled to our new position, that I caught myself proposing three-times-three to the success of the FIRST FARM on the Fat Doe River.

And now, having rested and refreshed, we all began to bestir ourselves in earnest to our work. My eldest boy, Will, was set to watch the bullocks, to prevent their straying too far. The men busied themselves in erecting a sod hut for themselves about a hundred yards from the tents. Crab got out the grindstone, fixed it on a convenient stump of a fallen tree, and prepared the axes. My first care was to put our fire-arms in order, and handy for use. I had two muskets with bayonets, a fowling-piece, and two pair of pistols, one a large pair of horse-pistols; I had besides a yeomanry broad-sword and a hanger, so that we were tolerably well armed. Crab looked

grim at my warlike preparations.

"Ah!" said he, "a pretty way of taking possession of a farm, with guns and blunderbusses, instead of ploughs and harrows. Well, to be sure: the madness of the people to come to such a place as this to fight with the natives and the bush-rangers. However, as you are here, I suppose something must be done to get a roof over your heads. I have found some capital timber not a quarter of a mile off, that would do to build a log-house. You'll find that the best thing you can do, is to house yourself comfortably:—comfortably! yes, pretty comfort there is in the bush! we look very comfortable, don't we? all alone in the wilderness, without a soul near us to help us, and not a drop of beer to be had for love or money. Well, as you have made your bed you must lie on it. You are in for it for a while, and so I suppose you must make the best of it."

With these appropriate and gratifying observations, the cross-grained, but diligent Crab, furnished himself with the heaviest axe of the lot, and we went together, to the verge of the forest; our encampment having been formed on a piece of ground nearly clear of timber. We eyed some hard looking gum trees for a little time, pausing to select those most fit for our purpose.

"Now," said Crab, "who is to strike the first stroke?"

"That will I do," said I, and fetching a blow at a gum tree before me, struck my axe in the bark.

"Well done for a beginning," said Crab; "here goes for another."

At this he struck a sturdy blow on the other side of the tree, but without producing much impression.

"Hard stuff this," said Crab. "I'm thinking we have harder work before us than we thought for! I wonder how long it will take you and me to cut down this tree! but let us at him again."

We chopped, and chopped, and sweated, and worked till we were fairly exhausted; we made a pretty decent gap on both sides, but the tree gave no intimation of coming down.

"This will never do," said I: "there must be something wrong here: we must not be all day cutting down one tree."

"Casting my eye on the axes that lay on the ground, it occurred to me that the fault was in the tools. We had made use of heavy broad axes, which after experience taught us were quite unfit for felling timber.

"There's something wrong in these axes," says I, "let's try the axes which I bought in the camp."

They were much longer from hedge to heel, and much narrower, presenting not more than half the breadth of edge to wood. The first

cut showed their superiority.

"This is the article," said Crab, and with that he gave a flourish with his axe in the air, and shivered off a prodigious slice of the obstinate gum-tree. We went at it merrily, and presently the tree began to shiver, and suddenly it fell down with a prodigious crash to the ground.

"That's number one," said Crab, "and precious hard work it is, I must say. And this is what we have come to t'other side of the earth for! to cut down gum trees! A nice employment for middle-aged gentlemen, I must say. I'm thinking we might have had enough of this pleasure at home, without coming so far for it. However, every one to his mind. And now for the next, master.—Here is a good-looking chap; let's have a chop at him."

"Let us try the saw," said I, "its ready set, perhaps that will do it easier."

"Any way," said Crab, "so long as we are amused. I take it, in about six months at this rate, we shall be able to get timber enough for a hut. But here's a nice breeze got up. Oh, this is what they call the sea-breeze that comes in the afternoon; but sure we are too far from sea to feel it."

"Well, never mind where it comes from; it's too pleasant to be asked questions about. Upon my word, I thought it was rather warmish."

The wind now rose so as to bend the branches of the trees, and its grateful coolness was unspeakably refreshing, after the sultry heat of the day. I saw the tents agitated by it, and the loose things on the grass dancing about, and the children merrily chasing them. But I found the breeze more than pleasing: it was a useful help in felling the trees, and we quickly took advantage of it. Cutting the side of the tree next to the breeze, we found that the force of the wind saved us half our labor, for the branches being full and thick in leaf, they presented such a hold to the wind, that a slight touching of them brought them down. In this way we felled eight trees, and gave the appearance of a little clearing to that spot.

In the meantime the evening was drawing in, and the shades of night soon fell on us.—The men had raised the walls of their sod hut, and covering it over with branches of trees, they were content for the night. The bullocks showed no disposition to stray: so after seeing all things put in order, as well as the circumstances permitted, we disposed ourselves for rest. Crab insisted on keeping watch with musket and fixed bayonet: and with a cartouch box slung behind him, he made a most formidable figure.

All was still: the stars were bright in the heavens, and I could distinguish the faint

outlines of the distant hills. It was long before I could compose myself to sleep. I was full of thought and anxiety. I had everything to do; mine was really a beginning. The soil around me had not been disturbed by civilized man since its creation. The vast wilderness seemed to have received us into its ample bosom, and to have closed around us, shutting us out from all communication with humanity. We formed but a little speck on the vast space of the uninhabited country. I endeavored to picture to myself the future farms that might arise around us, and the coming of neighbors to cheer and strengthen us. But the reality was too present and too strong to admit of the consolations of imagination. I felt committed to an act of doubt and difficulty. I revolved my past life in England, and wondered how any state of misfortune could have been urgent enough to induce me to embark in so fearful an undertaking as that of a settler's life in the wilderness. But the very peril of my position served at last to nerve me up to the encounter. I felt the deep responsibility of my position as a father of a young family, and the husband of an affectionate wife, who, by my act, had been conveyed from home, from relations and from early friends, to brave the risks and adventures of a settler's life.

With the serious thoughts with which this contemplation inspired me, I lay down to rest, not without returning my grateful thanks to the Great Disposer of all events, for having arrived thus far with my family in health and safety, and entreating the Divine protection and help in my solitary encampment;—with such prayer I addressed myself to sleep to gather strength for the morrow."

We shall perhaps give a second notice of this book hereafter, when we shall resume our extracts. It is published from the English edition, and in very handsome style by Willis P. Hazard of our city.

THE BOYHOOD OF GREAT MEN

—The Harpers of New York have just published a work with this title, got up in the well-known elegant style of all their works.—It is a re-publication of an English work, and embraces matter which young people in particular may read with profit and pleasure, and which is of interest to all. Youth is truly the season of generous emotions, heroic impulses and high resolves, and reading how many distinguished characters acted in boyhood, is decidedly profitable. The author says in his collection of authors, there is hardly one instance of a man, however highly gifted, and richly endowed by nature, who has risen to a conspicuous position, and filled a large space in the public eye, without the most assiduous and diligent devotion to his chosen pursuits. Could there be finer specimens on

this point than Scott, Pope, Dr. Johnston, Canning, Webster, Wilberforce, Galileo, Newton, Franklin, Nelson, Bonaparte, Davy, Handel, Mozart, Lawrence, Wilkie, Paar, Chalmers, Cooper and Audubon? All these, and many more, form the subjects of this volume. It is handsomely illustrated.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

—This work is hastening to a conclusion,—two more numbers only remaining to be published. Since it changed proprietors, its management is, if possible, worse than before.—Lives, that should have been re-written or revised, appear as they were first published twenty years ago. For instance: the following sentiments, which were partially true in 1833, are not at all so in 1853. In the life of Governor Thomas McKean, it is said that “the extensive patronage of the Executive of Pennsylvania renders the possession of that office essential to party ascendancy, and consequently the acquisition agitates the commonwealth with the most violent party commotions.”

Every Pennsylvanian ought to know that the alterations of the constitution of Pennsylvania during the last fifteen years, have reduced the patronage of the Governor of Pennsylvania to a mere shadow of its former size. The Life of Gov. McKean does not tell the whole truth. No one would learn from reading it that after being twice chosen Governor by the Republican party, he deserted to their opponents because that party were unwilling to elect him for three years more.

We are gravely informed that Mr. McKean was twice married; once in 1762 to Miss Mary Borden, of Bordentown, and in 1774 to Miss Sarah Armitage, of New Castle, Delaware.

Very gross grammatical errors frequently occur throughout the “National” work. It must be carefully revised from a third edition before it can be pronounced a standard work for either our own citizens, or for foreigners.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

A FEW HINTS.

—The following hints to those gentlemen and ladies who have had the misfortune not to learn French, may be useful to some of the visitors at Cape May, Newport and Saratoga:

Bouquet is pronounced *boo-kay*, not *bo-kay*.

Soubriquet is pronounced *so-bree-kay*, not *sub-bree-kay*.

Quadrille is pronounced *kad-ril*, not *kwod-ril*.

And the following may be useful to sign-painters and advertisers:

Stationers sell stationery, not stationary.

Milliners sell millinery, not millinary. And carpenters make *joists*, not *joices*. In Broad street near the Ridge Road is the sign of a person who calls himself a *joice turner*.

A builder in Philadelphia being asked for the plan of a house, said, “If you will wait a few minutes I will bring you a *pomegranate* of it,” meaning to say a *programme*.

Considering that the public schools of Philadelphia cost us upwards of \$400,000 a year, it is strange that English Grammar is not taught in them. The following is a specimen of the English to be heard at every corner of our streets:—

“When did you see your brother, Tom?”

“I seen him yesterday.”

“Have you done all your work?”

“Oh, yes,—I *done* it before dinner.”

Some persons say, “I *have saw* the elephant.”

There is but one word in the English language that ends with double T; namely, the word *butt*, meaning, originally, a target: and now, metaphorically, an object of ridicule.—Therefore the auctioneers and others who advertise *setts* of chairs, *setts* of china, *setts* of books, &c., &c., for sale, are giving the type-setters unnecessary trouble.

—The citizens of Boston, twenty years ago, erected an elegant monument over the remains of Josiah and Abiah Franklin: a gentleman of the same city is about erecting a monument to the memory of their son, and Powers, the American Sculptor, is engaged on a full length statue of the Philosopher and Statesman, for some gentleman of New Orleans.

TREATY GROUND.

—The project of making a public square around Penn's Treaty Ground, in Kensington, has fallen through,—the owners asked too much money for it. It gives us pleasure to state, however, that that wealthy body, the Society of Friends, are thinking of buying it by subscription. The income of this denomination resident in Philadelphia, would make the purchase. As Penn was the most distinguished professor of the doctrines of this society, they have every motive to preserve the Treaty Ground of Shackamaxon from vulgar uses.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

—BIZARRE visited the Palace last week, but everything was in a topsy-turvy state; too much so, to talk about. We shall go again one of these days, and then we will tell our readers all we see. The building itself is beautiful: the most unique and striking we have ever seen. Did it sit upon a rise of ground by itself, and without the miserable apologies for buildings which now surround it, it would present an indescribably splendid appearance. But now—shanties and bad brandy! We have said enough.

THE HIPPODROME.

— Continues open only the present week. The attractions are very great and the enterprise thus far, has been crowned with brilliant success. Gen. Welch does things well, if he does them at all. He has at present, we may add, strong support in his advertising agent, Mr. Richard B. Jones, who, we learn, accompanies the "show" during its entire journeyings West, South and West India-ward. It will be absent for at least eighteen months, it is said; a long time to wait for those who do not visit the Hippodrome the present week.

BUSINESS MEMS.

— COL. MAURICE, our enterprising stationer friend, at 123 Chestnut street, continues to enjoy the best patronage of the mercantile class, and to deserve it moreover. The blank-books he has placed in the Crystal Palace, New York, attract great attention.

— Fry 227 Arch street has a display of Tonbridge-Wells ware in the Crystal Palace. He is rapidly preparing to go into his new store, opposite his present stand.

— Mason removes the present week from his old stand No. 48, to his new one 204 Chestnut above Eighth.

— Simes' Hock and Soda, they say, is very good, medicinally. Simes keeps the best of syrups—His fountains too produce about the most aerated water we have drank.

FORTY-FIRST TRADE SALE.

— Our friends, Messrs. Thomas & Sons, are preparing a catalogue of their forty-first Trade Sale of Books, Stationery, &c., and it will be issued in the course of a few days.—The sale, as will be seen by advertisement in our pages, commences August 22nd, and continues until September 3d. It will take place in the superb brown-stone building, just erected in Fourth street, by Messrs T. & Sons; a large hall, 52 feet wide and 150 deep, having been set apart for the purpose. The invoices embrace most valuable lists, and the sale will unquestionably be the largest and most brilliant we have ever had in Philadelphia. The invoices have steadily increased in amount since Messrs. T. & Sons commenced their Trade Sales. Evidences of this may at once be gathered from the fact that they in the outset only averaged about \$75,000, while the sale soon to be held, will reach the immense sum of \$250,000.

THE OPERA.

— At Castle Garden, New York, is truly grand. We have never had anything in this country to surpass it. Steffenone however, creates quite as much excitement as Sontag. She never sang half so well. The Countess

must look to her laurels. Steffenone rolls out an unbroken succession of pure rich notes; the Countess is necessarily obliged to hop over bare spots now and then as she ascends or descends the scale. Still Sontag is decidedly the greatest *artiste* who has ever visited us.

PROFESSOR FERRADAY.

— Of London, says that table-moving is the result of involuntary muscular contraction: and the English papers, and editors who toady everything English in the United States, are making a great fuss about it. Dr. Samuel Jackson of this city, discovered the secret many months ago, and so stated to his class, it is said; therefore all the noise about Faraday is ridiculous.

ILLUSTRATED RECORD.

— We have received the first issue of the *Illustrated Record*, published by G. P. Putnam & Co., at the Crystal Palace New York. It embraces two numbers in one, and is an honour to the country as a work of art. The typography is beautiful, the illustrations are executed in faultless style, the paper is white and fine, and the matter is admirably conceived and expressed. A number, we learn, is to be issued every week during the continuation of the Exhibition. The directors could not have put their organ into better hands than those of Messrs Putnam & Co.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

— MESSRS GETZ & BUCK, No. 4 Hart's Buildings Sixth above Chestnut, have just issued a new edition of "Charcoal Sketches" from the pen of the late Joseph C. Neal. It is got out in beautiful style, and cannot fail to excite a new demand for a work which has already commanded an extensive sale, and which is really one of the cleverest things of its kind in the language. The various sketches are perfect pictures of life. It should be added that the book is handsomely illustrated.

THE ACADEMY OF ARTS.

— Our critical reviewer of the pictures lately exposed at the Academy of Fine Arts will pardon us for not inserting his second paper. A great press of copy having prior claims has excluded the article so long that, by the closing of the exhibition, it has at length lost its interest. We hope to receive the profit of our critic's discriminating taste at the next exposition.

KRAWFISH.

— A number of *watch cases* are every morning brought to the shop at the corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, to be mended; very few of them are true metal, and in most of them the *guilt* can be detected without any acid.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1853.

THE ROMANCE OF TOIL.

AN ORIGINAL CITY SKETCH.

At the back of a house in W—street, wherein once lived the individual who now has the audacity to wield the little feathered engine whose countless, multiplied scratchings have so wonderfully influenced the fortunes of mankind—there stood, and probably still stands for aught she knows to the contrary, three wretched looking, tumble-down houses, of irregular height and width, which have more than once claimed a share of her attention, when, during her not often recurring hours of idleness, she has been sitting unemployed at an open window of her dining-room. To speak in my own person, I know not if these queer looking structures possessed any remarkable character of their own, or in what respect they differed from other half decayed masses of brick and mortar, but I had always found a singular attraction about them, and from a constant habit of turning my eyes in their direction whenever I occupied my favorite seat at the window, had insensibly learned to take considerable interest both in them and their inhabitants. From my earliest youth I have always had an eye for the picturesque, and perhaps there was something of that character about these dilapidated mansions. They ran parallel to the garden wall of the house in which I lived; and the one nearest my own dwelling appeared to be more at the mercy of the wind and rain than its fellows, for its variously-sized windows could scarcely boast an entire pane of glass among them; sorry looking substitutes of rags and hat-crowns protruding in their stead, while their ill-hung Venitian shutters flapped idly in the wind as if like the stars in the Milesian ditty, "they had nothing else to do." From a plentiful besprinkling of vitrified brick upon their discolored surfaces, they had evidently been built with some pretension to ornament, and many years ago had no doubt occupied what was then considered a prominent situation in a respectable street, their honest builder little supposing that their degenerate walls would serve to shelter the very humble inhabitants whose movements should fall under the frequent inspection of an obscure individual like myself.

Over the little sheds, or "leans to" as they are sometimes graphically termed, which

projected from the back of each of these quaint looking buildings, might be seen a coarse deal-box, filled with earth and containing some precious plant, a bright-flowered geranium or even a rose, the cherished memento of some tenderly beloved friend, a relation whose memory was still fondly preserved in those delicate buds and blossoms—at least so I was wont to fancy, loving to trace, as it were, a fine thread of gold running across the rough-woofed natures of their humble possessors; like those springs of crystal clearness that wander sparkling among sand and stones, looking all the brighter for the rude bed over which they glide. I have often thought as I have observed many little acts of kindness and affection among the lowly inhabitants of these old houses, their patient industry, their daily struggle with the debasing influence of poverty, that we take too little heed of their class, and are too apt to let our disgust at their coarseness, blind us to many gentle traits that ought to claim our sympathy. In confirmation of what my imagination suggested, I afterward frequently observed an old white-haired man, owning such a face as Cruikshanks alone could have done justice to, one-eyed, knotty, hard and grim; one of whose chief occupations seemed to be the careful preservation and tender nursing of some of the delicate floral embellishments to which I have alluded.

I knew from his peculiar rolling gate and inordinate love of tobacco that he must have been a sailor, besides other unmistakable indications; for instance, from out the tiny enclosure at the back of the house which had been, no doubt, originally intended to represent a garden, there rose a tall white painted pole, on the top of which, stood a miniature frigate, evidently the result of his own ingenuity—doing duty as a weather-cock, and which, as it vered about at the mercy of wind and rain, served not inaptly in his imagination, to represent the fierce struggles with the elements of some noble Seventy-four, on board of which he had bravely hazarded both life and limb for many a year. No doubt as he sat gazing up with evident admiration at this by no means contemptible proof of his genius for ship building, his busy fancy peopled its deck with many a Tom Bowline and Jack Grammet, whose hearty cheer and vociferous oath, seemed once more to ring in his ear amid the war of the storm and the crash of falling masts until his dim eye brightened, and his old heart throbbed at the bare recollection of those busy stirring scenes, where life seemed only prized as a means of incurring danger.

Well, I have seen this rough old son of ocean, in whom few but myself would have discovered a love for anything beyond his tobacco-box, busy himself with the most

woman-like tenderness among his geraniums and roses, watering them, carefully removing the dead leaves and wood from about them, propping their drooping buds and branches, placing them where in some favored spot the sun shone brightest, and then while his hands were employed, perhaps, converting a morsel of wood into a miniature jollyboat, seat himself near them and gaze from time to time upon them with his harsh features strangely softened; perhaps by some mental association of their delicate beauty with the daughter to whom they had once belonged. If his poor Sally had lived, he would not have been left so desolate in his old age. How he missed the slight form that he used to see day after day with the eternal "stitch, stitch, stitch," and the pale smiling face that would look up so cheerfully whenever he entered the room. How glad would he be to have her back again, to hear the monotonous needle, and even the dry, short cough, that at length took her away from him forever. He had gathered together some trifles that had once belonged to her, things he had himself given to her, sea-weed, shells and a little ivory needle case that he had brought from China, and placed them all carefully away in the same old chest that in her girlish days she had so loved to "overhaul," as he would have expressed it, whenever he returned from those long, long voyages. These and the flowers, the geraniums and roses, which she seemed to have loved as if they had been children and which he would watch over until they too died—were all that were left of his kind-hearted daughter Sally.

To the industrious inhabitant of the third and last house, I found it difficult to assign any particular train of thought or under current of sentiment. The poor fellow was a tailor, and see him when I would, I was sure to find him in that crouching position of the limbs, which, contracting his feeble looking figure as it did, might truly be said to reduce him to the small modicum of manhood usually assigned to men of his sedentary and much abused profession. I could learn nothing from his face, since I never saw anything but a very fallow profile generally exhibiting an unshorn chin and dark neglected looking hair, covering a head that faithfully repeated the jerk of his hand, whenever he drew out his needle. If he changed his position at all, he only did so, to bestow a little more wax upon his thread, or to receive the hot goose from the hands of his white-haired apprentice: but never by any accident chanced to turn his face towards the open window, as if he feared the allurements of the fresh air that occasionally fluttered the remnants of cloth that lay on the board near him. I never discovered that he had any family; not even as much as a baby's nightcap gracing the line that once a

week betrayed the poverty of his own wardrobe, and that of the slipshod damsel who once a week submitted his red flannel and check to the cleansing influence of soap and water. And yet there must have been some one dearer than himself for whom he labored so unceasingly—some bed-ridden father or mother perhaps, who, while enjoying their scanty comforts, little knew at what a sacrifice they were obtained. No flowers were ever seen blooming in his industrious neighborhood, unless a rather vigorous looking houseleek that flourished in a highly glazed brown bowl—probably the property of the above-mentioned damsel—might be called so: and this valued only on account of its medicinal qualities. The only thing that at all encouraged the idea of healthful, cheerful existence about the humble dwelling of the poor tailor, was a little, frisking, jetblack kitten, that would sometimes sit upon his window sill, blinking its bright green eyes, with its velvet paws tucked comfortably under its sleek fur, now snapping indolently at some inquisitive fly, as if for pastime, now rubbing itself with affectionate solicitude against the thin shoulders of its toiling master who never by any accident, appeared to observe the little animal's enticing endearments, by even so much as a hastily bestowed pat of the hand, or by anything that could withdraw his attention from his monotonous task; so that the life-full young creature, as if inspired with a desire to awaken his attention in some way, would, with her glossy black fur suddenly enlarged by some nervous influence, spring from the window, dart across the shed, and be half way up the old sailor's white pole and down again, in less time than it would have taken her master to draw out his needle. It was a hopeless task with the help of all my strongest powers of imagination to weave anything that bore the most distant resemblance to interest in connection with the poor young tailor, whom I could only regard as a living monument of commendable industry and perseverance, deserving of the highest reward.

I have merely described the first of these houses as being in a worse condition than its fellows, without making any allusion to its much exposed inhabitants,—who for that very reason should have been the first to claim my attention and sympathy—because in them really lay my chief interest, which of course I reserved as a kind of "bonne-bouche" for my curious readers.

Now in this most forlorn and uninviting of tenements, there lived—as my continual system of espionage soon discovered, a young girl and her widowed mother, to whose abject poverty, was added the bitterness of bodily suffering, which, at times, evidently became so great, as to incapacitate her for the

use of her needle, by the exercise of which she alone obtained the bare necessities of life. Poor creatures, what a home was that to comfort age and sickness, to foster the gentle affections, to cherish the bright and happy hopes of a young girl of eighteen! In summer poisoned by a close impure atmosphere: in winter, bare floor, bare walls and an almost fireless hearth. And yet, I have many a time seen the poor young thing move about the room with a brisk and cheerful air, broom in hand, dust the scanty furniture, such as it was, and having carefully repaired the disorder of the day before, approach the window with a smile upon her face, and sit down to her daily task, apparently as fresh and gay as if no anxious thought, no hidden sorrow, no sickening sense of grinding poverty were always gnawing at her heart. Nay I have known her to sing with a pleasant little voice as she bent above her endless labours, some pretty air of a lively character, whose words perhaps, spoke of such happiness as she might only fancy in her dreams; so hard is it while life and strength remain, to repress the bright, hoping disposition of the young. She was quite pretty too, at least she had that kind of fair delicate appearance that made you wish when you looked at her, that you could transport her to some cheerful home where her young mind would have room for healthful action: where she might be surrounded by warm and loving hearts, whose earnest care would be to shield her from rude contact with a hard, unfeeling world. Her small head was set so neatly on her well-turned throat—whose whiteness might have been the envy of many a well-born damsel—the soft braids of her dark hair lay so smoothly on her fair forehead, and then all her actions were so full of that unconscious grace we so often observe in little children. I have often wished when looking at her drooping figure and fine profile relieved against the dark background of the lowly apartment, that Heaven had but blessed me with the power of perpetuating so fair a picture upon canvass. Had this young creature then, no one to care for her save her mother? was there not one in the wide world beside to love her for her quiet virtues, her patient industry, her filial affection? Not one I feared,—not one form beside their own, ever crossed their little apartment; no friendly face ever brightened their window. There she sat, from hour to hour, from day to day, bending over her needle, her mother near her, equally industrious, though pausing oftener, sometimes no doubt from weariness, sometimes, to gaze thoughtfully upon her, and, as I fancied, with an expression full of painful anxiety, feeling perhaps that she, the faithful mother, must soon be taken from her child, and wishing as I felt that Heaven would send some warm

and friendly heart to take her place when she should be gone forever from her side. Poor young thing, no dull thought like this ever appeared to weigh upon her spirit: the quiet hope that had always given her strength, was with her still, nor did she seem to observe the mysterious change which the poor woman herself felt was gradually taking place. No, the same little snatches of song would occasionally, as usual, come in with the breeze to my window, and once I remember—and it was not far from the time when I saw her no more—she put down her work and leaned out of the window to tie beneath it some morning-glories, that in their bountiful luxuriance, seemed to have wandered there on purpose to give her pleasure,—her whole manner was particularly careless and gay, and I could almost hear the words of the merry song she was carolling apparently from very lightness of heart. Perhaps some pleasant association, awakened by the graceful beauty of the vine before her, lent this unusual gaiety some bright recollection of a happier time—for better days they surely *must* have seen—some fair vision of another home nestled among rustling, healthful trees, the angles of whose rustic porch were rounded by just such fair morning-glories as those, whose windows looked far over a lovely, rolling country, broad fields of waving grain and verdant sunlit slopes, where every breath of air came scented of new-mown hay. All this, the weaving of my lively imagination, was as far from the truth perhaps, as might be, nevertheless, it pleased my fancy to indulge in these pleasant little visions, nor did I wish to be undeceived with regard to them.

For five or six weeks, being absent from the city, I of course lost sight of my interesting neighbors, nor on my return did I find them at their usual place beside the window, once only observing the mother, whom I had seldom seen rise from her chair without her daughter's ever ready support—moving about the room, but feebly indeed, and yet as if some, to me, unknown cause had given her new strength, although her wasted figure appeared if possible, more attenuated, and her hollow cheek wonderfully pale. Two or three more weeks passed, but still my industrious young workwoman did not make her appearance. The window was vacant,—I could not hear the fresh young voice—I missed the pretty outline there. The morning glories missed her too, for during my absence they had hung themselves all about the window and were fairly peeping in, as it seemed, to look after their absent young mistress. What could have become of her!

The busy tailor still occupied his accustomed post, jerked his head and threaded his needle with his usual perseverance; his premises wearing their every day aspect. If

we except the addition of an almanac pinned to the window-frame and a bunch of red roses gracing a tumbler that rested on his cutting board. The old sailor too, still came out upon the "lean to" to rest in the sun, busied himself as of old, among his plants, and continued to indulge in his favorite amusement of boat-building. The little black kitten however, with its additional six weeks of life and experience, seemed to have lost its former fondness for rapid feats of agility, and to have grown into a sober-minded, reflecting and well disposed cat.

The window of my pretty neighbor was the only one that no longer contained its active, living picture.

When I chanced to seat myself in the dining-room with my work-basket and family stockings, I involuntarily glanced towards the gloomy little house with those vine-bound, dusty shutters, but there I never saw her again. Once, for a whole day the shutters were closed, and the poor morning-glories, her cherished pets as I thought them, torn from their support, were hanging all faded and broken from the wall.

One night—it makes me sad even now to recall it—my daughter, for I too had a dearly beloved child, to whom my whole heart was given with the warmest affection—had gone to the house of a friend to meet some of her young companions, with a maiden aunt, and I, having recovered from a severe headache which had prevented my accompanying them, was awaiting their return. It was a most lovely night in June. Myriads of stars glittered like polished steel upon their dark background, a gentle breeze fluttered the leaves of the plants in my garden and brought their fragrant breath to the window at which I was seated. A purer, calmer night I had never known, and thoroughly to enjoy its dreamy, soothing influence, I had put out my lamp and lay back in my comfortable chair, allowing my mind to indulge in all manner of pleasant speculations, whether grave or gay. I must have sat in this indolent "far-niente" mood for upwards of an hour, with scarcely a sound interrupting the perfect stillness, except the monotonous ticking of the clock upon the mantelpiece, and the ceaseless murmur of insect voices from the garden, when my attention was suddenly and painfully awakened by a prolonged and fearful moan issuing apparently from the young seamstress's room, wherein a dim light had for some time been burning. It is impossible to describe the singularly startling, nay, horrifying effect, of this, at all times painful evidence of human suffering; but now doubly fearful, from its sudden interruption of a happy train of reflections, wherein half-formed plans for the welfare of my absent child, played a conspicuous part. Another and another follow-

ed. I leaned from my window and fastened my eyes upon theirs. I could distinguish but little—the shadows of three figures, one of which appeared to be stooping, were thrown upon the whitewashed wall of the confined apartment, and that was all—alas, some one must be ill, very ill. Could it be the poor young thing whose presence and cheerful voice I had missed for so long a time as almost to have forgotten her? It must be so, and the reflection gave me a strange feeling of self-reproach. In that dull corner of their miserable chamber, beneath the three human shadows, she then perhaps lay dying! Good God how terrible was this! and I sat there painfully aware of her sufferings and of the deep grief of those who watched beside her, and yet could do nothing. Again those terrible sounds, louder, longer and more frequent. The shadows moved away,—the figure of a man—no doubt her physician—passed the window bearing the lamp whose feeble rays shone upon his bent figure and thin white hair. I strained my ears to listen. I heard the old man's voice in sad and pitying tones, and then a half-stifled, choking sob, wrung from the desolate heart of the poor mother. I raised my eyes to the cold glittering stars—"Help them, Oh Lord!" I almost cried aloud, my heart swelling with earnest sympathy—"Help them, Oh Lord! in this their hour of need; thou only canst!"

Time passed, while I sat there alone, listening with tearful eyes. Fainter and fainter came the fluttering breath—another hour went by—the stars looked down still glittering and cold, the breeze still murmured among the plants, the insects chirped in the grass, the clock ticked upon the mantelpiece—but all was hushed in the young seamstress's chamber, and no one knew save myself and those who watched so silently within, that from those humble walls, a human soul had just passed forth forever!

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH SIXTH.

Physical Divisions of Georgia—The first of these—Its Importance—Present Appearance—Resources—Island Retreats—Impressions formed upon the Minds of the First Settlers.

The haughtiest breast its wish might touch,
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To Nature and to me so dear.—Byron.

Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between;
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song
That soars on morning's wings your vales among.
Coleridge.

Tacitus, in presenting us with the appearance of Germany, in accordance with the

usual aptitude of expression and brevity, remarks:—"Terra etsi aliquanto specie differt in universum tamen aut silvis horrida aut paludibus fœda: humidior, qua Gallias: ventosior, qua Noricum ac Pannoniam aspicit: satius ferax: frugiferarum arborum impatiens pecorum secunda, sed plerumque improcera."

—By this striking generalization, and condensation of presentation, we have at once a bird's eye view of the entire country; meagre it is true—yet sufficient to enable us intelligently to follow him as he proceeds in unfolding the peculiarities of each part. In pursuance of his plan we may remark, that the State of Georgia very naturally admits of four grand divisions in her physical Geography. The first section embraces the sea-coast with rich tide-swamp lands, luxuriant forests, and the various islands which form an unbroken chain along the shore.

The second includes that tract of Country usually denominated the Pine-barren. The third, Middle Georgia, with its red-clay hills and pretty villages: while the fourth division introduces us at once amid the most charming scenery, embracing richly-wooded mountains, quiet valleys, gold mines, and the head waters of those numerous streams which irrigate the State. Of these in their order. The sea-coast forms at once one of the most interesting and important portion of Georgia. Combining the advantages of foreign commerce with the abundant trade from the interior, the large and principal depots must necessarily be here established. Extended rail-roads permeating the length and breadth of the State, must here find a terminus; while the broad waters of the Atlantic washing the shores, receive products of inland labor, and upon their friendly bosom bear the freighted bark to all parts of the world. Hence we find a Savannah with wharves and river filled with vessels from every quarter of the globe,—the Dutch and English, Russian and Danish flags floating side by side—while the French and Spanish sailors are ever engaged in an inter-change of their strange fargon. This is also a distributing as well as a receiving region. Foreign goods arriving are immediately conveyed by the iron-horse to the localities whence he, so recently brought the cotton-bale, while the steamboat and coasting vessels receiving the cargoes, deposit them, secundum notam, all along the coast, and up numerous rivers and arms of sea which will permit an entrance. In this respect then our first division assumes an air of an uncommon commercial importance. Again: the productions of this region are peculiar and of great value. Thus, for example—the Sea Island Cotton, universally esteemed the most valuable, can only be planted and cultivated with success in a tract of country running parallel with the coast, not wider than twenty-five or thirty miles, and flourishes with peculiar ex-

cellency on the Islands. This kind of Cotton will generally command at least three times the price paid for the Up-land. The superiority of the former, consists in its long silk-like staple, which can be applied to the manufacture of much finer and more beautiful articles than the latter. The peculiarities of each, their modes of culture, and preparation for market will form perhaps the burden of some future sketch. Here also we find those extensive rice-plantations, with their mills, threshing machines, large fields—carefully guarded by heavy dams against freshets—with their trunks for admitting the water when necessary and over-flowing the entire crop—with their squares regularly laid out—ditched and levelled in surface, as evenly as a table with their well filled barn-yards, &c. These river lands can be cultivated with greater probability of success, (provided they are at first placed in good order and under control,) than the island swamps; and this for several reasons. Imprimis:—the supply of fresh water is more constant, and far less dependant upon casual showers. Again, the river forming a large drain in case of a sudden freshet, carries off the water rapidly. On the contrary, however, in swamps you cannot generally command a back-water in a dry season sufficient to enable you to flow your fields when they most need it: and then, not unfrequently a deluge of rain in Autumn, will glut the swamp for miles, and the torrent disregarding your side-canal pouring down the channel, over-leaps the cross-dams, washing the grain from the stacks if it be cut, and if still standing, damaging it to such an extent, that the remaining portion uninjured will hardly repay the trouble of reaping. Here too we behold the beautiful sugar cane with its tall form and dark green leaves, its top gracefully bending beneath the evening breeze with rustling accent, and its stalks variegated with purple, green and yellow stripes. Here also are the deep forests and tangled swamps, where nature yet remains in her primeval robes of beauty, the symmetrical Cypress and the reverend figure of the Live Oak. Probably the largest plantations in the State, will be seen upon examination to lie in this section. The character of the soil, the nature of the climate and the peculiar requisites necessary for the successful operation of these rice and cotton places, all demand large numbers of Negroes. In Southern Georgia the society has ever been regarded of the first order. The gentlemen being usually men of much leisure are generally well educated, polished in their manners, informed upon all topics of interest, independent thinkers and actors, and universally hospitable. "Honor and the ladies" is the motto, which they wear within the left breast. There is here a refinement of feeling and sentiment, a graceful dignity of deport-

ment, a gentleness of manner a superior cultivation of the heart as well as of the head and the fingers, which add a thousand charms to the already fair forms of the gentler sex. Nature and careful training have done much for them, and an influence almost unbounded is that which they exert.

It is the established custom of the inhabitants to spend only the winter months upon these rice and cotton plantations, which are located on or near a swamp, and to remove from them in summer. Many seek refuge from the malaria arising during the warm weather from stagnant pools and these deep swamps, by frequenting the Islands; others visit the mountains, others still prefer the dry and sandy soil of the pine-barren, while not a few spend the most oppressive months in some pleasure excursion to the fashionable watering places of the north. The Island retreats are truly delightful. The cool sea-breezes essentially modify the intensity of the vertical rays of a summer's sun, the ocean abound in attractions affording every facility for bathing, fishing, sailing, while the woods are filled with deer, turkeys, squirrels and game of various kinds. These Islands are but the continuation of a chain, extending from the coast of Virginia to the Southern extremity of Florida. They are usually divided or separated from each other by sounds, into which the rivers disembogue themselves. The views here presented, although possessed of no very remarkable or striking features are still interesting and pleasing. There is the far-reaching beach with its pure white sand, upon which the waves of the ocean are ever breaking, with ceaseless roar, coursing along the bars, and crowning them with snowy foam. How soul stirring thus to stand upon its very brink to cast the eye over this wide expanse of waters, and feast upon those grand emotions of majesty and sublimity suggested by its presence. Conceptions of boundless grandeur are there formed and enjoyed in the inmost recesses of the soul, which cannot elsewhere be gathered, and which to be realized in all their power, must be received immediately from their mighty originator.

"Thou boundless, shining, glorious Sea!
With ecstasy I gaze on thee;
And, as I gaze, thy billowy roll,
Wakes the deep feelings of my soul!"

There the extensive marsh unfolds its green bosom, now refreshed and invigorated with the flood tide, as impelled by the sea-breeze it flows in, covering shell-banks and the tall verdant grass; there are the proud forms of the Live Oak and the Palmetto, towering far above the thick growth which borders the shore, not unfrequently throwing out their branches so far, that they are washed by the briny wave as it dashes upon the

brink. When a full tide has covered these marshes, surrounding the small islands which are interspersed here and there, covered with dense foliage, where the live-oak and laurels over-hanging the waters are thickly sprinkled with white cranes, blue herons, and pink spoonbills, when the mild air of a summer's evening blows softly over the sea and island, cooling the cheek of the observer as he contemplates the scene—when the note of the song bird is heard cheerfully caroling its last lays to the setting sun, you are forcible impressed with the appearance of composure, and calm enjoyment which seems to pervade the inhabitants of Nature. You would fain linger watching the sea-birds, as forsaking their fishing grounds in quiet flight they seek their resting places for the night, viewing the last rays of the sun as they play for a moment upon the bosom of the deep, gilding each ripple with a thousand golden hues, and then forsaking the earth linger in beauty amid the fleecy clouds, marking the almost imperceptible advances of evening, as Nature draws the curtains of night closely and still more closely around her, until naught is heard save the plunge of some fish, or the merry chirp, of the cricket, naught seen, save the dim shadows of the trees upon the tide and the varied outlines of the forests against the sky.

"Now comes still evening on, and twilight grey
Has in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanies; for beasts and birds,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Are sunk, all but the woeful Nightingale."

The star is twinkling in the blue wave, the falling dews "with spangles deck the glade," and home-ward you wend your way, indulging in those pleasant reveries so naturally suggested by the circumstances of time and place.

The emotions experienced by the early colonists as they first beheld these shores, must have been at once peculiar and novel. Coming as they did from the cultivated vallies and small farms of England, where a person's liberty was in a great measure confined by the limits of the manor, where his eye scarcely ever rested upon any forest, save the parks of the nobles, where the freedom and wildness of nature had been entirely exchanged for the terraced garden, cultivated, field and artificial lake; with what feelings of wonder and curiosity must they have surveyed every object, as their ships neared these low-lying shores. The trees appeared to have no paragons. Luxuriant vines as they clambered up the lofty cedars, formed graceful festoons, and the surge of the ocean as it lazily rolled upon the shore, with the winds of summer, dashed its spray upon their purple clusters." Everything wore an appearance of freshness and beauty. The air agitated by pure and gentle

breezes floated around the ships, burdened with the balmy sweetneets of orange-blossoms, bay-bud, jessamin, and those countless wild flowers which as gems of beauty and redolent of the sweetest perfume, bedecked the forests. The sea seen in the magnificence of repose, filled with these islands completely covered with the luxuriance of primeval forests, and expanding in transparency from head-land to head-land, bespoke a serenity before unsurpassed. Nature reigned supreme, and her voice alone was heard, save when the dip of the paddle from that swiftly gliding canoe, ruffled the placid waters for a moment, or the Indian note of triumph resounded, as his winged arrow pierced the side of some panting deer, or his barbed point was securely fastened in the back of a "scaly monster of the briny deep." Nor would the wild scream of the eagle quiver through the air, as stooping from his aerial height, he pounces upon an unlucky fish-hawk, and bears off in delight the trophy of the contest. Now the heavy plunge of the alligator strikes upon the ear as disturbed in his mid-day siesta, he lazily rolls from some mud-flat into the water: again the merry leap of the fish, the calls and answers of the numerous varieties of seabird, as they congregate in flocks around oyster-banks in quest of muscles, shrimps, and minnows, and the snort of the porpoise as for a moment he raises to the surface, and then with renewed energy pursues his game all these in turn attracted the attention of the ear, and the eye, presenting objects of novelty and interest. Although many of the forest trees have been destroyed, and the cotton field now appears with its green stalks and bright yellow blossoms were formerly grew the cedar and the oak: still not a few, yet remain preserving the features of by-gone days, while the sea and its inmates are the same as when the eye of the European was first directed to these shores. The social intercourse between families at these summer retreats, is of a most delightful character. The evening walk, the merry ride, the pleasant sail, the friendly tea-party—all in turn engage the moments as they swiftly fly. Fruits of the finest quality flourish here. "The fragrant orange with its bright golden rind," contrasts beautifully with the dark green foliage of the tree. The purple, blue, and yellow figs are here found in proximity to the pomegranate, with its scarlet grains, the melon with its crimson core, while the peaches

"Glow with sunny dyes,
Like maidens' cheeks when blushes rise."

The summer retreats abound in fruits, but generally the best flower gardens are found at the winter residences. Much care is bestowed and quite a rivalry exists among the ladies each, one desiring to have the prettiest

flower-garden. Many of them are indeed filled with beautiful varieties, and are cultivated with great care. This is peculiarly a lady's province. Theirs is the office to encourage the graces and embellishments of the household, to plan and execute a thousand such little improvements, which tend so largely to the promotion of domestic enjoyment, and cause so wide a difference between the home of the *husband* and the *bachelor*. An additional air of refinement and of comfort, seems to dwell at that residence with its lawn and enclosure.

Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations, shower their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light;
And varied tulips show so dashing gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.

Probably this first division of Georgia, embraces more wealth, and greater intelligence in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than any of the other three. But more of this hereafter.

RES CURIOSÆ.

We continue our *Æsculapian* researches the present week, satisfied that they cannot but prove as interesting to the reader as they have to ourselves.

THE GLOW WORM.

Mr. John Murray in a communication made to the Royal Society on the luminous matter of the glow worm, states some curious facts as the result of his own observations and experiments. He shows that this light is not connected with respiration or derived from Solar light; that it is not affected by cold nor by magnetism, nor by submersion in water.

Trials of submersion in water in various temperatures, and in oxygen are detailed. When a glow worm was immersed in carbonic gas, it died shining brilliantly; in hydrogen it continued to shine and did not seem to suffer. Mr. Murray infers that the luminousness is independent not only of respiration, but of the solar rays.

The luminous matter, in a detached state, was also subjected to various experiments, from which it appears to be a gummy albuminous substance, mixed with muriate of soda, and sulphate of alumine and potash, and to be composed of spherules. The light is considered permanent, its eclipses being caused by an opaque medium.

APOTHECARY.

In the Biography of the Rev. Dr. Parr, *Univ. Mag.* 7. p. 298, we have the following observation on the above name:

"The father of Dr. Parr was also an apothecary, or keeper of a shop; for this is the

real meaning of the word which is derived from *apotheké*, the Greek word for a shop. In our country we apply the term apothecary only to those shop-keepers who keep medicinal drugs in their shops; but the very same Greek word, which gave us the name of apothecary, has given to the French the name of *boutiquier*, or shop-keeper in general. Thus, as is common with them, they struck off the *a* in *apotheké*, and the word became *potheke*. The letter *p*, being of the same order with the letter *b*, was changed into *b*, and the word became *botheke*. But the French, as we all know, cannot pronounce our *th*, or the Greek *Theta*; hence they transformed the word into *boteke*, vulgarly spelt *boutique*, their name for shop, whence came *boutiquier*, their name for shop-keeper: and they think it a fine piece of raiillery to call us a *nation boutiquiere*, or a nation of shop-keepers."

VAMPIRES.

We continue our extracts touching Vampyres. An old writer very gravely says:—

"In proceedings against the bodies of Vampyres, all the forms of justice are maintained: witnesses are cited and heard: opinions are weighed, and the dis-interred bodies are examined, to see if the ordinary marks of Vampirism are present, to enable a judgment to be made, if they are those that molest the living. These marks are mobility, and suppleness of the limbs, fluidity of the blood, and incorruption of the flesh. If such marks are discovered, the bodies are delivered to the executioner to be burned. It sometimes happens, that the spectres still appear for three or four days after the execution. Sometimes the burial of the body is delayed for six or seven weeks, when suspected. If they do not putrify, and their limbs continue supple and moveable as when alive, they are then burned. We are assured as a fact, that the clothes of these persons move, without any one touching them: and not long since, at Olmutz, continues the same author, was seen a spectre, who threw stones, and gave much trouble to the inhabitants.

We come now to some details of the Hungarian Vampyres, who sucked the blood of the living,—as detailed by Calmet.

It is now about fifteen years, that a soldier being billeted with a peasant on the frontiers of Hungary, whilst sitting at table with his host saw an unknown person enter, who took a seat beside them. The master of the house was much frightened, as well as the rest of the company. The soldier could comprehend nothing of the matter, but the master of the house dying the next day, he made himself acquainted with it. He was told it was the father of his host, who had been dead more than ten years, who had thus seated himself

beside him, and had announced and caused his death.

The soldier immediately informed the regiment, who mentioned it to the officers. These gave commission to the Count de Cabrerias, Captain of an Infantry corps, to inquire into the affair. Having, with other officers, visited the place, accompanied by a surgeon and an auditor, they took the depositions of all belonging to the house, who attested uniformly, that the spectre was father to the master of the house, and that all the soldier had related, was strictly true. The same was affirmed by all the inhabitants of the village.

In consequence of this, they dug up the body, and found it like that of a man just dead, and his blood like that of a living person. The Count ordered his head to be cut off, and he was then buried again. He also received information of other apparitions, one of which was that of a man more than thirty years deceased, who had thrice returned to his house at meal time, had sucked the blood, the first time from the neck of his own brother, the second time from one of his sons, and the third time from one of the servants, who all died immediately.

On this deposition, the commissary had the man taken up, and finding him like the former, with fluid blood, as in a living person, he ordered a large spike to be driven into his temple, and then to be buried. He burned a third, who had been buried more than sixteen years, and had sucked the blood, and caused the death of two of his sons. The commissary having made his report to the general officers, they despatched him to the emperor's court, who ordered some officers of war, of justice, physicians, surgeons, and several savans, to go and examine into the causes of events so remarkable. The person who informed us of these particulars, had them from the Count de Cabrerias, at Fribourg in Briegau, in 1730."

Could any thing be more absurd than this? Yes replies the sensible reader, the whole idea of "Spiritual Rappings,"

IDENTITY OF PERSONS.

The following example of the difficulty of identifying individuals is very curious.

A child named *Francois-Michel Noisau*, whose father was a poor bricklayer, was born at Paris, and was baptized at St. Jean en Grève, his parish, the 22d Dec. 1762. He was put out to nurse in Normandy, until 16 months old. Sometime after, falling sick, he was bled in the right arm. He had a scar on the inner part of the left knee, from an abscess, cured by caustic, by a surgeon named *Froment*, who certified to it. This child had not yet had the small pox.

On the 13th August, 1766, *Noisau*, then 3 years and 8 months old, was lost on the Quai

de l'entante, and could not be found. The 16th June, 1768, his god-mother saw two little boys pass by, and was struck with the appearance of one of them; and called him to her, and questioned him: his replies gave her no satisfaction, but the sound of his voice confirmed her in her first idea. At first she merely saw a resemblance in this child to her godson; but she soon recognized him as her godson himself: several of his playmates collecting together, also recognized him; they examine if he has a scar in the knee, and find one: the mother informed of this, hastens thither, and recognises, or thinks she recognises her son, by his features and by the scar.

Another woman however arrives and claims the child; she names his parents, and says he has boarded with her for two years: now the child *Noiseu* had been lost only 22 months. The dispute augments, the two women are carried to the commissary, who gives the child provisionally to the wife *Noiseu*, who declares she is the mother, expresses it by her tears, and shows the scar on the knee.

Presently a new mother reaches the place, it is the widow *Labrie*. She claims the child *Noiseu* as hers, of the officer of the Police. They were both of the same age, and both had nearly the same scars. The magistrate refers the parties to a higher tribunal. The 30th Sept. 1768, the Judges of the Chatelet question the child in the presence of the two mothers, to which he belongs. He replies that the widow *Labrie* is not his mother, *for she refuses him food*. The Judges confirm provisionally the decree of the commissary, and adjudge the child to the wife *Noiseu*:—whilst she is overwhelmed with joy, the other the widow *Labrie*, is overcome with grief, and as if her own death had been pronounced, she faints away, in the arms of her sister, who had not strength to hold her: on all sides they exclaim, that is the real mother.

The joy of the wife *Noiseu*, was not of long duration: the mother *Labrie* solicits a new trial: the case is examined more minutely; it is discovered that the reclaimed child has had the small pox, whilst from the testimony of *la Noiseu*, her own had not had it: surgeons are consulted; their opinions are contradictory on account of the scars: the surgeons of the Chatelet are in favour of *Labrie*; others of *Noiseu*; at length by a definite judgment, the child is declared to belong to *Labrie*. The first sentence had filled the one mother with despair: the second is not less impressive on *Noiseu* and his wife; they fall down senseless at the decree: the public is a witness of this tender spectacle, and cannot tell whether their opinion should follow the decision of the Judges, *Noiseu* and his wife, coming to themselves, cry out, we will appeal to parliament.

In fact, the following day, their appeal was made, and by a decree of 19th Feb. 1770, that court affirmed the sentence of the Chatelet, which had adjudged the child to *Labrie*.

SNAKE-STONES.

Among the Panaceae of former times were Snake-Stones of which Phioravant in his work entitled "Three Exact Pieces", published in 1652 has the following:

For truly the virtue of stones are very great unto those that know them. I saw once two stones in Rome, of inestimable virtue; the one was a round Corall like unto the *Serpentine Purphir*, but therein was much green, and was of that virtue that being laid upon the flesh of a man or woman, it causeth them to respire freely, so that it were to be wondered at. The other stone was of Diasper, but bright, and thorough shining with certain white veins, and was of such virtue, that being laid on a wound, presently the blood stench'd, so that there fell not down one drop. The which stones were in the hand of an old Spaniard, who said he brought them out of India, from Nova Hispania. I have seen also divers and sundry stones of most strange virtues.

The illustrious, but credulous Robert Boyle in his work on "The Reconcilableness of Specifick Medicines," 1685, p. 217, speaking of the virtue of stones, says:—

"And yet in these dangerous cases, many that come from East India extol the great efficacy of some of those stony concretions, that are said to be found in the heads of a certain kind of serpent about Goa, and some other Eastern countreys: for tho most physicians reject or question the power ascribed to these stones, for curing the bitings of vipers, and tho I do not wonder at their diffidence, because in effect many of the stones brought from India are but counterfeit: and of those that were really taken out of serpents, several, for a reason I must not stay to mention, are insignificant; (and such perhaps, were those that the learned and curious *Redy* made his tryals with) yet there are others, whose virtues are not well to be denyed. For, not to build on vulgar traditions, which are but too often deceitful, one of the eminentest doctors of the London College assured me, that he had, with one of these stones, done, the contrary to his expectations, a notable cure, which he related to me at large. And one of our chief English Chyrurgeons affirmed to me, that he had done the like upon another person; both of these cures being performed by the bare application of the stone to the place bitten by the viper or adder. And a very intelligent person who had the direction of a considerable company of traders in East India, where he long lived, assured me that he had with this stone cured

several persons of the hurts of venomous animals. But this testimony is much less considerable, as to the number of cures, than that of a great traveller into the Southern part of the same India, who, tho he were bred by a famous Cartesian philosopher, and were forward enough to discredit vulgar traditions about the countreys he had long lived in: yet being for these reasons asked by me, what I might safely believe of the stones I speak of, seriously affirmed to me, that he had cured above three-score persons of the bitings or stings of several sorts of poisonous creatures: and that he performed most of those cures by the outward application of one stone; because, finding it excellent, he was invited to keep it, especially in difficult cases. And this same experience of my own, made with a genuine stone of this kind, upon the bodies of brutes, much inclines me to give credit to. But, because this stone is afforded by an *animal*, I shall add the virtues of another, that properly belongs to the *Mineral* kingdom, in a disease, whose symptoms, though not so various, are sometimes dangerous, and too often mortal.

To show you then, that in spite of great closeness and hardness, a simple remedy outwardly applied, may be a very effectual one. I shall inform you, that though the solid I am speaking of, past for a *Blood-stone*, yet by its colour and some other visible qualities, I should rather have taken it for an *Agat*. It was but about the bigness of a small nutmeg, and had in it a perforation, by which a string past through it, to fasten it to the part affected. This stone had been long kept in the family that possessed it, when I saw it, being for its rare virtues left by one to another. But, to omit the reports that went of it, the notable case, that makes it pertinent for me to mention it here, was this. An ingenious gentleman, that was a man of letters, and when I saw him, was in the flower of his age, and of a complexion so highly sanguine, as is not usually, to be met with, was from time to time subject to hemorrhages at the nose, so profuse and so difficult to be restrained, that his physician, tho a person famous and very well skilled in his art, told me he often feared he should loose his patient, and that he would be carried away by this unbridled distemper. But when good method and variety of remedies had been tried, without the desired success, this Stone was at length obtained from an ancient Kinswoman of the gentleman's, to tie about his neck, so as to touch his naked skin. This when he did in the fits, it would stop the bleeding; and if he wore it for some considerable time together, he all that while continued well, as both his learned physician and himself informed me. And, because I was apt to ascribe somewhat of this effect to imagination, the patient told

me, that awhile before one of the chief women in the city (whom he named to me) fell into so violent a bleeding, that, tho' it brought her into a swoon, yet that itself, which is somewhat strange, did not hinder her to bleed on, till the stone, having been tyed about her neck, made her cease to do so, tho' she knew nothing of its having been applyed to her. And this itself is less strange than what the gentleman affirmed to me of the power of this *Gem*, as it may deservedly be called. For his complexion inclining him, as was above intimated, to breed great store of blood, his doctor thought fit to order him, for prevention, to breath a vein from time to time, which when he was about to do, he was obliged to lay aside the stone for a while, because, whilst he kept it on, the blood would not issue out, at least with the requisite freedom."

Bizarre among the New Books.

AUSTRALIAN CRUISES.—Second Notice.

— We promised last week to give further extracts from this book, just published by Willis P. Hazard, of our city, and shall do so, to a limited extent, in the present number. The author is a most spirited writer: and if all he tells us about his adventurers in Australia be fiction, it is fiction of a most agreeable character. That he knows much of his subject is certain: indeed, no one who had not passed many years in Australia, could possess such an excellent knowledge of the country.

We left him in our last extracts, the possessor of a large farm, some sixty or seventy miles from Hobart Town, and settled on the same with his family and servants. He has good luck, builds a home, stocks his farm, and becomes generally thrifty and well to do. Finally, his neighbors are attacked by Bush-rangers and natives, and he joins a party who set out in pursuit of the villains. They overtake them, have several fights with them, and finally disperse them. While absent on this expedition, the writer has a tetter from his wife, who has been truly a "help-meat" to him, which letter announces the destruction of his house and barns by fire. Such unhappy tidings induce him to turn his steps homeward. We extract a portion of his account of the adventures he met on the way.

"I shall never forget my sufferings on that wretched night. It was piercingly cold, as the nights usually are in the month of June in Van Diemen's Land, and it was with thy greatest difficulty that I could contrive, be incessant motion, to prevent my limbs from becoming benumbed.

The thoughts of my family, of my ruined

farm, and of the disasters which seemed to thicken on me, with the dreadful feeling of my present state of helplessness, almost maddened me. At last, toward morning, I sat down by the fire, and from mere exhaustion fell asleep.

I was soon awakened by the nipping cold of the early morning. My sleep, however, short as it was, served to calm me. I began coolly to reflect on my position. "I certainly was lost in a bush; but was there no way out of the difficulty? If I continued in a straight line in any one direction, I must at last come to some stream, or perhaps to some srock hut, or to some known point, which would be the means of recovering my way:—the great danger to be avoided was straying to the west, in which direction there were neither settlements nor stock-yard stations, and nothing but the wild and untrodden bush between me and the sea. If I could keep an east-ward course, I must at last arrive at some some broad track, and certainly at the high road across the island."

Such were my thoughts. I tried, therefore, to observe the rising sun, but the foggi-ness of the morning was too great to allow me to do more than ascertain the point from which light seemed to come. That was some help, however; so, summoning up my strength, and endeavouring to preserve the coolness of mind necessary to enable me to keep a stright course, I set out.

But I had not proceeded many miles before the same doubt, and confusion, and indecision of mind, which I had experienced the day before, again seized on me. When I perceived this fit coming on, I immediately paused and lighted a fire. While I was lighting it, a kangaroo hopped into sight; the dogs pulled it down in less than a couple of minutes. not a hundred yards from the fire. This I looked on as a good omen, and it reassured me. I made a good bush meal, and felt my strenght somewhat restored.

It was now past mid-day, and I again set myself earnestly to consider the right direction. There was a barren hill to my right, very steep, and without trees to obstruct the view. I determined to climb up it, in order to get a better prospect of the country around, and with that view I looked about for a stick to use as a walking staff. I soon found a young sapling fit for my purpose, and having provided myself with this help, I buckled my gun behind me, that my hands might be at liberty. I then climbed, with a good deal of scrambling, to the top of hill.

Having gained the top, I proceed to examine the country around me very carefully, hoping that I might catch sight of some point, or high hill, or particular tree, by which I might learn my present position.

I was anxiously engaged in this manner,

and quite absorbed by my anxious survey, when suddenly there was an obscuring of the light above my head. I raised up my eyes to ascertain the cause of it, when, to my exceeding terror, I beheld one of the largest of the eagles of these regions poisoning itself on its wings not twenty yards above my head, and in the attitude of pronouncing down on me.

I had more than once witnessed the attack of an eagle on a sheep, which is by fixing its claws on the body of the animal and digging its eyes with its beak; the sheep then became an easy prey. The thought of this horrible fate made me instantly put my hands over my eyes, so imminent was the danger, and so great was my fright. I fancied I heard the flapping of the creature's wings, and in a sort of despair I whirled the stick which I held in my hand to ward off the expected attack.

Looking up at the same moment, perceived a second eagle who had joined the first, and they now flew in rapid circles just above me. I guessed at once that I had approached the spot where they were accustomed to build their nest, and that they were angry at the intrusion. I slipped my fowling-piece from my back, and fired both barrels first at one and then at the other. They uttered a fierce scream, but did not leave me.

I did not wait any longer, but ran helter-skelter down the hill, making more than one summerset before I got to the bottom. Luckily, however, my gun escaped any damage in this scrambling tumble; and although I felt a good deal bruised, I lost no time in reloading it, and then I felt secure. The peril to which I had been exposed shook me a great deal, and I sat down at the foot of the hill in a very disconsolate mood, feeling that my nerve was giving away under the terrors of being lost in the bush, for at any other time I fancy I should have been glad of the opportunity of getting such a good shot at an eagle, and particularly of getting a sight of their haunts.

This thought made me very sad; but I still kept up my spirits, and my bodily strength, was not yet subdued. I was well armed, and had my faithful dogs with me, and another effort might bring me to some known track. Again, therefore, I braced myself up to the task, and choosing a direction which, according my judgement, led eastward, I determined to make a vigorous effort. My efforts, however, were all in vain, and the fourth night found me still an almost hopeless wanderer.

The fifth day passed in the same wearisome endeavours. My strength no began to fail me: not so much, I think, from bodily fatigue, as from the exhausting operation of anxiety of mind and uncertainty of direction. Towards the close of the evening I arrived,

at the foot of a rocky hill. The dogs were uneasy, and whined a good deal, but I set it down to their sympathizing with my own appearance and dejection.

I had scarcely strength to rise a fire and boil some of the flesh of the kangaroo which I carried with me. I had no water, and in the dark I could not discover any. A sort of numbness of the mind had now come over me; a leaden feeling of cold despair. In my strange frenzy, I fancied I must have wandered towards the western coast, for I could not otherwise account for my not being able to discover some tract or point known to me.

In this state I lay down by the side of the fire in a state of complete bodily and mental exhaustion. My dogs crouched close to me, and I fell asleep. I awoke once in the night with a feeling of cold; I replenished the fire with some large fuel, and slept again.

I must have slept soundly: for in spite of the cold, and of the thirst which was on me, I did not wake till the light roused me. It was a glorious morning; very cold, but the air was clear and bright. I tried to get up, but found my limbs so benumbed that I could hardly move. I contrived, as I lay on the ground, to push with my feet the loose pieces dead timber about to the fire, which was still faintly burning. Presently there was a good blaze, and the warmth restored me a little. I continued to heap dead wood on till I made a complete bonfire.

This exertion and the heat of the blaze revived me completely, and once more I endeavoured to rouse myself to the labor of fresh exploring in the bush. This was the morning of the sixth day.

Casting my eyes about me, I saw, not far off, a sort of natural basin hollowed out in a rock, about a foot deep, and as clear as crystal. Feverish with thirst, I took a good drink, but the water was very cold. I then sat down beside it to consider what I should do.

In my tumble down the hill I had torn off the strap of one of my leather gaiters, and its looseness was an annoyance to me in walking. As I always carried a house-wife with me in my bush expeditions, I thought I would spend a few minutes in sewing it on again; so I undid the case, and placed it by the side the rocky basin. I took out a needle, and with my arms resting on the side of the basin, proceeded to thread it when it slipped through my fingers and fell into the water beneath; but instead of sinking it floated on the top.

I was struck with this circumstance, and admired how the needle floated at the top of the water, when I observed it slowly turn half way round, and then remain stationary. It instantly occurred to me that the needle had become magnetized, and I remembered, some weeks ago, my youngest daughter had been

amusing herself with a magnet and the needle in this case. I tried it again; taking the needle from the water, I rubbed it dry and clean, and then held it parallel to the surface of the water, I let it drop; it floated, and turned itself slowly to the same point as before.

I was full of joy at this discovery, as I now had the means of ascertaining the points of the compass and my confidence in myself returned. Without losing any time, I prepared for another start. I breakfasted gaily on some of the kangaroo steak that remained, and talking my dogs, proceeded on the way. I had not gone far, however, when I perceived by the dogs' significant signs that there was something in the wind. It was not a kangaroo, that was certain; but I flattered myself we were approaching some human habitation, and that the sagacity of the hound had detected its vicinity. I spoke to him therefore, and encouraged him to look about him, but the dog exhibited a strange reluctance to leave me, and presently began to whine in the manner which I knew indicated his scent of the natives."

We here leave this book, adding to what has been already said by us, that it is well worth reading. For its authenticity, we repeat, we will not vouch.

"HELEN AND ARTHUR.

— Or Miss Thusa's Spinning-Wheel," a new novel from the pen of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, and just published by A. Hart of our city is well worth reading. It was originally published in one of our weekly papers and doubtless contributed largely to the extended list of subscribers, which the said paper is reputed to enjoy. Were it not for the accomplished author of "Helen & Arthur," and kindred writers, who contribute to papers like the one to which we allude, they would never be able to satisfy the claims of printers and paper makers: for such unsufferably dull, rapid, stupid creations, so far as editorial labors are concerned, were never locked up in a form.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

— Messrs. Evans & Britten of New York have published a neat little volume with this title. It embraces lessons on the Lord's Prayer, in a series of very charming stories; and is from the pen of Mrs. Manners. Just the book is this to place in the hands of the little folks, and we suspect it will enjoy high fame, for a long time to come. The publishers are enterprising young gentlemen. They are at present engaged in the publication of the "Schoolfellow," an excellent child's magazine, edited by our old friend William O. Richards Esq., assisted by his lady, and the accomplished "Cousin Alice." "Mrs. Manners" by the way is one of this clever trio.

Our Weekly Gossip.

— The royal Duke of Cumberland once applied to his sister the Princess Amelia, for a loan of £10,000.—She took him to task, arraigned his dissipated conduct, and said, she would never be instrumental to it. He assured her that the money he wanted was to complete an improvement in Winsor Park, where it was well laid out in employing the surrounding poor, and to convince her of it proposed to take her down to inspect the works. He had at that time near 500 men digging a canal. She went to the lodge and he drove her around the park in a one horse chaise: and had so contrived it with his manager, that as she passed from one place to another the same set of men as in a theatre, removed to another spot; which when she was brought to, were seen planting trees; at another, 500 men (the same) were found grubbing hedges. 'Well,' said she, 'brother, I had no conception of this: you must employ near 2000 people.' 'True madam,' said he, 'and was I to take you to the other side of the park, I could show you as many more.' No, she was satisfied that his money was better expended than she had apprehended, and she lent him the sum he wanted. The truth of this was averred to me by an old servant privy to the deception.

— Julien, previous to his departure for America, was to have in London a "grand testimonial concert," at which an orchestra of three hundred instruments was announced to perform the whole of Meyerbeer's *Strautuse*. Brough, is the Julien's agent in this country. A better selection could not have been made.

— The Dublin Exhibition advances in interest. Over seven thousand visitors visit the building on the shilling days: but it is curious, though characteristic of the Irish, the *Home Journal* thinks, that on the half-crown days the attendance is greater than on the days of cheap admission. It is now said that the Queen's visit will take place before the end of July.

— On Thursday the 30th, there was to be a sort of Shakspeare Jubilee on a small scale at Stratford-upon-Avon:—the Tercentenary Meeting of the Stratford Grammar School, in which Shakspeare received all his Warwickshire education. The Meeting was to commence with a procession and a sermon,—be supported by a distribution of prizes at the Grammar School,—and conclude (English like) with a dinner, at which the Earl of Delaware was to preside.

— The couplet from the *Anti-Jacobin* touching Joseph Cottle, lately deceased in England,

was incorrectly published in No. 40. It should have read thus:—

And Cottle, not be that Alfred made famous,
But Joseph of Bristol, the brother of Amos.

All three of the Cottles the *Athenaeum* tells us wrote verse: it wishes it could say poetry. Amos, like Blackmore, dabbled in epics, Joseph, like Sternhold and Hopkins, took to translating the Psalms into English verse,—and John was guilty of a poem called 'Malvern Hills.' Nor did Joseph "the brother of Amos," confine his literary labours to verse alone. His "Recollections of Coleridge and Southey," contain many curious and well authenticated particulars, which any future biographer of our Poets will be glad to make use of. It is by his volume of 'Recollections,' rather than by his poetry, that Joseph Cottle will be heard of hereafter. Mr. Cottle was a Somersetshire poet, and a bookseller. Let him rest in peace, say we, with all our hearts.

— An elegant monument has been commenced in Trinity church-yard, New York city, to the memory of the martyrs of the prison ships—those American soldiers and citizens who died in the English prison ships in the war of 1812. It will be constructed of carved brown-stone, and its height will be seventy-three feet. The base will be sixteen feet square, and be placed at the top of a series of steps twenty-four feet square at the bottom. The Trinity Church corporation appropriated seven thousand dollars for the construction of this work, which will be in the style of the monumental crosses of England.

— Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, of London, announce that a "New Serial by Mr. W. M. Thackeray is in preparation, the publication of which will be commenced in the course of the ensuing Autumn.

— We clip the following from the Lowell (Mass.) *Patriot and Republican*:—

The Philadelphia BIZARRE says it has recently lost six subscribers, because it condemned the Montreal riots, and upheld Gavazzi and free speech. It gave, one year ago, a glowing description of the Sacred Heart Convent, near Torresdale, on the Delaware, and no Protestant subscriber was thereat indignant.

Subscribers have an undoubted right to stop their papers, whenever they choose, provided they will only pay up arrearages. But it is a foolish trick to get offended at an editor because he has happened to say something you do not exactly like. We have condemned the Montreal riots and advocated free speech, and for the same reason that we condemned the burning of Catholic churches, in Philadelphia, or the Ursuline Convent, in Charlestown. We advocate free speech for

ALL; for the Catholic as well as the Protestant. We denounce *all* mobs, whether the victim be Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the Sisters of Charity, or Father Gavazzi. As it regards the latter gentleman we say nothing about him, good, bad or indifferent, as we have not yet ascertained whether he upholds or denounces the Baltimore platform."

— *Graham's Magazine* for August is the best number of that capital periodical that we have received. The illustrations are numerous and the articles are from leading pens foreign and domestic. Among the engravings is a superbly executed mezzotint by Sartain, called "Household Treasures;" there is also a wood-cut entitled the "Emigrants," from the Devereux brothers, which is exceedingly fine. We notice among the literary contributions a charming bit of verse from Dr. C. C. Vanarsdale, entitled "The Lonely Brook," which we shall probably transfer to our pages. Buchanan Read's "Pilgrims of the Great St. Bernard," is continued.

—"The Illustrated Magazine of Art," for July, has come to us in due season from the sole agent in Philadelphia Mr. J. W. Moore. The work is published in New York by Alexander Montgomery and grows better and better with each successive issue. A prominent engraving in the number before us, is a view of the interior of the great industrial exhibition at Dublin.

— A New Haven paper states that the Emperor of Hayti lately advertized for the whereabouts of a coloured man whose name was given, setting forth that he would hear something to his advantage on making himself known. The person was found, and proved to be a very intelligent man and capital barber in Bridgeport, where he has been for some years doing a good business. He appears to be the second cousin of the Emperor, who wishes the barber to reside in Hayti, and accept a dukedom, or some other high office in the realm. It is said that the fortunate individual is so much of a Yankee, that he doubts whether he shall accept the offer. Nevertheless, he intends to make a voyage to Hayti, and see how things look there.

— We shall probably commence in a short time, a series of spicy and graphic sketches of the most prominent Booksellers of Philadelphia. The articles will be written in good temper. Many of the subjects will not be pleased with the pictures presented of them, but we can't help that of course.

— The following calculations are from the *Monthly Magazine* for 1816:

"Suppose a man 420 years of age was buried in this church-yard, who left six children, each of whom on the average had three children, who again had, on an average, the same number; and that the same rate of increase in the family continued in every generation of thirty years; then in 420 years, or fourteen generations, his descendants would be as under:—

1st generation, - 6
2nd " - 18
3rd " - 54
4th " - 162
5th " - 486
6th " - 1458
7th " - 4374
8th " - 13122
9th " - 39366
10th " - 118098
11th " - 354274
12th " - 1062812
13th " - 3188436
14th " - 9566308

That is to say more than nine and a half millions of persons (as nearly as possible the exact population of South Britain,) would at this day be descended in a direct line from any individual buried in this or any other church-yard in the year 1395, who left six children, each of whose descendants have on the average three children.

"To place the same position in another point of view, I calculated that every individual now living had for his ancestor every individual living in Britain in the year 1125, the age of Henry the First, taking the population at 8,000,000. [In 1816]

Thus, every individual now living had a mother and a father, or two progenitors, each of whom had a father and mother, or four progenitors, and so on, doubling their progenitors every thirty years, at least. He might thus be considered as the apex of a triangle, of which the base would represent the whole population of a remote age.

1815, living individual	1
1785, father and mother	2
1755 " "	4
1725 " "	8
1695 " "	16
1665 " "	32
1635 " "	64
1605 " "	128
1575 " "	256
1545 " "	512
1515 " "	1024
1485 " "	2048
1455 " "	4096
1425 " "	8192
1395 " "	16384
1365 " "	32768
1335 " "	65536
1305 " "	131072
1275 " "	262144
1245 " "	525288
1215 " "	1048576
1185 " "	2097132
1155 " "	4194264
1125 " "	8388528

That is to say, if there were a regular co-mix-

ture of marriages, every individual of the living race would of necessity be descended from every individual who lived in Britain in 1125."

If, during the crusades, any of the English intermarried with Greeks, or Syrians, or Italians, all of whom must, by intermingling, have been descendants of great men of antiquity, so all the English of this age must be connected in blood with those intermarriages, and be descended from the heroes of the classic ages.

This reasoning explains the cause of national physiognomy and character, the co-mixture of foreign nations being inconsiderable, and not sufficient to affect general characteristic changes, while each nation becomes, in the course of ages, one common and blended family, in physiognomy, character and genius.

May so plain a demonstration of this great truth be a means of increasing their concord, their love, the interchange of mutual good offices, and their common happiness!

— We have received from Messrs. Lippincott Grambo & Co. the following new books:—

"British Cabinet in 1853;" "Poems by Meditatus;" "Norman Maurice" by Simms; "The Wigwam and the Cabin" by the same; "Pro-Slavery Argument." The last embraces a series of essays from several distinguished Southern writers, and is well worth reading.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

THE YELLOW SPRINGS.

— A glide over the Reading rail-road, a slight bouncing over hill and dale from Phoenixville depot, and and you are at the Yellow Springs, under the delicate and gentle guardianship of Mrs. Neef. The trip is well worth taking: summer-travellers may rely on it, very well worth taking. You pass through romantic scenery on the Schuylkill, and enjoy it even though you see it with the blurr of rail-road speed sticking to it. Then, when you take the stage,—if like us, of course you will secure a seat on the outside,—your eyes enjoy a rise and fall of ground, beautifully diversified, with trees, and shrubs, and grass, and grain, and flowers, and birds, and beasts scattered here and there all over it. Your lungs inhale the purest draughts of country air, while your nose is saluted with a charming combination of perfumes fresh from the laboratory of Nature.

You are at the Springs:—you arrive there with an appetite—clean white pants, changes of linen, all the requisites to make the best impression, and a determination to have a good time. You are not disappointed, good

sir, be you young or old. There is a forty-degree-cold bath; there is German John to curry you with a crash towel: there are rides, drives, fine fare, and the loveliest of ladies,—married and single,—with whom to converse. These influences acting on you, you feel delightfully amiable towards "the whole world and the rest of mankind;" your body is free from pain, your mind is buoyant,—indeed you are strongly impressed with the idea that you will live forever. The poet says:

"The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill."

So far as we are concerned, the Yellow Springs help one to be oblivious of the ills of the flesh, and most happily.

It remains for us to say that there is a large company there at present; but Mrs. Neef, and her admirable assistant, Mr. William Goodenow, assured us, that there were still some superb rooms left. We came away with regrets, which were "aerated"—see Simes' advertisement—as it were, by "Katy Darling," which the band were playing in fine style at the time. Our next excursion will probably be to the Perry County Warm Springs.

PHILADELPHIA ART UNION

— Mr. E. F. Dennison, has very kindly sent us a copy of the Patrick Henry engraving, got up for the subscribers to our Art Union the present year. It is a tolerably well-executed work, and will unquestionably prove highly acceptable to those for whom it was designed. The subscription to the Art Union is five dollars per annum, which covers a copy of the engraving in notice, and a chance of obtaining a fine painting from the pencil of one of our own eminent artists. It is stated that the distribution for 1853 is guaranteed from the commencement, whether the concern pays or not,—in the subscription, by a collection of at least fifty pictures, of an aggregate value exceeding \$4000. These works are now in progress, and as soon as completed will be exhibited in the Art Union Free Gallery, No. 210 Chestnut street, of which our very polished friend, Mr. Dennison, is manager.

TO THOSE INTERESTED.

— The maxim of Apelles, the great artist of antiquity, which he had written over the door of his atelier, "Nulla dies sine linea,"—no day without a line,—should be imprinted on the heart of every editor. And yet we seldom, with all this writing business on our hands, could muster courage to exclaim, to those hourly rushing into the sacred precincts of our office, there to while away their idle time, "Procul, O procul, este profani!"—Away, away, O ye profane!—Our time seems everybody's; our retreat the property of the

city. Might we relieve a dry subject by facetiousness, we would say of our sanctum, looking to what is accomplished notwithstanding,—

"Railway speed
Is realised here indeed."

LADIES' NAMES.

—In the year 1800, the following marriage notice appeared in the New York papers:

"Married at Washington, Virginia, Mr. George Hudson to Miss Seraphina Maria Carolina Matilda Juliana Sophia Anne Mansfield."

Had this long-named damsel lived in our days, she would have been announced as Miss Seraphinie Marie Carolinie Matildie Julianie Sophie Annie Mansfield! *Query.* Is there any reason to suppose that any girl chistened Sarah, will get a husband ten minutes sooner by calling her—say Sallie? As to first names, by the way, the practice of the Quakers is the most reasonable. Only a single name is given to a female child; and when she marries, her maiden name is retained as a middle name. From this system two good results follow. When a lady's name is triple, we know that she is a married woman, and also we know what her family name was.

A CHANCE FOR PUBLISHERS.

—A gentleman of this city, celebrated for his bibliographical research, is preparing for publication the old plays—six in number—upon which Shakspeare founded his "Measure for Measure," "Comedy of Errors," "Taming the Shrew," "King John," "Henry IV.," "Henry V.," and "Lear." Those in the possession of our friend are probably the only copies in the country, and bear date 1578, 1595, 1605, 1607, and 1611. Each play will be prefaced by historical and critical remarks, and such information of the old authors as can be obtained from the almost forgotten past.

It is strange, that these old plays have never been republished with us. They are mentioned frequently in the notes of Collier, Malone, Skottow, and Othus, and hence much curiosity will be felt to see them. We have read them with a degree of interest indescribable, and now that everything relating to Shakspeare, possesses a peculiar charm, from Collier's new version of his works, it would seem these plays cannot but prove interesting to the reader.

Apart from the novelty of the plays themselves, the introductions will be interesting, as they establish the fact of the identity of each play, with the evidence of Collier, Malone, and others, to substantiate it. Publishers should note this announcement, and act accordingly.

AMUSEMENTS.

—Sanford opens his new and beautiful Ethi-

opian Opera House, in Twelfth below Chestnut, on Monday evening, August 1st. His company will embrace all the talent of last season, with the addition of Nelson Kneass, author of "Ben Bolt," probably one of the best musicians of his stamp in the country.

—The Hippodrome left us on Monday for the west, after a most brilliant season. Sixty thousand dollars were taken in five weeks: an immense amount for the hot season. Gen. Welch deserves all this and twice as much, for getting up so splendid an entertainment.

BUSINESS MEMO.

—COL. WM. H. MAURICE, 123 Chestnut St., the great model stationer of our city, cannot be seen at the Crystal Palace; but a set of blank-books, splendidly gotten up, from his establishment, occupy a prominent position. These blank books are a very good specimen of what Maurice can do in this way, and we should not be surprized if they got him a large number of orders for New York and other cities suburban thereto. Maurice sells at low rates.

KRAWFISH-IANA.

—However disagreeable *toes* with corns may be, *toma-toes* with corn, are perfectly delightful.

—"I say, Tom, what do they mean by *restaurant* on so many signs at liquorin' houses?" "Why don't you know?" replies Tom: "why that's French for rum-shop."

—They have got a horned toad, a cow with five legs, and a calf with two heads at the big show in New York. Now, we have in Philadelphia a somewhat curious "kritter": and it may be seen at the State House free-gratis. It has four faces, but no head: eight hands, but no arms: and there is one great tongue attached, which makes a great noise whenever there is a house on fire.

—The Emperor of Russia has sent another *ultimatum* to the Turk. If this will not do, we presume he will send an *ultimatissimum*, which will be the "most latest last" demand of all.

—From the way the folks ran to see the president, one might suppose that he was the greatest man in the country; but any tinker could make a *grater*.

—Some people are never satisfied. There, for instance, is the man who rings the State House bell. He has the *highest* office in the gift of the corporation, and yet he is continually *striking for hire* wages.

—Brigham Young is about to establish his kingdom in the Galapagos Islands. With so many wives as he has, he ought to be ashamed to be still running so far after the *gals*.

—**ETYMOLOGY.**—*Devil* is from the Greek *diabolos*, and signifies an accuser, or prosecuting attorney.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farraghar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1853.

THE EVILS OF SOCIETY.

FIFTH PAPER.

"First let me talk with this philosopher."

It was our intention, in this article, to offer a plan of an institution, which would improve the morals of the youth of our city; but a recent article in the *Evening Bulletin* has attracted our attention, and we have thought it proper to offer a few comments upon it, because it shows the notions which men of education, in this country, entertain concerning what is proper education for the people. The editor of the *Bulletin* is not alone in these opinions, which we think have so pernicious an influence upon the manners and moral sentiments of the age in which we live. Amongst other remarks, which are really judicious, we find the following:

"Ours is a practical age, we are practical people. Few Americans can afford to be educated for a life of elegant leisure only. What nine men out of ten want, is such knowledge as will be useful in the profession they may follow, and, as the years they have to devote to study are comparatively few, they have no time to waste on merely scholastic acquirements. * * *"

"To the sons of merchants, to young men aiming for distinction in political life, a knowledge of French and German is infinitely more valuable than a knowledge of Greek and Latin."

Education is only valued because of its utility in a business point of view. What we wish to show at this time is the great error, now so popular, of undervaluing "scholastic acquirements." This error is twofold. First, in supposing that the study of the classical languages is of no value, on the score of "rugged utility;" and secondly, in regarding information as the great object of education.

If we consider scholastic acquirements of no value in themselves, let us see if they may not be found useful as aids in other departments of learning, of the utility of which no one will doubt. That a good knowledge of the English language is an important part of education,—even in a business point of view,—all will admit. A full, easy, graceful and

judicious use of speech is valuable to every one, no matter what may be his business. It has made the fortunes of many. Now, how can a person get a good knowledge of our language? Does any one get it without some knowledge of Greek and Latin? A large portion of the words in our language come from the Greek and Latin; and thousands of words which will yet be made, as science and art progress, will be formed from the words of those dead languages; and a person will never be able to use these words with ease, elegance, and propriety, if he have no knowledge of their origin and composition. Besides this, the idiom of the English language, its defects, and its redundancies, will never be understood, but by a comparison with other languages, and a knowledge of the origin of those peculiarities which we find in it. One language cannot be properly understood without a knowledge of others;—one language cannot be learned alone. The English language cannot be learned without a knowledge of the elements of which it is composed; and a person who has mastered those elements, has got the ground-work of a number of other languages. The ordinary process of teaching children to read without knowing the meaning of words is unphilosophical, and very injurious to a child's education.

It is said that "a knowledge of French and German is infinitely more valuable than a knowledge of Greek and Latin." Now, how is a person to learn French? About nine-tenths of the words in the French language are of Latin and Greek origin! The shortest, the best, and easiest way to learn English—and French, too,—is to learn the classical languages; and in learning them, to get the material out of which the whole family of languages to which ours belongs, is made. But to enable the people to do this, we must have a different kind of schools from what we now have. Our methods of teaching are wrong at the beginning, and they are wrong all through.

Those things which would make the first education of children easy and agreeable, are reserved for colleges and high schools; while children are expected to learn things at the very start, which many who go through colleges do not learn. In our schools children begin with learning letters; they go through their whole education, and at the end do not understand them. How many of the children educated in our public schools can tell why C is sometimes S, and at other times K? and what interest can they take in learning rules where they perceive no reason? The sciences which would afford them amusing and agreeable instruction are kept from them. They are not considered capable of learning those things. Cannot a child distinguish between

an ox and a tree? can it not see the difference between a bird and a fish? and can it not understand the adaptation of the parts of animals to the purposes for which they are intended? the wings of a bird, the fins of a fish, the legs and feet of a horse, &c.? This is the beginning of all knowledge of the natural sciences. Cannot a child see the difference between a group of four bright stars which form a square, and three others which make a triangle? We began our astronomy by observing the three stars in "the belt of orion." Yes, little children may perceive these things; but they do not understand the terms of science. "Aye, there's the rub." They have learned no Latin nor Greek.

The article from which we have quoted, was suggested by the announcement that Prof Chase, of Brown University, had given a course of lectures on the chemistry of metals, to persons not regular students. Now, suppose these persons had learned no Latin nor Greek, would they not be greatly embarrassed from not understanding the terms of the science? They are nearly all formed from Greek words. And in every department of science, a person without a knowledge of the classical languages is embarrassed at every step in his progress. A person ignorant of these languages could not understand a scientific description of many of the most common animals, plants, &c. The ignorance of most persons in science is a consequence of the difficulty of understanding and remembering the terms.

But the great error which most persons make, is in regarding *information* as the great object of education. There was a time, when our ancestors were naked savages, or fierce barbarians; and if we now are any better than they then were, it is because we are better educated. It is not merely that we know more than they did, but because of the humanizing and moralizing influences of our education. There are thousands among us now, who are in principle as much "wolves to their fellow men" as ever men were: but they are restrained by the influence of education upon the whole community; for the influence of education, is felt even by those who are not the subjects of it. And this refining influence is perhaps as much, if not more, the result of the study of literature, as of any department of science or art. An old proverb says that "a man is known by the company he keeps," and it may be said, with equal truth, that a man is known by the books he reads.

To say nothing of poetry, the man who finds pleasure in reading the works of Homer, Gibbon or Dick, is a different sort of man from the one who indulges in "Jack Sheppard" or "The Wandering Jew."

The man who has acquired a taste for literature or the polite arts, however immoral he may be in some respects, will rarely be "a rowdy." The value of education should not be regarded as pertaining to the individual who has it. A well-educated person is a benefit to the community; an ignorant one is an injury. We have already said, that the man who raises a family, and educates his children intellectually, and in correct principles, is a thousand times more a benefactor to his country than the one who shouldered his musket, to fight in a hundred battles.

Education is the great remedy for the evils under which we suffer, whether those evils be moral, social, or political.

But an opinion prevails, very extensively, that there is not time for young persons to learn the classical languages, and also to learn what they regard as being more useful. This opinion is founded upon the old-fashioned notion that Latin and Greek can only be learned in colleges and high-schools. Now, "When Greece was in her glory's time," did not the little children learn Greek? And when Rome was "in her palmy days" did not the little children of Romans learn Latin? And if little children learned these languages then, why cannot American children, in this age of progress, do it now? Simply because the teachers of children have not learned these languages themselves, and also because they are not provided with proper means of instruction. It is not time that is wanting to give American children a good education. Every person who has grown to the age of thirty years, in this country, has *wasted* time enough to get a good education. Most of the children in our community have the time until they are twelve years old; and after that age, there are very few who could not give one or two hours daily to mental improvement, if they desired to do so; and this would be sufficient to give every one of ordinary mental capacity a good literary, artistic and scientific education, including at least a reading knowledge of Latin and Greek. What is wanting is such means of primary instruction as would, at the beginning, create a taste for learning, and afford children pleasant means of improvement, and hold out such stimulants as would make the whole course of education agreeable.

To a great extent, the people should be educated through their amusements.

To improve the morals of the young, we must have a very different kind of school from what we have now, and we must enlarge our ideas of education, and understand better the influences of proper education, in refining, elevating, and ennobling the minds of men.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH SEVENTH.

Second Physical Division.—The Pine-barren Lumber trade—Polyphemus' walking stick—Characteristics of the Back-woodsmen—Houses—Manner of life—Religious education—The eloquent "Circuit Rider"—Camp Meetings—Anecdote of the Youth with a variable weight—Electioneering Anecdotes.

"But 'tis some Justice to ascribe to chance

The wrongs you must expect from ignorance:

None can the moulds of their creation choose,

We therefore should man's ignorance excuse:

When born too low to reach at things sublime,

'Tis rather their misfortune than their crime."

Davenant.

The second division introduces to our notice a section of country, which, although wholly devoid of any poetical or attractive features—whether you regard the inhabitants or the production—still, certainly possesses the attributes of novelty and singularity. The name at once denotes the character and appearance of the land, to wit, a *barren, covered with pine-trees*. Our subject for this sketch is truly a *dry* one, yet upon examination it will, I hope, be found interesting in some particulars. The Pine-barren region forms no inconsiderable portion of the Eastern slope of our country. Beginning with what are termed the "Pines" in New Jersey, it extends through nearly, if not quite all of the Atlantic States southward, until it is lost amid the grass covered prairies of Alabama and Mississippi. In some, its development is more marked than in others. Thus, in North Carolina the body of the state is nearly entirely pine-barren—with the exception of the sea-coast on the south, and the spurs of the Blue Ridge on the north. In Georgia, it separates the tide-swamp lands from the red-clay hills of the interior, thus forming a belt of some forty or sixty miles wide. The soil is universally poor, and the general appearance of the country monotonous in the extreme. Here and there however, you find large swamps bordering upon the rivers, seeking an entrance into the ocean. There the tall cypress with its pleasing foliage, the pendant willow, the sweet-gum tree, the luxuriant vines clambering even to the very tops of the trees, and hanging in rich festoons—the impenetrable cane-brakes—the profusion of water-lilies—myrtle bushes and sweet-bays—the numerous varieties of birds, with their melodious voices and gay plumage, all conspire in presenting a scene, which contrasts strikingly with the tall naked forms of the pines: devoid of undergrowth, unenlivened, save perchance by the chatter of the fox-squirrel, or the wild scream of the whooping-crane—rendered sad and mournful by

the continued sighing of the winds through their tufted tops. Upon the banks of these streams however, this silence is interrupted by the merry ringing of the wood-man's axe, as he prepares the trunks for the saw-mill, where they are speedily converted into boards, laths &c. Throughout the adjoining country may be traced the heavy ruts of the lumber carts, and the tracks of oxen, as they draw the trees so soon as they are felled, to the depot on the river, whence they are rapidly conveyed to some city or town at its mouth, where vessels are in readiness to bear them to any part of the country. Georgia pines are well adapted for masts and spars. The Norwegian pine so long deemed almost indispensable for such purposes, has been in a great measure superceded, we find the same article, equally excellent, much nearer home. While looking at some of these long straight, round trunks, we have been often reminded of Polyphemus' walking stick, as described by Virgil. Observe the dimensions and weight of one of these, frequently an hundred feet long, and then picture to yourself that huge monster, as with his one immense eye, now pierced and weeping bloody tears, in wrath he shakes the mountains, and the rocky sides of his hollow cavern with his more than Sten-borian cries of agony, or, feeling his way with his pine tree cane to the sea-coast, plunges into the ocean, dashing aside its billows, and grasping wildly, blindly, after the swiftly gliding fleet, hasting away from this strange and fearful region.

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum,

Trunca manum pinus regit, et vestigia firmat."

With how much power is the entire scene depicted, and how completely is his immense stature rendered easy of comprehension, and levelled to the capacities of every reader, by this simple descriptive sentence, "a cut pine guides his hand, and steadies his footsteps!" How readily is a definite conception formed of the imaginary and unknown, when we thus have some familiar rule applicable, according to established laws, to its admeasurement.

The manufacture of "pitch, tar and turpentine" is not as yet very extensive in Georgia: the lumber trade however along these streams is active, for superior materials can scarcely any where be found. The average height of the pine is perhaps a hundred feet, although thousands far exceed this estimate.

The race inhabiting this tract of country is as remarkable and singular in appearance and habits, as the vegetation of the land, and the nature of the soil. In fact, they seem to sympathize in character with both. Without doubt, the natural physical constitution of any country, exerts no inconsiderable influence as the formation of national peculiarities.

Schlegel remarks that the "power exercised by nature and her outward forms over men, is incomparably greater than is commonly supposed, even in the state of artificial cultivation; and still more mighty is it in that condition of primitive simplicity, when man himself stands in a nearer relation to nature, and has therefore a deeper, more inward feeling for her." He proceeds to demonstrate, that the impressions made upon the soul by a plain however fertile, can never elevate the mind above the sphere of vulgar wants, or fill it with those conceptions of majesty, derived from mountains, the speaking monuments of earth's greatness. What then shall we expect from the inhabitants of these pine-barren regions? what ennobling traits has natural scenery stamped upon their characters? in what manly mould have their faces and forms been cast? Tall, lank, fallow-visaged, with drawling accent, they may readily be recognized where-ever found. *Cæ teris paribus*, their appearance is the same, whether regarded amid the pines of New Jersey or of Georgia. Intermarrying with each other, their identity is wonderfully preserved. Labor haters, their subsistence is chiefly derived from the numerous herds of cattle which they own. Disposing of the beef, butter and hides, they succeed in obtaining such few necessities as their situation requires: not the least of the articles deemed indispensable by them, being liquor in its most common forms. Adjoining their dwellings you will usually find a small spot of cleared land, where potatoes and corn are cultivated. The fact is, the poverty of the soil is so great, that the inducement to prepare the land for cultivation is very small. Hence you may ride for hours in some sections, and scarcely find a hundred acres of cleared land. This portion of Georgia will always wear the aspect of poverty, until other methods than those now employed, are devised for enriching the soil; and until cultivators other than those now in possession, shall expend their more enterprising efforts. In the meantime, however, the pasturage of cattle, and the adaptation of the pine tree to the various purposes to which it may be applied, can be pursued to advantage. Various names are employed to designate this peculiar race which here inhabit. By some, they are known as "Piney-woods-men"—or "Backwoods-men," in other localities they have received the appellation of "Pine-knockers or Crackers." Hence probably, arises the origin of the term "cracker-bonnet," as that style is the only one patronized by the dames and damsels of the "Piney-woods." Their manner of life is usually quite idle, and many of them, judging from the appearance of their establishments, seem merely to *vegetate*. Their houses are generally constructed of poles let into each other at the ends in the rudest

manner possible, in so much, that not unfrequently you can thrust your hand between them. On one side rises a huge clay chimney, into which, when logs are tumbled at night, and the entire room is lighted up, to the eye of the stranger at a distance the cabin appears like a large lantern, completely illuminated. Every thing transpiring within, can sometimes be distinctly observed, for in general they have but one room, or at most two, one of which they denominate the hall, the other the bed-room. The latter is occupied by the lord of the manor and his fair consort with the small fry, while the larger children and visitors, find sleeping apartments on the floor near the fire. Not unfrequently you will meet a family of eight or twelve in one small house, not more than fifteen or twenty feet square: the old gentleman and lady quietly enjoying their pipes, one at each end of the chimney, while the little folks are tumbling around upon the floor, or quarrelling over a "pail of clabber."

From such a mode of life as this, one might readily imagine that their moral condition is far from being as elevated as it might be. This conclusion in many instances is entirely correct. To numbers, cannot be applied that high compliment once bestowed upon the Ancient Germans, "*Quanquam severa illic matrimonia; nec ullam morum partem majis laudaveris* * * * *Ergo septa predicticia agunt, nullus spectaculorum illecebris, nullis conviviorum irritationibus corrupta.*"

Ignorance and an almost total want of religious instruction, have stamped their baneful influence upon their characters and conduct. In some localities the sound of the Gospel minister is seldom or never heard, and when one does appear (generally a circuit rider) the mistakes committed, and the influences exerted, are of such a nature, that more evil is done than good accomplished. Often, such a jargon of mis-shapen assertions, perverted doctrines, and singular notions are presented, (not unfrequently as alleged Bible truths,) that to the ear of the intelligent, they are mirth-provoking in the extreme. While listening to some of these, we have been reminded of an anecdote related of a zealous "Brother," who, in one of the upper counties of Georgia, was upon a certain occasion, unfolding to his audience, the scenes which would pass before the eyes of all at the final judgement.—The subject is almost too serious to admit of such a ludicrous portrayal, yet we present it in confirmation of our statement, and as a fact, whose accuracy is well authenticated by creditable ear and eye witnesses. After describing the awful terrors of that momentous occasion, as given in the Scriptures, after picturing the falling mountains, the utter consternation of sinners, the earth wrapt in flames, and the heavens pass-

ing away with a great noise, the parson paused and surveying his congregation minutely, with a long drawn sigh, solemnly proceeded, "friends my feelings overcome me: it is utterly impossible for me to to portray properly the dread terrors of that day. Words are inadequate to the task. The most powerful conception I can convey to your ears, of your utter consternation and helpless condition then, is to tell you, that you will on that day be like *General Washington at the battle of Waterloo, when he cried out "a horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"* The effect was electrical, and the preacher immediately pronounced by many, "one, what could not be beat for learning no how." What reason have we to expect or hope for religious improvement under such ministrations of the word? Multitudes are gratified if they can hear the circuit rider once in a month, and attend camp-meeting once a year. The injury caused by these camp-meetings when injudiciously conducted, far over-balance the good communicated. Hundreds frequent them solely with a view of having a general frolic. While the elder 'brothers' and 'sisters' are assembled around the altar, now falling into devotional fainting fits, now shouting "Glory Halleujah" and "River Jordan," the younger members in the tents enjoy themselves in carrying on flirtations, in various amusements, and in discussing the merits of love affairs in general. Their secular education is frequently no better than their religious. If the school-master, can teach spelling and reading,—a little geography, with a knowledge of arithmetic to Long Division, in some parts of the Country he would be considered a prodigy of learning. We would not however desire to convey the impression, that the scenes and representations here given, are universally applicable to every section of the Pine-barren region. There are individuals of piety, principle and of considerable attainments, residing in the very midst of these people, whose influence for good is largely exerted in behalf of the neighborhood around. These moral and literary luminaries are however rendered more remarkable, in consequence of the darkness which surrounds them, so that the original propositions still remains, that these inhabitants of the 'Piney-woods' as a class, are ignorant, and in many respects, far removed from being a religious, upright, community. In the vicinity of Columbia, South Carolina, numbers of them are completely poverty-stricken, as destitute of the good things of this life, as is the soil upon which they live, incapable of supporting any luxuriant vegetation: pine knots and persimmons being the only spontaneous offsprings. You will frequently see them coming into town, with a small load of light wood for sale, the driver straddling the pile, the cart a rude specimen of his own manu-

facture, and the pony so small and ill-favored, that when he raises one foot, he seems scarcely able to replace it with the other. It would appear indeed rational, that the driver, long and lean as he is, should himself, at least now and then, exchange places with his "creetur." His load is probable the fourth of a cord. This disposed of, about one half of the proceeds is appropriated towards the filling of a small stone jug, which you may have noticed swinging quite conspicuously by the handle under the cart, and the remainder expended for family supplies. Then home-ward bound he proceeds leisurely (can he do otherwise?) through the heavy sand, at frequent intervals sipping the contents of that said whiskey jug. A similar trip is made perhaps three times a week, and thus a meagre subsistence is obtained for self and family during the year. Many amusing anecdotes are told of the hand-to-mouth manner, in which they keep soul and body together. Thus take this one as an example of the rest.

Scene—A Country Store, open piazza, some five or six men seated on a wooden bench, horses tied to the clap-board fence.—First Dramatis Persona,—a portly Squire, intently observing the index of a pair of scales upon which he is standing, the shop-keeper busily engaged in the attempt to ascertain exactly the quantity of adipose tissue with the bones and other mortal belongings. Second Dramatis Persona,—A long, lank, youth with yellow complexion, sandy hair, quite thin and entirely unused to the brush,—pantaloons, striped home-spun, too short by three inches, cotton shirt, no jacket, and red suspenders, an individual whom we immediately recognize as one of our Pine-barren acquaintances. Squire stepping from the platform with much satisfaction displayed in his countenance, soliloquizes aloud:—"Well two hundred and fifty for a Country Squire is pretty good, very good." "Few City Aldermen could beat that," says our verdant specimen from the Back-wood, who up to this moment with lips decidedly parted, and eyes considerably dilated, had been steadily viewing the rotund proportions of this dignitary.

"Well Ezekiel my boy, how much do you weigh?"

Ezekiel with considerable modesty. "*Well ra-ally Squire, I ca-ant edzactly say, my corporosity sagaciates so variable. In common times though, I reckon I weighs ninety, in black-berry season, ninety-five. and when persimmons is in, about ninety-seven; the stones you know Squir-re counts considerable.*"

Here, in these Pine-Barren Counties are the 'Battle grounds,' upon which stump-orators endeavor, to win for themselves a reputation, sufficient to secure a seat in the State Legislature. This accomplished,—the loftiest height of political preferment to which their

sugar-plumbs in their eyes, as they called gazing closely and amorously into each other's eyes. They also exhibited their passion publicly. A pendant lock of hair, often plaited and tied with ribband, and hanging at the ear, was so fashionable in the age of Shakspeare, and afterwards, that Charles I. and many of his courtiers, wore them. This lock was worn on the left side, and hung down by the shoulder, considerably longer than the rest of the hair, sometimes even to the girdle. It was supposed to have the effect of causing violent love and was originally a French custom. Wigs were made to imitate it. Burton adds to the love-lock a flower worn in the ear. Kissing the eyes was a mark of extraordinary tenderness. In the fore-part of the stays was anciently a pocket, where women not only carried love-letters and tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. When prominent stays were worn, lovers dropped the literary favors into them. If a woman put a love-letter into the bosom pocket, it was a token of her affection. Willow garlands were worn by persons disappointed in love, supposed from the tree's promoting, chastity, or the famous passage in the Psalms. The liberties allowed to lovers, and even to intimate acquaintances, in the times of Elizabeth and James, were very indecorous.

Here follows quite appropriately, does it not reader?

A LOVE LETTER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

To my right well-beloved cousin, John Patson, Esq., be this letter delivered, &c.

Right worshipful and well-beloved Valentine.

In my most humble wise, recommend me unto you, &c. And heartily I thank you for the letter, which that ye sent me by John Beckerton, whereby I understand and know, that ye be purposed to come to Topcroft in short time, and without any errand or matter, but only to have a conclusion of the matter betwixt my father and you: I would be the most glad of any creature alive, so that the matter may grow to effect. And thereas [whereas] ye say, and [if] ye come and find the matter no more towards ye than ye did aforetime, ye would no more put my father and my lady, my mother, to no cost nor business, for that cause a good while after, which causeth my heart to be full heavy: and if that ye come, and the matter take none effect, then should I be much more sorry and full of heaviness.

And as for myself. I have done, and understand in the matter that I can or may, as God knoweth; and I let you plainly understand that my father will no more money part withal in that behalf, but an 100*l.* and five

marks, [8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*] which is right far from the accomplishment of your desire.

Wherefore, if that ye should be content with that good, and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground: and if ye think not yourself satisfied, or that ye might have much more good, as I have understood by you afore; good, true, and loving Valentine, that ye take no such labour upon you, as to come more for that matter. But let [what] is pass, and never more be spoken of, as I may be your true lover and headwomman during my life.

No more unto you at this time, but Almighty Jesu preserve you both body and soul, &c.

By your Valentine,

MARGHERY BREWE.

Topcroft, 1476-7.

The *Paris Journal of Medicine* of 1817, contains the following remarkable statement touching an

EFFECT OF FRIGHT.

"Mary Glin, a widow, 70 years of age, and who had enjoyed remarkable good health all her life, was so astounded with horror, at learning that her daughter, with two children in her arms, had thrown herself out of a window, and was dashed to pieces, that in one night her skin, from head to foot, became as black as that of a negro. This blackness was permanent, and the woman having died about two years afterwards of pulmonic inflammation at the Salpetriere, she was dissected by the Surgeons of the institution, and the skin was found to correspond in structure with that of the negro."

MASQUERADE.

At a masquerade some years ago in London, among the different characters, appeared a "dancing corpse," dressed in a shroud, with a coffin. The coffin was black, with white ornamented handles: and on the breast-plate was inscribed:

"Mortals attend! this pale and ghastly spectre,
Three moons ago was plump and stout as Hector,
Cornely's, Almaack's, and the Coterie,
Have now reduced me to the thing you see!
Oh! shun harmonic routes, and midnight revel,
Or you and I shall soon be on a level."

OLD WOMEN A CURE FOR HYPOCHONDRIA.

A very old *Sporting Magazine* of London, has an article entitled "Loquacity; or, an Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry: beginning with a panegyric on Old Women," from which we extract the following:

"Facts they say, are stubborn things; the writer will therefore evince his assertion with one. Poor Mr. Vapourish was a gentleman, a man possessed with tolerable good sense and

knowledge, and he was a man of classical learning : but at times, and that frequently, was dreadfully affected with the hypochondriacal malady. Able apothecaries administered drugs, famous physicians wrote him prescriptions, but all was without effect, at least without the desired effect : for the poor suffering patient received no remedy from either medicine or advice. He was frequently wretched in the extreme : he rung up his servants at midnight ; said he was then dying as fast as it was possible. He was afraid of everything. One thing was too hot, another too cold ; one too thick, another was too thin : one loaded the stomach too much, another too hard of digestion ; one was too sweet another too sour ; one was too flatulent, another too inflammatory ; every thing gave alarm and much uneasiness, and his life was a grievous burden to himself ; yet he was terribly afraid of dying, which would have terminated his wretchedness. When he felt himself in tolerable good health, then he was under continual fear and alarm : he was afraid of eating or drinking, or of doing anything, lest the act should tend to derange his system. In short he was in continual bondage, and the worst of slavery ; for he was a slave to his own fears and apprehensions, and a plague to every body about him.

Good fortune brought him to the acquaintance of an old woman, who afforded him greater relief than all the world had done or could do. She had felt every pain : had laboured and groaned under every wretched sensation ; had experienced all the fears and doubts he could possibly mention ; knew exactly how he felt, and what thoughts were apt to harass his breast during the paroxysms. She had been subject to the whole for more than thirty years : and yet, thank Heaven, she would say, notwithstanding all, I am alive still, and am now in my seventieth year. Come, come, my good sir, do not be habberghasted : you are not a-dying nor will you die yet : I know what it is, and can and do pity you from my heart and soul. Here the poor sufferer had a little consolation : a pleasing prospect stood before him ; an old woman of seventy, who, had suffered all his miseries for more than thirty years, and yet was likely to hold it ten or twenty years longer. He conceived hope. But hope how powerful and efficacious soever it may be, is insufficient to give relief long, or much, to the wretched hypochondriacal sufferer. No there must be something more stimulating and fascinating to accomplish this ; which something the old woman possessed in a sufficient degree. She was everything at times, and in season ; she was gloomy as December, tearful as April, serene as October, pleasant as June, just as occasion require : for her words, looks, and whole deportment, were sure to correspond, and be well suited to the

company she was with. Besides, she was never at a loss : she had a why to every wherefore ; had always ready an old saying, to strengthen and corroborate her remarks, and a proverb to illustrate and confirm her assertions or opinions. Her discourse was serious and religious ; comical and facetious ; and all in the space of a few minutes : nor were the subjects of her conversation less mutable ; for she would turn from what may be said of heaven, to the dark regions below, and thence to this busy world, and to any of its concerns and transactions instantly. These astonishing abilities are the prerogatives of old women ; and by the help of them, this wonderful old woman frequently cured poor Mr. Vapourish of his maladies. She diverted his thoughts from preying upon his mind, and he would breathe more freely, and consequently felt himself more comfortable. The old woman was well acquainted with his feelings, and saw his amendment so soon as he felt it. She would then clap her hand on his knee, and say, 'come sir, shall you and I cuff a pipe together before I go home.' If you think it will do me no harm,' he would reply, 'I don't care if we do.' She had much to say in recommendation of smoking ; so to smoking they went. The fumes of the tobacco, a pot of ale, and noggin or two of his mead or alder wine, made them both quite happy : and poor Mr. Vapourish would sometimes continue pretty well for weeks. When fresh attacked, the old woman was sent for, and always recovered him ; that is as long as there remained in him any life or spirits. She was unable to raise the dead : she survived him, though his senior by twenty years.

BATHING AND WATERING PLACES.

We now return to the *Æsculapian Regis'er*, winding up our curiosities for the present week with a seasonable article about Watering Places, prepared perhaps by the eminent Dr. Cox, himself :—

Notwithstanding the various means resorted to at our Watering Places and Springs, for restoring health to the invalid, and affording amusement to the man of leisure and the loungeur, we are still behind some of our European brethren, who have hit upon a plan which holds out a promise of health and pleasure at the same time. In a small town in Switzerland, called Leuk or Locche, six leagues from Sion, and situated on the right bank of the Rhone, are sulphuretted thermal springs, of temperature from 111 to 124 degrees of Fahrenheit, which are received into a large basin, divided into four equal squares, each of them capable of containing thirty bathers. These square baths have dressing cabinets, two of which, are kept at an elevated temperature, by the means of stoves.

Round each bath runs an estrade or bench,

on which, or on chairs, as may be most agreeable, persons of both sexes, suitable attired, take their seats. Thus situated—partially immersed in the hot water, they converse, read, or even take refreshments according to their several tastes. Many bathers have before them a small floating table, on which are placed their breakfast, glass, handkerchief, snuff-box, books, and news papers. One may readily conceive of this being an excellent school for politeness, and for acquiring a certain easy, graceful, flexion of the body, and movement of the hands and arms, either by doing the honours of the tea-table, or seconding the expression of admiration at a favorite passage, by just giving your table impetus enough to float it to some fair lady opposite, whose acceptance of a bouquet of Alpine flowers you may at the same time solicit. For these tables are frequently decorated thus by the Valaisan girls,—and the vapour of the thermal water preserves for a long time, the pristine verdure and beauty of the plants and flowers exposed to it. To insure entire equality, and keep away jealousies and discord, which might arise out of the emulous adornment of dandies and belles, every bather is required to put on a dress, which for its plainness, would meet the approval of St. Francis himself. It consists of a large flannel gown, covering the whole body, and a tippet of the same to protect the shoulders from the cold.

Three weeks is the period of bathing, short of which a cure cannot be promised. It is customary to begin by an hour in the morning on the first day, two hours on the second, and so on, augmenting the time successively, till the patient continues in the bath eight hours a day,—four in the morning and four in the afternoon.—*Alibert, Patissier sur les eaux minerales de la France. &c.*

Some might prefer (particularly in the present season) the practice of the inhabitants of Cumana, as related by Humboldt. They go down to Manzanares river with chairs, and seat themselves in companies in the water, where they chat away the evening. Such a situation must certainly be favorable to the effusions of sentiment and love, as furnishing so many apt allusions and illustrations.

ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS.

—M. W. Dodd of New York, has just published the third and a revised edition of this work. It is from the pen of Charles Lanman. That it is popular, the numerous editions sold of it fully establish. The author, has written many works since the present appeared, and they have been generally creditable to him. He lays no claims to professional authorship, yet he deserves distinction arising

from his works far above those which we too willingly concede to others, who make greater pretension with far less ability.

The topics of "Summer Hours," are suggested by passing incidents; and are as the author states in his dedicatory epistle, accompanying the first edition, of a desultory character. They are the creatures of a momentary impulse, written under, the influence of inspired suggestion.

As a specimen of them we give a charming little sketch entitled

THE UNHAPPY STRANGER.

"I was a passenger on board one of the noble steamers which navigate Long Island Sound. The hurly-burly attending our departure from the great city was at last ended, and I had a good opportunity to wander about the boat, studying, as is my wont, the variously marked countenances of my fellow-passengers. When the supper bell rang, there was a general movement made towards the after-cabin, and as I fell in with the crowd, I happened to cast my eye upon the only group left behind. This was composed of a middle-aged man and his three children. The latter were getting ready to retire to rest, and the youngest one, a sweet little girl of perhaps three years of age, ever and anon kept questioning her father as follows—"where's mother, pa?—pa, where's mother? When will she come back?" The kind delicate attentions of the father, as he smoothed the pillows and laid them in their nest, tended to interest my feelings; and when at the supper-table, my fancy was busy with the scene just witnessed.

It was now quite late; the lazily-uttered joke, and the less frequent peal of laughter, seemed to announce the spiritual presence of repose. The newspaper, the book, and checker-board, were gradually laid aside, and in a little while nearly all the berth-curtains were drawn up, and their occupants in the arms of sleep. Many of the lamps were out, and those that did remain produced a dim, solemn, twilight throughout the cabin—the only part at all animated being that corner where the boot-black was engaged in his appropriate duty. The cause of my own wakefulness it is unnecessary to relate; suffice to say, it was entirely dispelled by the following incident.

Just as I was about to retire, the sigh of a burdened heart smote my ear, and as I turned, I beheld an individual sitting near a berth, with his face resting upon the pillow, weeping bitterly. He was a fine, intelligent looking man, in the prime of life; and on near observation, I found him to be the identical one who had before attracted my attention. I approached his seat, and, in as kind a tone as possible, inquired the cause of his unhappiness; adding that I should be pleased to do for

him anything he might desire. For a moment, a fresh flood of tears was my only answer; but these he soon wiped away, and extending to me his hand, he thus began to speak:

"I am grateful to you, my dear sir, for your expression of kindness and sympathy towards me, but the weight which is resting upon my spirit cannot be easily dispelled. I have been sorely afflicted of late, and the associations connected with the event are what caused me to forget myself and give vent to my emotions in tears. To be found weeping like a child, in the midst of a multitude of strangers, may be considered a weakness, I hope not a sin: but that you may understand my conduct, I will relate to you the cause.

"One short month ago, as I paused to consider my condition, I fancied myself to be one of the happiest of men. My cottage-home, which stands in one of the fairest valleys of New England, was then a perfect picture of contentment and peace. A much-loved wife, and three children, were then the joys of my existence. Every pleasureable emotion which I enjoyed was participated in by her, who was my first and only love. From our united hearts, every morning and evening, ascended a deep-felt prayer of gratitude to our Heavenly Father: and from the same source sprang every hope concerning the temporal prospects of our children, and, to us and them, of the life beyond the grave. We were at peace with God, and with regard to this world, we had everything we desired.

"The time of harvest being ended, and an urgent invitation having been received from my father-in-law, I concluded to take my family, and make a visit to the pleasant village in the South, where my wife and I were children together, and where we had plighted our early love-vows. All things were ready, and, leaving our homestead to the care of a servant, we started on our journey,—reaching in due time, and in safety, our place of destination.

"We found our friends all well, and glad to see us. Not a care or trouble rested on a single heart. Thankful for the blessings of the past and present, all our prospects of the future were as bright as heart could desire. 'Old familiar faces' greeted us at every corner, old friendships were again revived, and a thousand delightful associations crowded around us, so that we had nothing to do but be happy.

"Thus had two weeks passed away, when, on the very night previous to our intended departure for home, my wife was suddenly taken ill, and when the morrow dawned,—*I was a widower and my children motherless.* My wife, instead of returning to her earthly home, was summoned by her Maker, to that blessed home above the stars, where the happiness of the redeemed will never end. God's will be done,

but, alas, it almost breaks my heart to think of those bitter words—'never more.' I cannot bear to think of it; never more upon the earth shall I behold that form, and listen to that voice, which were my delight and pride. To my eye the greenness of earth is forever departed. O who can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth? How lonely, lonely, is my poor, poor, poor heart!"

These last words of my stranger friend were uttered in a smothered tone, and with a drooping head; and, though he held my arm after I had risen to go, I tore myself away, for I thought it my duty to retire.

When I awoke in the morning, after a troubled sleep, I found the boat was at the dock of the New England city, and the day somewhat advanced. My first thought was concerning the unhappy stranger, with whom I longed to have another interview: but in making diligent search I found that he was gone, and with him his three sweet orphan children. His form, and the words he had spoken, seemed to me like a dream. They were indeed the substance of a vision—a dream of human life. Surely, shrely life is but a vapor, which appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away. As Jeremy Taylor has eloquently written: "Death meets us everywhere, and is procured by instrument, and in all chances, and enters in at many doors: by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star, by the emissions of a cloud and the melting of a vapor, by the fall of a chariot and stumbling of a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine, or by watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon, by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights or sleeping days, by water frozen into the hardness and sharpness of a dagger, or water thawed into the floods of a river, by a hair or a raisin, by violent motion or sitting still, by severity or dissolution, by God's mercy or God's anger, by everything in providence and everything in manners, by everything in nature and everything in chance. We take pains to heap up things useful to our life, and get our death in the purchase; and the person is snatched away, and the goods remain. And all this is the law and constitution of nature: it is a punishment to our sins, the unalterable event of providence, and the decree of heaven. The chains that confine us to this condition are strong as destiny, and immutable as the eternal laws of God."

This picture of mans condition is indeed most melancholy, but let us remember it is not a hopeless one. Let us keep the commandments, and confide in the promises of the Invisible, and we shall eventually find that the laws regulating our final redemption will prove to be as immutable as those concerning our earthly condition.

COLLEGE LIFE.

—The *Southern Quarterly Review*, for July, published at Charleston and edited by Wm. Gilmore Simms, is a very fine issue. The articles nine in number, including the "Critical Notices, are uncommonly well written; and will doubtless produce a most favorable impression upon the reader. We especially like the following papers: "State of Parties and the Country." The "Iroquis Bourbon." "Stowe's Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the "Aboriginal Races of America." "College and University Education," however pleases us best, perhaps because it is short and to the point. We extract from it the following which we are bold to say, and from observation and experience of our own, is true to the letter.

"Our Colleges differ in their police discipline from the foreign Universities. In some, the students are permitted to "live in town," as it is called, and are, therefore, to a great degree, beyond the reach of observation. But, when they reside within the college building, we observe, in our Colleges a greater strictness than is either, useful or proper. We recollect one marked absurdity in the Institution at which we were educated. We studied of Course, in our own apartments, and the hour for study was designated by a bell. It was the duty of the Tutor, (there being one or more to each of the College buildings,) to make a sort of official visit of inspection three times each day, in the periods allotted for study. If the student was in his room—*looking busy*—it was well, and he was safe for one-third of the day. If he was out a slight apology sufficed. If he ever engaged in any mischief, or pursuit forbidden by college laws, the echoing tread of the Tutor, down the long corridor, gave him ample leisure for assuming the appearance of study, though he returned the moment after to card playing or drinking.

The English and German system is infinitely better than this. They do not attempt to discourage such convivial meetings as students may enjoy in their own apartments, and only require that order shall be observed, and that the *decencies* of life shall not be outraged. The result is that such meetings are matters of course, and naturally accommodate themselves to the restraints, which unforbidden indulgences soon learn to impose upon themselves. It is true that evil results might ensue in some cases, but they would be less numerous than under the present system. Every Collegian's experience will assure him that the temptation to gross dissipation is more in the *hazard* of the pleasure than in the *pleasure itself*. Youths are at infinite pains to engage in frolics which are forbidden—when, if left at liberty to choose, or

reject, their palates, if not good sense, would wholly protect them.

But there is a better method of ensuring the safety of the scholar. Parents and headmasters have an idea that they are advancing their several reputations, if they can obtain a mere lad entrance into College. The children are crammed with Greek and Latin, and are thus thrown into the unavoidable license of an association with young men of twenty or twenty-one years of age. Bad habits are sooner learned than roots or formulæ, and the precocious child returns a profligate or a drunkard. No youth should enter College before he is seventeen. If he wishes to enter professional life at an earlier period than such a course will admit of, a parent had better forego training the unripe morals of his son in the heated atmosphere of a University life. We may have fewer youthful prodigies, but more men will grow to honor and reputation.

Another wholesome lesson might be inculcated. A College is not a place for punishment, but for voluntary instruction. The true rule for the government of a College authorities, is to *dismiss* all who cannot restrain themselves within due bounds, when they are left free to choose between right wrong. The discipline of a penitentiary-house will never fitly educate a student. It is sufficient to give him the *opportunity* of learning. The authorities of a University do not resemble a private tutor, who stands, to some extent, in the place of a parent. Their sole business is to afford facilities for instruction: and to prevent vice and disorder, by the removal of such as are dangerous inmates, from their characters or habitual example. These results can be effected without making every well-disposed youth subject to system of espionage, and without converting College Tutors into work-house overseers."

WILD OATS SOWN ABROAD.

—The author of this work has not contented himself with sowing his wild oats abroad, but has noted down the whole process and then paraded it before the eyes and noses of his fellow citizens. The book is a bad book, the product of a sensual, low and grovelling mind, and the liveliness with which some parts of it are written only makes it the more dangerous to the young and inexperienced.

The writer speaks of his college education, but it is evident that English Grammar was not one of his studies. He has never mastered the difference between the verbs *to lie* and *to lay*. The errors of the press are a match for the errors of the pen.

It is to be regretted that any Philadelphia publisher should let such a work issue from his store, but then we suppose his excuse is, that the people pay best for bad books.

POEMS, BY "MEDITATUS."

— This little volume of verse, got up in exceedingly neat style as to paper, type and binding, comes to us from Messrs. Lippincott Grambo & Co. Who the author may be, is not stated; nor do we care to know. He is right-thinking, clearly so; the tone which his poetry breathes, is eminently religious; no one can read it, without inward profit; the heart will be improved, if the best poetical appreciation is not satisfied. The subjects have been presented by city intercourse. We have for instance, "Christ Church Bells," "The State House Clock," "The Old Swedes Church," "Crazy Norah" and the like. There are beautiful thoughts in many of the pieces: but too frequently their execution as to rhythm or the mechanical, is hardly kindred to, or sympathetic with, verse. The author would have done much better to have clothed his ideas in prose. In that dress, indeed, they would have been decidedly more effective; partaking of a Sterne, a Hawthorne and an "Ike Marvel," with a good deal more, however, of a "Meditatus" than either.

"Christ Church Bells" has the following passage, full of delicate, poetical, tender thought, but yet expressed in such uncongenial, not to say grating numbers:—

"Ye ancient bells! how many more than me
Your chimes have moved! How many more, when I
Am covered with the green and springing sod,
They yet shall move! Nor ye alone, but sounds
That fill the air, and sights unnoted by
The passing crowd, shall to some voiceless heart
Call thoughts, to some averted eye bring tears.
I cannot know, I do not care to know
It now, by what unseen and spiritual touch
Ye thrill me: but I think how unconceived
Are the susceptibilities that fill the soul,
Here torpid, unsuspected, covered up;
But in the milder clime of heaven, to be
Perfected in new life, and to become,
Each one, a separate entrance for our bliss."

Observe how hard the following is:—

"I cannot know, I do not care to know
It now, by what unseen and spiritual touch, &c.

Blank verse like this well deserves its adjective designation: it is *blank* enough.

Again note the following from "The State House Clock;" "Meditatus" addresses that object thus:—

"Speak to me! For these fifty years or more
Thou hast been musing in this hermitage,
And yet doth no man ever hear thy voice
Save when it crieth the hour."

Then the Clock replies, quite as unmusically:—

Who calls on me to speak? one of the throng
That daily thus climbs up to my abode,
Seeking a moment's empty entertainment?

To which "Meditatus" says:—

"Nay, thou old faithful sentinel! I seek
More solid stuff; 'tis for instruction that
I come. Speak, then, and tell me what thou see'st
From out those lofty windows, that like eyes
Look ever toward the North and South, the East
And West!"

The Clock then rejoins:—

"Stand where thou art, and for a little season
(Yet not long), I'll speak with thee.

This morning, ere my smaller hand reached five,
Out on the East I saw the approach of Day.
He came without a cloud, and soon with light
Filled the horizon, and the arch of heaven.
Then blue wreaths of smoke ascending, rose
O'er the still city spreading far beneath,
Steeple and towers and a waste of roofs,
That cover happy and unhappy homes.
Since then five times my larger hand hath made
His circuit."

In this very precise, eminently bell-clapper style, the clock goes on and talks quite lachrymously, of various objects about town, drawing many a wholesome moral and administering many a worthy slice of advice.

From a poem entitled "The River" we extract the following; another illustration, of how very fair thoughts are ruined in the clothing given to them:—

"Far down the pebbly beach I walk alone;
The deep, wide river floweth by my side;
Green boughs bend o'er me. Oh, loved Solitude!
Hark from the boughs! 'tis the wood-robin's note.
Sweet bird, thou speakest unto me; I know
Who sent thee here.

Over the river now
The meadows look like velvet, and the woods
In rich dark clusters stretch to th' edge of sight,
Crowned all with gold by the low sinking sun.
Lifting my eyes up to the cloudless heaven
I see the crescent, slender and new-born.
Ye burning worlds that lie 't' the other side
Of the veil round me, ask I yet of you?
'Tis nothing—I am but a worm—enough
Is shown to me."

Is not this positively jaw-breaking?

The following is executed in a style much better than any thing else in the volume. It is indeed an oasis in a desert of most unmusical verse.

THE TWO GRAVES.

"Here are two graves with flowers overgrown,
No monument doth tell who lies beneath,
Or how the swift-winged years have come and flown.
Since they were laid here by the hand of death.
Yet was there once a time when, smooth and green,
This sod unbroken lay in the cool shade—
Renewed each spring its grassy dress was seen,
Till autumn frosts returning, made it fade.
This virgin soil, that ne'er was broke before,
To dust received those who of dust were born,
Then closed again, to be disturbed no more
Till they shall read it on the Judgment morn."

And I, a wand'rer on a tollsome way,
To view this quiet resting-place am brought,
And lingering here as fades the summer's day,
Find mid its quiet beauties, food for thought.

Though still and lonely now, I do not doubt
There has another scene been witnessed here;
When from the stricken heart deep grief flowed out,
And where these flowers spring, fell the bitter tear.

But now perchance the stricken heart is gone,
That yearned for those who lie beneath this spot;
Perchance of all who tread the earth, not one
Remembereth their image or their lot.

And this is but the common fate of all;
The world forgets us, though we loved it well;
And the few kindred hearts that weep our fall,
Soon following us, are fallen where we fell.

It is not, then, upon your earthly state,
Ye nameless slumb'ers who lie here at rest,
That lingering thus I muse and meditate
As fades the day along the golden west.

Though ye had many lovers and few foes,
Though wealth with jewell'd splendor clothed your brow.

Though ye were poor, and suffered all the woes,
Of keenest want, what doth it matter now?

Earth's sorrows and her sweetest joys forget.
The things ye sought in vain and those ye won,
That pitted and that envied in your lot
Are now alike all gone, forever gone!

Not to the fleeting things of Time, which die
As the frail body yieldeth up its breath,
Thought turns her silent retrospective eye,
But to the soul, the soul, that knows no death.

Were ye among the lowly and the meek,
Whose new-born hearts are filled with heavenly love!
Did ye pass by earth's empty charms, and seek
A purer portion in the realms above?

It may be that the lowly path of prayer
Across life's waste these mould'ring feet have trod,
And, cheered by faith, thro' all this night of care
With joyful steps they hasten'd home to God.

In sweetest slumber rests the weary head,
If Jesus the still watches o'er it keep;
More soft than couch of down this narrow bed,
When here he giveth his beloved sleep.

Literary and other Gossip.

— *Harper's Magazine* for August, comes to us through Messrs. Getz and Buck our neighbors. It is an unusually rich number; filled with spirited reading and very handsome illustrations.

— *The Illustrated Magazine of Art* for August comes to us promptly, from Mr. J. W. Moore, the agent for Philadelphia. It is a superb number, if possible better than those which have preceded it. The publisher deserves credit for the elegant manner in which he gets up his works.

— *Old Knick* for August is out, but our copy coming by that slow coach the United States Mail has not yet reached us, and in all probability will not do so until the middle of the month, or until all the post office clerks have read it to their satisfaction. "Old Knick" is too good a publication to reach us promptly.

— *Putnam's Magazine* for August contains an unusual amount of excellent reading, particularly in the prose department. "Our Crystal Palace," is extraordinarily well done: so is "Curiosities of Puritan History," ditto "Rejected Mss.," ditto and eminently so, "Russian Despotism and its Victims." Upon the whole, *Putnam* is a credit to American literature.

— "Percy Effingham" is the title of a new novel by Cockton, author of "Valentine box." &c., which T. B. Peterson of our city has just published, and which is highly commended by the English press. It has a decidedly selling look, a look by the way, which characterizes all of T. B. P.'s books. As looks, however, are oftentimes very poor data by which to judge of men, so are they of books.

— H. HOOKER, of our city, has in press, to be issued early in August: "Pilate and Herod: a Tale," illustrative of the early history of the Church of England in the province of Maryland, by the Rev. Harvey Stanley, Rector of Holy Trinity, Md.: in two vols. 12mo.

— MESSRS. C. J. PRICE & Co., have in preparation for publication "Familiar Letters on the Physics of the Earth," by Buff and Hoffman.

— We have received the Fifth Part of Redfield's beautiful republication of Collier's amended edition of Shakespeare's Works. It comes to us through Peterson, the enterprising "Top," as T. B. P. is universally called.

— Several books still await notice at our hands.

— SIR. A. ALISON's second volume of his "History of Europe, from the Fall Napoleon," will be published in October; also Miss Strickland's fourth volume of the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland."

— A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from the classic shades of Cambridge says:—

"I spent a pleasant day or two wandering about the beautiful streets and roads surrounding Harvard, and around the sacred shades of Mount Auburn, but they close Mount Auburn too early, even before sunset. The gate of Death should not be shut so early on the weary wanderer seeking to find silence beneath her shadow, darkened by the drooping wing of evening.

I stood beneath the sturdy elm, under

which Washington first unsheathed his sword on taking command of the American army on his appointment by Congress. I gazed upon Washington's old residence now tastefully kept by Prof. Longfellow; a residence, I should think, worthy of a Poet, the whole year round; and near it I tried to pierce the impenetrable shade of firs and other evergreens in which Lowell has hid himself; and I have returned to this city to give you this record of my observations of Harvard Commencement. I hope to witness similar scenes at Yale next week."

— A SNOW-ARCH on Mt. WASHINGTON:— A party of travellers, just arrived from the mountains, report that on the 13th instant, in ascending the summit of Mount Washington, by a new route, they passed under or through a natural archway of snow, twenty feet high, one hundred and sixty feet long, the crust above their heads forty feet in thickness. The archway was worn by the stream known as Crystal Falls, which descends towards the east through a chasm or gap, whose walls are seven hundred feet on each side. They express the belief that this natural archway of pure snow will remain in its present state during the summer. The surface of this mass of snow extends over several acres, and has no signs of ice or crystallization.

— THE MATRIMONIAL CREED.—Whoever will be married, before all things it is necessary that he hold the conjugal faith; and the conjugal faith is this: that there were two rational beings created both equal, and yet one superior to the other; and the inferior shall bear rule over the superior; which faith except every one keep whole and undefiled without doubt he shall be scolded at everlastingly.

The man is superior to the woman, and the woman is inferior to the man; yet both are equal and the woman shall govern the man.

The woman is commanded to obey the man, and the man ought to obey the woman;

And yet there are not two obedients but one obedient.

For there is one dominion nominal of the husband, and another dominion real of the wife.

And yet there are not two dominions but one dominion. For like as we are compelled by the christian verity to acknowledge that wives must submit themselves to their husbands and be subject to them in all things.

So are we forbidden by the conjugal faith to say that they should be at all influenced by their wives or pay regard to their commands.

For man was not created for the woman but the woman for the man.

Yet the man shall be the slave of the woman and the woman the tyrant of the man.

So that in all things as aforesaid the subjection of the superior to the inferior is to be believed.

He therefore that will be married must thus think of the woman and of the man.

Futhermore, it is necessary to submissive matrimony that he also believe rightly the infallibility of the wife.

For the right faith is that we believe and confess that the wife is fallible and infallible:

Perfectly fallible and perfectly infallible; of an erring soul and unerring mind subsisting; fallible as touching her human nature and infallible as touching her female sex.

Who though she be fallible and infallible, yet she is not two, but one woman; who submitted to lawful marriage to acquire unlawful dominion: and promised religiously to obey that she might rule with uncontrollable sway.

This is the conjugal faith; which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be married.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

— Poetical contributors must bear with us a short time. We have quite a stock of good, bad, and indifferent rhyme on hand, some of which we shall publish. Let the reader not suppose, because we publish a poetical effort, we consider it necessarily fit to publish. Rising genius must be encouraged, and BIZARRE can afford to do something in its behalf as well as any body else. "The Autumn Morn," which we present to our readers on another page, comes from a gentleman of decided talent and promise. He trots his Muse around the course whereupon Buchanan Read and others have attained distinction. The animal gets unmanageable, now and then; but this, of course, shows that he is spirited.

A LITTLE BOASTING

— We hope every body read "The Romance of Toil," in our last number. It came from a polished female writer, who we cordially welcome to our pages. Other articles from the same pen are promised. The sooner they come, the better. BIZARRE will be considerably enlarged at the close of the present volume, by the addition of several pages. We find we have not room, with our present dimensions, to carry out our wishes. *There will be no increase of price!* Can't some of our friends procure us a few hundred more subscribers. We have already obtained a substantial list, but it will very well bear increasing.

AMUSEMENTS.

— Sanford has opened his charming little Opera House on Twelfth street, and the en-

tertainments there are very excellent. He has all of his old attractions, with new ones of marked moment; for instance, Nelson Kneass, the clever composer and pianist. The singing of Sanford's *troupe* is altogether better than any we have before heard from an Ethiopian corps; while the instrumental performances are also of a very high order. Sli-ter, the great champion dancer, remains; and Master Sanford is also put forth nightly for his graceful *pas*—no allusion to old Sanford—or steps.

—There is a talk of an opera season here, early in the autumn, with Sontag, Steffenone, Maretzec, and the whole Castle Garden force.

PERRY COUNTY SPRINGS.

—We find the following in one of our prominent city dailies:—

"The Perry County Springs is one of the choicest of the many country resorts in Pennsylvania. We are glad to learn, too, that there is there at present a very delightful company, made up of our own citizens, as well as the citizens of other cities, towns, villages and hamlets, both in and out of Pennsylvania. The situation of these Springs is superb: indeed, it could not be better, whether for fine, vigorous atmosphere, or for beautiful scenery. Mr. Etter keeps the hotel, and keeps it in superior style. He is one of your genial men: everybody fancies him; we suspect it would be almost impossible to be dull or down-spirited in his house. There are various sports at the Springs, viz: riding, fishing, shooting, bowling, ring and "schneery"—is that the way it is spelt, Dutchmen, say?—billiards and so on. The trip there is short and agreeable, performed as it is by cars and carriages. We hear a large party set out for the Springs the present week. We should like to be of the number."

BENJAMIN MORAN.

—This clever gentleman is now established in London, where he is engaged as correspondent for several American papers. He is doing well, but not a whit better than he deserves. We received a kind letter from him by a late steamer, and no doubt our readers,—embracing many of his warm friends,—would be pleased with an extract therefrom, especially as it relates to a subject of marked interest:

"London is gay, noisy, haughty, intimidating, mighty! It is like the flood of Niagara—a terror, and yet a beauty to look upon. No one can describe it. Men may try, but will fail; fail signally, completely and ingloriously. Picture to yourself houses in lanes, courts, alleys, streets, places, squares, roads, avenues and terraces extending over a space included in a diameter of sixteen miles, at a fair calculation;—the houses to be of all shapes, and sizes, and conditions, from the

hovel to the palace; and fill them with *three millions* of people! What a host! The mind staggers at its immensity! It cannot grasp it—there is too much for contemplation. And yet this vast army of contending mortals is but a part of London, in reality. You must take into the census of that great world—for world it is—the necessary contrivances of utility and pleasure—the vehicles, the vans, the railways, the ships, the numberless articles essential to the comfort, use, and purposes of the whole. The roar of its streets, the occupations of its citizens—the splendor and misery of its denizens. And yet, mighty as it is, and great as are its wonders, its fascinations, and its promises to the ambitious and adventurous—a quiet village, where peace and plenty dwell, is its superior in all that man really wants. Great cities are said to be ulcers on the body politic; and Cobbett, not improperly, called London the "wen of England." He might have said of the world!

And yet it is something to be in this festering and spreading tumor of squalor and splendor—at least for an American. It is an event in his history, and an incident worthy of record, if no more."

FOREIGN NEWS.

—The commercial news from Liverpool is sometimes worded very strangely. Mr. McHenry is given as authority for some late intelligence respecting bacon and tallow.

"Bacon is moving more freely, but without any improvement."

This is painful news for the friends of Bacon. What has been the matter with Bacon. we are not informed. Bacon is able to take exercise—moves more freely, and yet is no better. Bacon has not been properly cured.

"Tallow is *more calm*" (meaning to say, calmer.)

This shows that the heat of the weather is abating. Tallow was anything else than calm during the late hot weather. It moved as freely as the above-mentioned Bacon. It was not "firm in first hands" or on first bodies.

"Shoulders are quiet." Perhaps they have had too much to do lately, have had heavier burdens than they can bear. It is well for them now to take a little rest.

BUSINESS MEMO.

—COL. MAURICE, 123 Chestnut Street, cannot possibly be forgotten by us, so constantly is he prominent in town. As a stationer, none surpass him: as a good citizen and man he is also among the most notable.

—The Trade Sale of Messrs. Thomas & Sons will be found advertised in our pages. The invoices will, it is said, cover \$250,000. This is immense.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1853.

A SYRIAN TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Not far from the banks of the Orontes, and aloof from any other habitation, stood a Syrian cottage, where dwelt a peasant, his wife, and only son. It was the daily employment of the latter to lead the few sheep of his father to the hills, where the wild and sweet notes of his Syrian pipes often cheered the traveller on his way: the caravans travelling from Damascus to Bagdad sometimes passed by, and purchased of his father's flock; and nothing could exceed the joy of Semid when he heard the camel bell, and the mournful chant of the Arab driver, and saw the long train of the caravan winding up the mountain path. One night there arose a violent storm: the Orontes overflowed its banks, the blast came wild and furious from the desert beyond, and moaned through the lonely group of fig-trees around the cottage with a sound as of destruction. Amidst the darkness and the beating of the rain was heard a voice of distress that seemed to implore admission and shelter. Semid arose, and on opening the door, a venerable man entered, whose green turban and toil-worn features proclaimed him to be a Hadgi, or pilgrim from Mecca; his beard descended nearly to his girdle, and overcome by fatigue and the violence of the storm, he threw himself on the coarse carpet which was spread for him, and hung over the blazing fire; and when he had drank of the coffee presented him, his faded looks brightened with joy, and at last he broke silence, and gave the blessing of a Hadgi, and adored the goodness of Allah. The storm was hushed, the moonlight came through the lattice window of the cottage: the pilgrim knelt, and folding his hands on his breast, he prayed, fixing his eyes on earth, with intense devotion; he thrice pressed his forehead on the ground, and then stood with his face to Mecca, and invoked the prophet.

Semid gazed on the stranger; he could be no wandering dervise; his aspect and manner were far superior to the poverty of his dress, and on the hem of his garment was embroidered that passage from the Koran, fit only for

the good. The next and several following days the Hadgi was still a welcome guest: he had been a long and restless traveller, and when Semid was seated by his side in the rude portico of the cottage, as the sun was setting on the Orontes, and the wild mountains around, and he had given the chibowque into his hands, he drank in with insatiable delight every tale of wandering and peril on the wave and the wilderness which the other related. At last the day of his departure came, and Semid wept bitterly as he clasped the hand of the stranger, who, during his short stay, had become deeply attached to him, and who now turned to the father and mother, and raised his right hand to heaven, and attested his words by the name of Allah. "I am alone," he said, "in the world: the shaft of death has stricken from my side relative and friend, as I have beheld the Euphrates rush on its solitary course through the wild, that once flowed through the glory and light of the bowers of Eden. Yet suffer your son to cheer and brighten my way, and I will be to him both parent and counsellor; he shall partake of my wealth, and when three years have passed over our heads, he shall return to bless your declining years."

It was long before the parents of Semid would consent to this proposal: but at last the prospect of their son's advancement, and of his return endowed with knowledge and wealth, wrung a reluctant assent. The sun's rays had not penetrated through the grove of fig-trees that shadowed his home, when the youth and his companion directed their course across the plain, and on the third day entered the thick forests which terminated it, sleeping at night beneath the trees around the fire they had kindled. One night overcome by fatigue, and the excessive heat of the way, they had sunk to sleep in the wood, without taking the precaution to kindle a fire. In the middle of the night Semid was awakened by a piercing shriek, and hastening to his companion, found he had been bitten by a serpent, whose wound was mortal: already the poison began to circulate through his veins, his limbs trembled, his face was flushed with crimson, and his eyes had a fatal lustre. He clasped the hand of the youth convulsively in his own, and pressed it to his heart. "O my son," he said, "Allah has called me at the midnight hour, and the angel of death has put his cup to my lips ere I thought it was prepared; and thou art left solitary like a bride widowed on her marriage morn:—thy friend and guide torn from thee, what will be thy fate?—and the wealth, that would have been thine will now be scattered amongst strangers."

He paused, and seemed lost in thought: the young Syrian supported his dying head on his knees, and his tears fell fast on the face that was soon to be shrouded from him for ever.

Suddenly the old man drew forth from his bosom a memorial of his affection, that was indeed indelible, and fixing his look intensely on his friend, "Semid," he said, "I have hesitated whether to consign to you this ring, and darkness is on my spirit as to the result. Place this ring on your finger, and it will invest you with surpassing beauty of feature and form, which, if rightly used, will conduct you to honor and happiness: but if abused to the purposes of vicious indulgence, will make sorrow and remorse your portion through life. Having uttered these words, he sank back, and died. All night the Syrian boy mourned loudly over the body of his benefactor; and the next day watched over it till sunset, when with difficulty he dug a rude grave and interred it. Early on the second morning he pursued his way through the forest, and the sun was hot on the plain beyond ere he advanced from its gloomy recesses. He had placed the ring, of a green color and without ornament, on his finger, and already amidst his grief for the loss of his friend, his heart swelled with vanity at the many advantages it had given him. Oppressed with the heat he drew near to where a fountain gushed forth beneath a few palm-trees on the plain, and formed a limped pool; he stooped to drink, but started back at beholding the change a few hours had made. The sun-burnt features of the shepherd boy had given place to a countenance of dazzling fairness and beauty; the dark ringlets clustered on the pure forehead over still darker eyes, whose look was irresistible; his step became haughty as he pursued his way, and saw each passenger fix on him a gaze of admiration, and he glanced with disdain on his coarse peasant's dress.

The sun was setting on the splendid mosques and gilt minarets of the city of Damascus, now full in view, when a numerous train of horsemen drew near: it was Hussein, the son of the Pacha, returning from the course. Struck at the sight of one so meanly clad, yet so extremely beautiful, he stopped and demanded whence he came and whither he was journeying; on Semid replying that he was friendless and a stranger, he bade him follow in his train, and added that on the morrow he should become one of his own guards. The next day, in his military habit, and rich arms, and mounted on a fine Arab courser, he rode by the Prince's side. Each day now saw some improvement in the shepherd of the Orontes; possessing by nature a quick imagination, and an enterprising spirit, he made a rapid progress in the accomplishments of the court of Damascus. Speedily promoted by Hussein, whose favorite he had become, and admired by all for the exquisite personal advantages he possessed, he joined with those of his own rank in every amusement and plea-

sure the city afforded.

Amidst scenes like these the memory of his father and mother, the lonely cottage on the river's bank, his few sheep, and his mountain solitudes, grew more and more faint; all love for simplicity and innocence of life and heart was lost irretrievably, and the senses were prepared to yield to the first seduction. The favorite mistress of Hussein, a beautiful Circassian, had one morning, while walking beneath the sycamore-trees by the river's side, seen Semid playing at the jerrid with the prince, and his uncommon loveliness of countenance and noble figure had inspired her with a violent passion. One day, as he sat beneath the portico of a coffee-house, one of those women approached him whose employment it is to sell nosegays of flowers to the Turkish ladies: she drew one from her basket, and put it into his hand; the various flowers were so arranged as to convey a message of love from that lady, the fame of whose charms filled the whole city. Deeply flattered as the heart of Semid was at this discovery, and filled with intense curiosity to behold such perfection, he still hesitated; gratitude to his benefactor Hussein; the memory of the lessons of piety so often received from his parents; the dying words of the pilgrim of Mecca; all conspired to deter him. But, to be the object of the love of such a woman, and solicited to behold her!—the thought was irresistible. Night came, and the last call to prayer of the Muezzin from the minaret had ceased, when, disguised, he climbed the lofty wall that encircled the harem of the prince, and gliding through the garden, was admitted by one of the eunuchs, who conducted him through several apartments into the one that was the abode of the favorite. Dazzled at the sight of such excessive beauty, Semid stood motionless, unable to advance, or withdraw his eyes from the Circassian, who rose, and waved her hand for him to be seated on the ottoman beside her. Scarcely had he obeyed her, and recovering from his confusion, began to declare the passion he felt, when the loud sound of voices and steps rapidly approaching, the Serei was heard. Semid started up, and paralysed by his feelings, gazed alternately at the lady, and at the door, through which he every moment expected the guards to burst with the sentence of death. In the agony of her fear, she clasped his hand so convulsively in hers, as, on his sudden starting from her side, to draw unconsciously the green ring from his finger.

At that moment she uttered a loud cry, and fixed her dark eyes on him, but their expression was no longer love; instead of the beautiful and matchless Semid, stood before her a venerable man, in appearance like an Imaun; his beard hung down to his girdle, his thin gray locks were scattered over his

wrinkled front, and his look was sad and imploring. Just at this instant, Hussein and his attendants burst into the apartment, and searched in vain with bitter imprecations for the traitor Semid: the stranger, whose appearance bespoke him either a Hakim, or physician, or a teacher of religion, was suffered to depart unmolested. He rushed wildly into the streets of the city; they were silent and deserted, for every inhabitant had retired to rest; but there was no rest for the soul of Semid, no calm for the hopeless sorrow and devouring despair which now agitated it. He had cast from him forever the only gift that would have raised him in the career of life, and when he gazed on his withered form, felt his limbs tremble, and the chill blast wave his white locks: he lifted his staff towards heaven, and cursed the hour when the stranger's steps came to the cottage of his father; and the still more fatal seduction of beauty which now left shame and wretchedness his only portion.

To fly from these scenes he resolved to quit Damascus forever: and at sunrise he issued out of the northern gate that conducts to Haleb. As he brooded over his sad destiny he could not help acknowledging the justice of Allah, since, had he not yielded to guilty temptation, and fled in the face of the dying counsel of his benefactor, the wanderer from Mecca, he had remained still happy, loved and caressed. He gazed with joy afar off on the minarets of Haleb as the termination of his journey, and night fell ere he entered it. The streets were silent, and he roamed through the populous city to seek a place of refreshment and rest; but as he passed by the door of a splendid palace, he heard sounds from within of distress and agony; he stopped to listen: they became louder and more hopeless, when the door suddenly opened, and many persons rushed wildly out, as if in hurried search of some one. At sight of Semid, they instantly addressed him, and drew him forward into the palace, conjuring him to quicken his steps, and exert all his skill for that she who lay expiring was the beloved of their prince, and adored by all who approached her.

They quickly entered the superb saloon from whence issued those cries of distress. On a low ottoman, reclined helplessly a woman of exquisite beauty, her delicate limbs writhing in agony. On one white arm fell the loose tresses of her raven hair, while the other was laid on the bosom of her young and devoted husband, the Pacha of Haleb. The ravages of the poison, administered by a rival lady, were already visible on her forehead, and wan and beautiful lips; her eyes, commanding even in death, were fixed on the group around, with a look as if she mourned deeply to be thus torn from all she loved, but still scorned

her rival's arts; her golden girdle was burst by the convulsive pangs that heaved her bosom—the angel of death had seized her for his own. Every eye was turned on the venerable stranger, who had been mistaken by the attendants for a physician, and who saw instantly that all aid was vain; he took her hand in his to feel the pulse, when his finger pressed, and his glance at the same instant caught the green ring that had been the source of all his misfortunes. The Circassian suddenly raised her eyes on the venerable form before her, knew instantly her once-loved but ruined Semid, and with her last look fixed on him, she gave a deep sigh, and expired.

When the cries and wailings which filled the saloon had subsided, and all had with drawn save one or two favorite attendants, Semid bent in anguish over the murdered form of that young and ill-fated lady, and his tears fell fast on those features which even in death were irresistibly lovely; he then drew the ring from her finger and placed it on his own, and covering his face with his cloak, rushed from the apartment. The moon-light was cast vividly over the silent streets and dwellings of Haleb, and on the sands of the desert that encircled them without. What a charm had that stillness and solitude for the heart of Semid then: in the fulness of its delight he fixed his eagle eye on the blue and cloudless sky, and on the dreary wastes around; his feelings were indescribable. As his firm and haughty step passed rapidly along, his dark hair fell in profusion on his neck, and the folds of his garments displayed the contour of his graceful limbs. "Again," he exclaimed, "youth, and beauty, and power are mine; men will gaze on me with envy, and woman's eye shall be no more turned from this form with pity and aversion; and the world is to me once more a field of pleasure, triumph, and love!" He resolved immediately to quit the city, and enjoy the pleasure of travelling through new and distant scenes, and having purchased horses, and hired a servant, he departed, and directed his course towards Bagdad.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PENNSYLVANIA SCENERY.

AN EXCURSION TO PITTSBURGH OVER THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAIL ROAD.

[The great resources and beauties of our own State are imperfectly known to a large number of our citizens, who make yearly pilgrimages, in quest of pleasure and amusement, far away from our own borders. The writer of the following notes of an Excursion to Pittsburgh has been convinced of this by very late experience.]

In company with two friends, early in the morning of one of the pleasant days late in

July, we seated ourselves in a car at the Commonwealth Depot, Schuylkill Fifth and Market streets, and a short time after were hurried on our way to the Iron City of the West. On crossing Market Street Bridge, the steam-whistle sensibly apprises us of a notion of speed. Here the cars are connected with the engine, and away we fly, from the turmoil of trade and the excitement of commerce, through flowery meadows, green corn-fields, and the health-giving verdure, shedding its sweet perfume on upland and dale.

How keen our senses become to every thing pure and beautiful; especially after a long residence in the city! The country—with its trees, broad fields, rich crops, and verdant scenery—embraces us with a kindness and a charity, making us feel buoyant and glad; thankful for life, health, and a birth-right in a free and glorious country.

WHITE HALL, the second station, nine miles from the city, and the end of the new track to avoid the plane at the Schuylkill, is pleasantly situated, and is made a place of summer-residence by many of our citizens. Passing Morgan's Corner, we are at the Eagle Station, near the junction of the West Chester and Columbia railways, fifteen miles from the city. This is a very pretty place, and we judge healthful.

PAOLI, (20 miles from Philadelphia).—Here Chester valley commences to develop its innumerable beauties of luxuriant scenery and well-cultivated farms, which are spread out on either side of our course. The Pequa and Conestoga are crossed, and the Great valley connects again with the Conestoga, and is lead, by the course of this stream, south of Lancaster City, to the Susquehanna, where it is abruptly broken by the wilds of that river.

Passing eleven stations, and sixty-eight miles from Philadelphia, we are in the

CITY OF LANCASTER,

the capital of a county proverbially known as "the Paradise of the State." Indeed, we think it challenges the country for its equal in richness and beauty of rural scenery. This city is now improving very rapidly: it was long at a stand, but latterly an impetus has been given to its old citizens by the young men. There are now, in active operation, two large cotton factories, for the manufacture of muslins and sheetings. The "Conestoga Mills" have already gained considerable celebrity for their fine productions. The company employs 400 operatives. The city has a population of about 15,000; and considerable trade is kept up with the rich agricultural districts surrounding it. A new prison has been erected, after the same order of architecture as the Eastern Penitentiary, at Philadelphia. The county commissioners are

now constructing a court house, adapted, with all the room requisite, for the officary and county records. The marble is procured at Ephrata, about fourteen miles north-east of the city, and is peculiarly suited to architectural purposes.

DILLERVILLE, one mile from Lancaster, and sixty-nine from Philadelphia. Here we leave the old State road, and pass on to the Harrisburg Rail Road, thirty-six miles long. This road has lately been highly improved, by the laying of a new T rail the entire route. The persevering and energetic president of this company, JOSEPH YEAGER, Esq., is now busily engaged in getting the rail for a second track. It is manufactured at the Montour Iron Works, Danville, Pa. The travelling public over this route will hail this intelligence with delight, as the old road has been a source of much complaint. These improvements will augment the business of the road, and Mr. Yeager will soon learn that his labor is greatly appreciated. This road is an important link in the route of the Great Central Rail Road Company.

Passing by Mount Joy, and in sight of Elizabethtown, we cut through the tunnel of one of the Conewago hills. The surface of the country here presents a very ancient appearance. The trap-rock, a stone peculiar to this locality, is distributed on these ranges of hills alone. Its grayish and time-worn surface is linked with remote convulsions. Many are round and dark, others sharp and shaggy, standing out in naked peaks, monuments of the great in nature.

THE CONEWAGO BRIDGE.—one hundred feet high.—This is a beautiful bridge thrown across a deep and frightful chasm, at a point where the stream forces its way through the rocky hills. We were seated high above the tall oak and hickory, but our view was limited to the course of the hills as they extended themselves to the Susquehanna river.

MIDDLETOWN,—ninety-five miles from Philadelphia.—The silvery waters of the broad Susquehanna lay out before us here. The Swatara connects itself with the noble river also at this point; and the Union Canal, after having been led by the gentle and mossy banks of the Swatara, is joined at Portsmouth with the Pennsylvania Canal. Leaving this place, we are frequently directed in our view to the banks of the Susquehanna, with its Islands and green hills.

HARRISBURG,—one hundred and four miles from Philadelphia.—After an elegant dinner, provided by the different hotels in the vicinity of the depot, for the nominal charge of twenty-five cents, we change cars, and with the *Atlanta*, a splendid engine, we are hurried on our journey for Hollidaysburg, 138 miles from Harrisburg and 242 from Philadelphia.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA.—six miles above Harrisburg.—Here, we may say,

commences the Herculean work of the Central Railroad Company. The magnificent bridge which here spans the river is unsurpassed, for workmanship, and as a piece of fine masonry, by anything in the United States. Its situation is at a point of varied and picturesque scenery. The traveller is immeasurably delighted with the panorama which is here stretched before him. The Peters, Shar, and Blue Mountains appear in bold outline: the Blue Ridge running far off into the wild southern counties, whilst the Cove Mountain casts its cool shade upon us, we fly along its mossy sides, high above the river—kissed by its dew, and fanned by the foliage of the firs, evergreens and laurel. A circuitous range of the river, and steadily pursued by the railroad, the mountains are thus thrown out to us in magic array, presenting real labyrinths of scenery, and perpetually unfolding some new and unexpected combination of beauty and sublimity. We are thirty feet above the river, and fully inducted into the Highlands of western Pennsylvania.

THE VILLAGE OF DUNCANNON.—The Perry County Warm Springs are located north-west, and within 14 miles of this station. The stages connect with the cars to carry visitors across to the Springs—a place noted for hunting and fishing, on the margin of Sherman's Creek. A few minutes to exchange passengers and luggage, and we pass on to the **AQUEDUCT**. Here we leave the Susquehanna, and follow the

"Blue Juniata,"

which opens beautifully to our view. As we pass its green banks, the mountain shadows are thrown upon us, and the course of the rail-road is now through one of the richest and most beautiful valleys in the world; abounding in mineral wealth, lime stone, iron ore, as well as productive farms, which, since the completion of the Central Rail Road, are made incalculably valuable. The Tuscarora and Shade Mountains skirt us on either side; the plunging cascades leaping from their sides, and the gales that wander from the unclouded west, redolent with the incense of a thousand hills, were continually refreshing us in the heat of noonday in July.

"You will pardon me for being dull and disposed to sleep, amid this beautiful scenery," said one of my friends, who had, through the whole trip, manifested the keenest perception for the beautiful and magnificent in the varied landscapes; ever and anon directing us to some distant point in the far out-stretched garniture of green, the umbrageous woods, or the vernal field on the mountain's slope. She was courted to sleep, as it is more sweet among running brooks, and embowering woods, afar from public haunts—but the cars, with their unceasing song, frightened the fairy forms in keeping watch

The locomotive's reverberating wheels quickly roll on their path of iron, and now we are at **TUSCARORA STATION**.—The handsomest station-houses are erected by this company; they are built generally of the timber in this section of the country. The appearance of the architecture is unique. They are but five miles apart on the entire route, and everything is managed with judgment and the nicest care and precaution. The men engaged on the road, use no stimulous liquors during the time required for the carrying of passengers, and it is comforting to the mind of the traveller, to feel that he is entrusted to careful and sober engineers and agents, regarding his journey as one, in a great measure, free from accident or casualty arising from negligence or intemperance.

MIFFLIN is next approached, and is situated on the east side of the Juniata; it is the seat of justice of Juniata county. The railroad company, opposite this place, have erected an extensive hotel, called the "**Patterson House**," in compliment, no doubt, to the former president of the company. Our next course, after leaving Mifflin, is through scenery of the wildest and most beautiful order, and is worth a day's travel to behold. Huge mountains of overhanging rocks, and immense quantities of small dark stone, rising up in perfect peaks, covered with heavy foliage to the very banks of the Juniata; which, after bursting through this almost impregnable barrier, continues its rapid course by grotto and vale.

LEWISTOWN, situated on the Kishacoquillas, a large stream which joins the Juniata on the eastern side of the borough.—Here is opened to us a broad and fertile valley, and on we go, crossing the Juniata every few miles, until we reach the snug little village of McVeytown, on the canal. We keep parallel with the canal now until we reach Huntingdon, the capital of Huntingdon County. We commence an up-grade of an average of twenty-one feet per mile, and the mountains—some twelve in number—present a rugged course, running nearly north and south. Near by this place are the Pulpit Rocks or Warrior Ridge. Passing Spruce Creek, Birmingham and Tyrone, great iron places on the Juniata, making a sensible ascent through a heavy timber district, we arrive at **ALTOONA**, the intersection of the main line of railway. Great improvements are being made by the company. They have erected large engine manufactories and machine shops. The town has risen as if by magic; 1500 hands are employed at this point. It will be a large town in a short time, principally occupied by the artisans and operatives engaged by the company.

J. EDGAR THOMSON, Esq., the intelligent and energetic president, and former engineer, is pushing everything to a speedy and successful completion, and will have the credit when

finished, as a chief instrument in carrying, by the nicest and most practical and scientific engineering, through a wild range of mountainous country, heretofore deemed impracticable and almost impossible, a railroad without a plane. A branch road of about six miles is made from Altoona to the Portage rail-road and connects at the "Mountain House," (in sight of Hollidaysburg), where we remained for the night. The Bedford Mountains are visible, laying 14 miles south—passengers take the coaches, connecting at this place, for the Springs.

INCIDENT.—We here missed our baggage, which had been carried to Pittsburgh, causing some little excitement to the ladies about their dresses and articles essential to lady travellers. Such is the admirable management of affairs, however, that everything, even to the smallest package of newspapers and periodicals, left lying on the seats, were carefully placed away, and a manifest of them made out by the baggage-master for the superintendent of the road. All were nicely placed away at Pittsburgh, and received the following evening to the no little joy and satisfaction of my companions.

MORNING, AND THE ALLEGHANIES.—At 11 o'clock we commenced the ascent of the four planes on the east side of the Portage Rail-road: ascending plane after plane amid the immensity of nature's loftiest works: moving upwards among the blue clouds, high above the lofty pines and maples that skirt the mountain sides. The scene is exciting and grand beyond description. An evenness of green foliage, varied by light and shade, lies beneath us, undulating and swelling, like the waves of the sea, to their farthest extent, and are again taken up in another line of hills, and continued until the feeblest germ resolves itself into the fern or the violet bed at its base. We have made the ascent, and we are on the summit of the Alleghanies, twenty-six hundred feet above the river Delaware. The process of going over is slow, but for the first time full of interest and grandeur to the traveller. We are at **SUMMITVILLE**, the very highest point in Pennsylvania, and the boundary line of Cambria and Blair counties. The novel process of descending the planes on the west side takes place now: and on we go, passing numerous coal mines, and extensive forests of timber, until we reach plane No. 4.

The Central Rail Road Company have a formidable work at the Summit Tunnel, through the Alleghany Mountain. It is 3,570 feet long, and has been worked at both ends by shafts, some of which are 200 feet deep. The viaducts, tunnels, and bridges required on the western side has prolonged the work somewhat; the road, however, will soon be completed.

At the foot of this plane we are strangely transposed, by the cars running off on the new track in a northerly direction—we are *right about face*—and are obliged to change position to face the locomotive. We wait here for the train coming east—about fifteen minutes delay—when we pass the cars which come flying along for the east, in our course for the Conemaugh station, where we are again attracted by the high ridges, and gorges in the mountains; here the contractors have had hard work. We pass through a cut of rock one hundred and ten feet deep. The viaducts and bridges along the Conemaugh are numerous, and will stand as monuments to the projectors of the road. Three planes are avoided by the late improvements of the state. The Conemaugh is fed by various little streams, and has its confluence with the Kiskiminetas, which empties into the Alleghany. The rail-road, for four or five miles, is at least 100 feet above the river, verging out on the very bluffs, and around the most precipitous and apparently dangerous points.

Near Blairsville Intersection we leave the Conemaugh, and the Alleghanies. Our subsequent way is through the centre of Westmoreland. We now arrive at Latrobe, 315 miles from Philadelphia, and consequently but 40 from our destination. The rich mountainous farms through this section have long been noted. Greensburg, the seat of justice of this county, is soon reached. The deep cut in the road hides the approaching view from us. It is a beautiful town, as seen from the embankment of the road west of it. They are now constructing a road from this town to Wheeling, and it, with numerous other links along the Central Rail-road, will throw much of the trade of the Ohio river into the metropolis of our great and prosperous state.

As the sun was declining, shedding its red glare through the foliage of the hills of the Ohio and the Alleghany, we were passing over Braddock's Field; the winding Monongahela river, bending in its majestic course, unveils its fort-like banks beautifully to our view, as we head for the station in Liberty street, where the scene is soon interrupted by omnibusmen, hackmen, runners, and other pestiferous creatures, who endeavor to prey upon the traveller. The baggage was soon transferred to the St. Charles Hotel, in the City of Pittsburgh.

The 355 miles are performed. Reflections of the past—the toil and dangers attending the journey in earlier times—and the progress and greatness of the resources of Pennsylvania at the present day, crowd upon us, and with these thoughts we rest at the end of our journey.

'SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY.'

This is the title of a forthcoming volume of Essays, racy and fresh, to be issued immediately by Lamport, Blackman and Law, New York. We give our readers in advance a taste of its quality, in the following from an essay entitled

"THE TALKATIVE AND THE TACITURN."

Man is pre-eminently distinguished from the brute creation by the faculty of speech,—a noble attribute, and one indispensable to his happiness as a social being. The only exceptions, we believe, to the rule of his exclusive possession of this rare gift, are first, that of the serpent, whose seductive and persuasive argument despoiled the fairest of mundane creatures of her innocence: the other that of the despised ass who rebuked the disobedient prophet: and these were miraculously conferred for the occasion.

Doubtless our first parents possessed a perfect knowledge of language, possibly a dialect of Arabic or Hebrew, by intuition:—of all languages the most musical, rich, and flexible. We are unquestionably indebted to the first of womankind, and her fair successors, for the preservation of that common inheritance—our mother-tongue.

A source of such varied pleasure may well elicit our profoundest gratitude, when even the faithful and devoted dog has emulated the possession of the gift by his bark, and the birds fill the air with their enchanting melody, or chirp responsive to our call, while many of the animal creation yield submissive obedience to the voice of man. How many loved and well-remembered tones of some sainted being, long since passed to the spirit-land, still holds us spell-bound, lingering in the mysterious cells of memory!

Whether induced by an undue or an excessive appreciation of the gift, we pause not to determine; but, certain it is, some persons indulge the faculty to too great an extent, and others, again, do the contrary. The former class we denominate the talkative; the latter, the taciturn.

Among the first named there are many who talk a great deal, while in effect they say nothing; others, by their "expressive silence," are far more acceptable members of society, because when they do speak, they speak to some purpose. A still tongue, according to an old adage, denotes a wise head; and Solomon says, "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, and is as choice silver." There are maxims manifold for teaching men to speak, which are comparatively little required, since nature prompts us to utterance: but few suggest the superior wisdom of maintaining a judicious silence, which requires the

restraint of reason and prudence. We have intuitively the art of saying much on a little, whereas few possess the wit to say much in a little. In the art of speaking, as in chemical science, condensation is strength: and in both cases the result is attained by a process of experimental analysis. Presidential addresses and Parliamentary or Congressional harangues are celebrated specimens of the verbose, as well as the rhetorical; and the three memorable words of a classic hero—"Veni, Vidi, Vici,"—furnish a splendid specimen of the *multum in parvo*, and an example especially worthy the imitation of modern times. William, Prince of Orange, who made such a formidable stand against Spain, and founded the commonwealth of the United Provinces, was a noble instance of a sagaciously silent man. Cardinal Granville, a Spanish statesman, well knew the importance of this person's taciturnity, for, on receiving advice that Count Egmont and others were taken, he asked whether "the silent man" was apprehended; and, having been answered in the negative, he replied, "Ah, then nothing is done." This gift of speech is the electric chain that links mankind together in the social compact; it is the living medium through which the resources of the realm of thought become an intellectual currency. This prerogative of our rational nature, therefore, should be devoted to the dissemination of truth, for, like all other endowments, it may be desecrated to unworthy ends, and be made the means of the most complicated evil.

Let us glance at a few of the venial sins of the talkative,—for they are manifold, and to classify them all would require the nice discrimination of ethical Linnaeus. We begin with the babbler, who is commonly an unhappy personage himself, for he has meddled too industriously with the affairs of others to enjoy any personal repose or satisfaction. Having made it the great business of life to betray some hurtful secret, or aspersion on the fair fame and name of his neighbor, no one, of course, thinks it worth while to speak well of him while living, or even when his mischievous tongue becomes silent in death. These are the miserable creatures who batten upon the carrion and the noxious weeds of our social economy,—thrive most upon pestilential rumors, and the infectious breath of scandal; all wholesome truth becomes insipid to their vitiated and depraved appetites; and, like the fabled Upas-tree, they diffuse the breath of poison and disease wherever they go. Few, we suspect, pass in the procession of life without encountering a specimen of this class of injurious talkers, for their name is legion. They may usually be detected by their physiognomical developments; their sinister glance, malicious eye, shrunken face, and attenuated form, reveal but too legibly their ig-

noble character. They enjoy a kind of negative existence—their only stimulus being the fiendish mischief they effect, and the ruin they cause to the peace and happiness of all around them.

Another class of loquacious nuisances are those who deal in what is denominated small talk: they are of both sexes, and of all conditions of society. They are an impertinent set, constantly prattling about the commonplace matters of life, are ever obtruding their nonsense upon the forbearance of their friends and are prodigal spendthrifts of time. These notorious newsmongers are the pest of the social circle; they do almost as much harm, in an insidious way, to the well-being of society, as the babbler, by their retailing of the petty scandal of the day, and their uncharitable strictures upon the sayings and doings of others. Small-talkers revel most at the tea-table,—a fact for which we do not pretend to account, unless it be that they derive their special inspiration from the beverage they thereat dispense. Births, marriages and deaths, and love-matches, *liaisons*, and divorces, and the thousand peccadilloes their greedy ears drink from in the perturbed streams of life, form the *matériel* of their senseless and incessant chatter; and should they perchance find these sources to fail them, their pliant consciences make no scruple in drawing upon their imagination to supply the deficiency. They are not over fastidious at a fabrication, or, as it is sometimes called, a white lie: and they are ingenious in the art of putting a statement hypothetically, in suggesting an illiberal insinuation, or even in placing a palpable truth in an equivocal light, especially if it serve the purposes of personal scandal. The small-talkers may, however, be subdivided into two varieties; the latter class being accustomed to deal homoeopathically in the diluted gossip of the day. These exhibit exemplary perseverance in the picking up and purveying of the small particles of chit-chat; and as they are usually provident of their stores, and they make a very little go a great way, you may have their second-hand nothings at less than cost. These are among insufferable nuisances—they are both parvenu and plebeian, and are fit subjects for the school for adults.

The third class of objective talkers are such as find flaws in diamond-wit of the first waters—motes in the brightest rays of the mind—and beams in the eyes of Truth. Be your opinions what they may, however undeniable, correct, settled, or well-digested, they are sure to object to them. Let your opinions today be to the letter what theirs were yesterday, they instantly challenge their accuracy; and if they are foiled in their arguments, they then turn their objections to the mode in which you have presented them. You speak unaffectedly, and they censure you for medio-

crity, plainness, and want of spirit: talk in ornate phrase, and your style is stilted and artificial; if your utterance is slow and deliberate, you are a drawing proser: or if quick and fluent, impetuosity is unendurable, and an equal offence of their immaculate taste. You modestly betray that you are well read in the classics, and they accuse of pedantry; you conceal your bibliographical knowledge, and you are at once suspected of gross ignorance, both of men and books. You bring them old opinions, and they doubt whether you have any of your own: you deal in new ones, and they object to them as unsound, while at the same time they will adopt them themselves, if occasion should admit: they are in a word, special pleaders for their own views, at all hazards,—mere sticklers for terms, with whom it is indeed morally impossible for any to agree.

Another variety of the talkative, is the exaggerator,—one who despises the common run of phrases, and deals in grandiloquent terms and high-flown metaphors. He is an extravaganza in the social circle; everything he utters is invested with hyperbole and glowing imagery: he scorns all colloquial phrases, and regards everything below his exalted standard, mean and inexpressive. Whatever he has to say must be tinted up *coluer de rose*, yet while his habitual indulgence in superlatives and expletives gives spirit and force to his descriptions, it is exceedingly dangerous to admit his statements too literally. Even the witty cannot always appreciate his humor, and matter-of-fact people are at once utterly nonplussed at his extravagance. A talker of this class is, however, amusing in company, for, after his mind has been wearied by abstruse studies, worldly cares, imaginary ills, or positive griefs, such a high spiced speaker is a capital antidote to ennui. Men must relax sometimes, or the consequences would prove fatal to their nervous system. That delicate machinery, by the way, has a severe ordeal to pass through in the wear and tear of life. Lord Brougham once said, no man had any right to a nervous system, who was not possessed of two thousand a year; and we believe he was not far from just in his discrimination, for, while we pay especial regard to the well-being of the stomach, we sadly neglect our more sensitive nerves.

There are many minor varieties of the loquacious; for example, the slow-talker, whose drawing accents make the very atmosphere drowsy, and whose provoking prolixity is tantalizing to the last verge of endurance. Then there is the quick-speaker, rushing with the impetuosity of a whelming cataract, sweeping all before him, and stunning your ear with his incessant volubility. We might also refer to the loud-talkers as among social nuisances, for, generally speaking, sound, in

their case, is a screen for lack of sense and modesty—the two essentials of a good talker. There is yet another class, who are in the habit of violating good taste and decorum by the ever-recurring use *outré* and unintelligible terms—flowers of speech—exotics from all the living languages, as well as the dead. These scorn the usual phrases of our vulgar vernacular, however inapt their adoption may be of foreign terms in their stead. Carlyle and Emerson may be mentioned as cases in point, although, it is true, they indulge rather in a habit of Anglicizing German idioms, or torturing their mother tongue into all conceivable distortions. The injudicious and excessive use of foreign phrases evinces a very questionable taste, and is characteristic of pedantry and love of display, which those who value their reputation for scholarship ought scrupulously to avoid. We confess ourselves too charitably inclined to exhibit the foibles incident to another unfortunate class, who are prone to a fatal habit of telling what they have to say inopportunately, or who are frequently liable to perpetrate bad puns, and worse jokes, at which no one can even force a spasmodic laugh, for we all know Dr. Johnson's depreciative estimate of their character. They have but one exclusive privilege, of which most evince a ready proclivity to avail themselves—that of laughing at their own pointless puns. *Eliu* defends this right on their behalf in the following wise: "That a man must not laugh at his own jest is surely the severest exaction ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature. This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it,—to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavor of his own venison upon the absurd strength of never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party."

Having disposed of our garrulous friends, what shall we say of the incommunicative?—those insane beings who so admirably supply the lack of statuary in the boudoir or library. Among this class are the men of elongated and lugubrious visage, who frown out of existence even the scintillations of a smile, and "shut up" every facetious mouth, however highly charged it may be with intellectual electricity. The taciturn, whatever be their minor idiosyncracies, are social nuisances: they damp the ardor, and repress the utterances of the heart wherever their influence extends. If a man be endued with a tongue and brains, it is fairly to be inferred they were designed for use: an incorrigible mute, therefore, sins against himself as well as society. Some persons very modestly shelter themselves under the plea that their silence is caused by their laborious habit of thinking: we regard this, however, as apocryphal at the

best for any man who has, however little, of the Promethian fire in him, must throw off sparks sometimes. Some of these wordless men vainly seek to atone for their provoking silence by assuming an interminable and senseless smile; others, again, sit in stolid indifference, looking as rapid and unimpressible as they probably are in reality.

There are others, again, who absurdly obtrude themselves and their private affairs on the attention of a mixed company; nothing can be more injudicious or indelicate. Others lie in wait for every opportunity to proclaim their own adroitness and wit, and are ever on the alert to elicit commendation and compliments. Some boast their gift of prescience; they call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a person from the beginning, and told him the consequences would be just as they happened, but he would have his own way. Others again, says Swift, have a singular weakness or vanity of telling their own frailties and faults: they are the strangest men in the world—they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly—they have lost advantages by it,—but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it.

To preserve a judicious silence is a very essential requisite in refined and polite society; this silence is not, of course, sullen or supercilious, but graceful and eloquent.

Having taken our exceptions to offenders against good manners in the matter of conversation, we will now venture to offer a few hints for the uninitiated. Conversation is one of the polite arts of life,—its end and aim being the cultivation of the graces and attractions of the social economy: he that possesses conversational powers in the highest degree, therefore, becomes a most efficient agent in imparting pleasure, and in contributing to the improvement of the social circle. Few acquisitions are of rarer attainment, from the neglect of which the subject is treated by the masses of society. It is not a little remarkable that many of the most cultivated minds are found deficient in conversation. Among the literati, perhaps the most illustrious and brilliant examples include the names of Rogers, the poet, and the late Countess of Blessington. Two things seem essential to the possession of good conversational powers,—a competent knowledge of men and books, and a felicitous habit of expression; the former is to be acquired by observation and study; while the latter is more commonly an intuitive gift. Topics upon which to descant are manifold and various: the whole realm of nature and art, the boundless resources of knowledge, and the numberless incidents, phases, and accidents of human life, as well as the myriad forms of imagery that people

the regions of thought and fancy,—all supply themes of interesting discussion. What, for example, could afford subjects more pleasing or fertile for a quiet and sociable *tête-à-tête*, than the variegated treasures of Flora, the ever-changing and exquisite beauties of natural scenery, the investigations of pure science, and the accumulated wealth of human lore? If anecdote and humor are the pearls of polite conversation, the above-named constitute the pure gold for their setting, reflecting a tenfold splendor. Those, therefore, who are *au fait* at repartee, or who fill up the pauses which occur in graver discussions, by brilliant flashes of extempore wit, or a piquant story, good-natured sarcasm, or playful satire, achieve no inconsiderable service in the social gathering. The circumstances of time, place, and the character of the company, ought of course, ever to govern the choice of topics, and the manner and method of their presentation. It would be absurd to expound a problem of Euclid to an elderly lady whose sphere of attainments never stretched beyond the details of the dormitory or the domestic duties of her domicile; and it would be equally inconsistent to attempt a grave dissertation on the treasures hidden in the heart of the earth, to a fair nymph in love, whose interests lie all concentrated and clustered in the devoted heart of her lover. Fulsome flattery and all kinds of extravagant compliment, are as obnoxious to good taste as the baneful practice of indulging *badinage*, or even personal invective. To a well-balanced and educated man, the cultivated society of the opposite sex offers the highest possible attractions; for, in addition to the advantages to be derived from the interchange of elevated thought and sentiment, the most fascinating arts and graces are exhibited, which exert a reciprocal and powerful influence, imparting a brilliancy and charm to every thing that is spoken. If to excel in the art of pleasing be the secret of success in that of conversation, commend us not infrequently to the refining elegance and challenging graces of educated female society: in such a school of the art, the pupil who should fail of academic honors would assuredly prove himself unworthy to share them. Among the most delightful of mental recreations may be classed the exhilarating pleasures of intellectual intercourse; they constitute the very life fluid of our social being.

RES CURIOSÆ.

Let us begin this week's budget of Curiosæ with the following,

ANTIDOTE TO VANITY.

The following well-known lines, are not inappropriate to a register, in which the records of mortality perpetually present them-

selves. They have generally been considered as original, but the subsequent French lines, by Pierre Patrice, of Caen, born in 1583, and a follower of Gaston d'Orleans, sufficiently establish their claim to the priority. Both equally tend to repress vanity.

"I dreamt, that buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side, I lay;
And as so mean an object shock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cried,
Scoundrel, begone! and henceforth touch me not;
More manners learn, and at a distance rot.
How, scoundrell! with an haughtier tone, cried he,
Proud lump of earth—I scorn thy threats and thee;
Here all are equal, now thy case is mine,
This is my rotting place, and that, is thine."

The original, by PIERRE PATRICE,

Je songeais, cette nuit que de mal consumé,
Cote à coté d'un pauvre on m'avoit inhumé;
Mais que n'en pouvant pas souffrir le voisinage!
En mort de qualité je lui tins ce langage:
Retire-toi coquin! va pourrir loin d'ici.
Il ne t'appartient pas de m'approcher ainsi!
Coquin me dit il, d'un arrogance extrême,
'Va chercher tes coquins ailleurs; coquin toi-même!
Ici, tous sont égaux; je ne te dois plus rien;
Je suis sur mon sérmier, comme toi sur le tien

APPLES.

An English publication of 1815 contains an article entitled "An effectual method of retaining good Apples in the country without grafting," from which we extract the following:—

In every perfect ripe apple there will be found one, and sometimes two round seeds: the others will have one or more flattened sides. The round ones will produce the improved fruit from which they are taken; and those with flattened sides will produce the fruit of the Crab, upon which the graft was inserted. It requires not a long time to ascertain the difference; for if a circle is drawn in rich ground, and the flat-sided seeds planted therein, and the round seeds in the centre, the variations of quality will be discovered in two or three years: the first will throw out the leaves of a Crab, and the latter the leaves of an improved tree, distinguished in shape, fibre, and a lanuginous appearance; and in due time the fruit of each will put every thing beyond doubt. It is to be observed moreover, that the seeds of Crabs, being originals, are mostly, if not altogether, round.

VAMPIRES.

Another *Æsculapian* article on this subject will not be out of place.

According to Calmet, vestiges of Vampirism are to be traced to the remotest antiquity. Isaiah 34. v. 14 describing the state to which Babylon would be reduced, says it should become the resort of Satyrs, Lamæ, Hobgoblins, (in Hebrew *Lilith*.) This last signifies,

in Hebrew, what the Greeks and Romans express by *Strix* and *Lamia*, or sorcerer and witch, who endeavor to destroy new-born children. Hence the Jews, in order to drive them away, were accustomed to write on the four extremities of a woman just confined, *Adam. Eve, begone Likith.*

The ancient Grecians knew them under the name of *Lamiæ*, and believed they devoured children, or sucked their blood until they died. Horace says "*neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahas alvo*"—and Ovid speaking of the *Striges*, describes them as dangerous birds, which fly by night seeking for infants, to devour them and suck their blood.

"Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris
Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent
Est illis Strigibus nomen."

These prejudices were so profoundly rooted in the minds of uncivilized nations, that they put to death all who were suspected of being *Striges*, or sorcerers, and of devouring living persons. Charlemagne, in the statutes he composed, for his new Saxon subjects, condemned to death those who should believe that a man or woman were (*Striges*) sorcerers, and eat living persons: or who should on this pretence cause them to be burned, or give their flesh to be eaten, or should eat it themselves. From this we may observe, that it was believed that there were persons who did eat living people: that they were killed and burned; and that sometimes their flesh was eaten, as we have before noticed that in Russia, bread was eaten that was made up with the blood of Vampyres. That at other times their corpses were exposed to carnivorous animals, as is still the case in places where these apparitions are found, after impaling them, or cutting off their head. The laws of Lombardy equally prohibit killing the servant of another, as a witch, *Striga*, or *Masca*. This last word *Masca*, from whence comes mask, has the same meaning with the Latin *Larva*, a spirit, phantom, or spectre.

PHRENOLOGY.

If the following article be well-founded, the science of phrenology, it will be seen, is some centuries old:—

J. Heurnius, a medical writer of some note, in his work entitled, "*De morbis qui in singulis partibus humani capitis insidere consueverunt*," 1594, Cap. 10, p. 100, speaking of phrenitis, and its various forms, adds, "*Secundo differunt phrenitides, loco affecto; nam vel totum cerebrum, vel ejus pars occupata est. Si pars cerebri, ea erit antica, postica, vel media. Scio hic disputari, utrum principes facultates capitis, sedes in cerebro habeant varias, necne, &c.*" Hence we perceive from this, that it was then maintained in the schools. It is, however, so reasonable an opinion, that

it will not be a subject of wonder to many, that centuries before this, the same ideas found place: and that Galen, the most learned and illustrious physician of his time, (between one and two hundred years of the Christian era) should promulgate similar sentiments. See first book of *Prorrhethics*, aph. 27,—and in his fourth book, *de locis affectus*, he says, that when the brain is affected, *apud anticos ventres suos lædi imaginationem: sin illi medios secum ventriculos trahant, perverti et cogitationem.* He also inquires elsewhere, why phrenitic has such a variety of symptoms, and why, at one time, the imagination, and at another, thought or memory, shall be defective. "*Hoc evenit (says he) ex humoris raptu ab una in aliam cerebri partem: itaque hoc fieri ex variarum cerebri mansionum irritatione, et alteratione prægrandi, unde successiva opera.*" See Heurnius, *loc. cit.* Further on, we find, "*Si principes facultates quæ in cerebro habitant, varias mansiones occupant, igitur unus idemque homo poterit ingeniosus esse, vique imaginandi excellere, et etiam memorandi potentia alios antecire: at plerumque ingeniosi immemores sunt: quin non raro memoria valide exsplendescente, torpescit imaginatio,*" &c. We need not enlarge, our object being merely to prove the present doctrine by no means to be a new thing. We see, however, from the last quoted sentence, that the idea of a due development of the requisite organs had not occurred to the authors quoted. Nevertheless, we have now before us a Latin work still older than Heurnius, printed in 1508—entitled "*Margarita Philosophica*"—a kind of Encyclopedia, in twelve books of dialogues between a master and scholar, commencing with the rudiments of grammar, and going through the arts and sciences: amongst other subjects, the mind is considered; and a curious engraving is given of the human head, on which are depicted, according to the present plans, the localities of several faculties, &c. "*Sensus interiores (says the master) numero quinque sunt, viz. Sensus communis: Imaginativa: Estimativa: Fantasia, que etiam imaginativa dici solet: et memorativa,*" &c.—all which he locates in three assumed ventricles.

UNCLE TOM REVIEWED.*

Applegate & Co., of Cincinnati, have just sent us a review of Uncle Tom's Cabin, a copy of which is now lying before us. In his preface, the author says, "Critics need not trouble themselves about its defects as a literary production, as I lay no claim to merit on that ground." We are much obliged to him for this declaration, as it has saved us a world of trouble, and we have constitutional scruples

*A Review of Uncle Tom's Cabin; or an Essay on Slavery. By A. Woodward, M. D."

about unnecessary labor, especially in dog days. We presume, however, that the caveat does not extend to the dignity of the language, or to the spirit of the work. As a specimen of the former, take the following:

"If they can strengthen their party, and agitate the subject of slavery, until they bring about a dissolution of the Union, then Hale will be president of the Northern confederacy, Julian, vice-president, and Giddings, I suppose, prime minister. Would not Joshua cut a sorry figure, in that high and responsible office! Prince John, I suppose, would be attorney general. The little magician, John's daddy, would be thrown overboard, for no party, I think, will ever trust him again." (p. 97.)

As a specimen of the spirit of the work, take the following:

"We know that they (the English) are a nation of murderers, thieves and robbers. Their religion is little else, but legalized hypocrisy. Justice and humanity never yet found a place in their moral code." (p. 32) And again, addressing the bishops of the English Church: "Woe to you, ye hypocrites. Ye wolves in sheep's clothing! Bow your heads with shame, and repent in sack-cloth, or else as surely as their is a God in heaven, you will have 'your portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.'" (p. 190.)

The above will do, we think, for a specimen. The author forgets that railing is not argument. Slavery needs no such support; it stands on its own merits,—the incontestible good it has done and is doing the negro,—the gradual training it is giving him for freedom. This is its mission in this country, and when it has accomplished it, it will, of itself, give place to a higher order of things. Our author's project of a negro territory, (pp. 131, 132,) set apart by Congress, after the example of the Indian territory, is the veriest Utopia that was ever hatched in the brain of a visionary.

As to the general character of the work, it may be given in few words. It is a heterogeneous conglomerate of good and bad, a streak of fat, and two streaks of lean, a few grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff, and those few as hard to be come at as a needle in a hay-rick. Indeed, our author himself tells us, (p. 53): "Those who wish to know what my views are on the subject of slavery, will be under the necessity of reading this volume through." Hard necessity! We have subjected ourselves to it, however, with the persistency of a martyr, though we might have taken shelter under Dean Swift's observation about the joint of meat; we have read the book through, and, as the result of our exploit, we give it as our opinion that the two hundred pages might have been profitably condensed into twenty. We commend to the author the ad-

monition of the Rev. Sidney Smith to those who spin out their productions as if for Antediluvian readers, and forget that the life of man, at present, is but three-score years and ten, "Remember the Deluge, and be short."

TABLE MOVING.*

The author of this little volume evidently thinks, that he has completely unveiled the delusions of those who believe in supernatural rappings, and mysterious table movements. We have never given one moment's credence to the assertion, that communications can be had, by "knocks," with departed spirits; and we are glad to find so clear a statement of the manner by which the writer baffled professed "mediums." By repeated visits to the exhibitions of the Misses Fox, and while feigning credulity, he, by a series of experiments, discovered that the raps invariably proceeded from under the feet of the girls, the apparatus being concealed by long skirts. Whenever the sounds might appear to proceed from their dress, and when standing on cushions, properly arranged, no knockings could be produced. Professor Page has constructed a portable, easily managed, rapping machine, which can be concealed equally well, and which gives equally correct answers from the spirit world. The replies to the questions proposed by him, were almost always ludicrously incorrect. For instance, the spirits declared that Webster died of *croup*, at Salem, Mass. He wishes that "the civil authorities would pounce upon these rappers in the very act, (for obtaining money upon false pretences,—or some other plea,) and make a forcible disclosure of their trappings."

On the same platform with this trickery, Prof. Page places table-moving. Now, on this subject, we feel fully qualified to give an opinion, as we have experimented on it numbers of times, and drawn our conclusions from ocular, and palpable demonstrations. Our author does not pretend to deny that tables move;—that is an undoubted fact; but the cause is what he endeavors to enlighten the public upon. Many of our most intelligent, and scientific men, admit that they "cannot account for the movements," instead of joining in the cry of "humbug," and "delusion!" The idea of "a new power," Prof. P., deems ridiculous; so also the agency of electricity, or galvanism. "The fallacy (of table-tipping) demands," he says, "our most rigid scrutiny, and none the less of severe reprobation, from the fact that it is engaged in, to a great extent, by respect-

* PSYCHOMANCY. Spirit-rappings and table-tippings exposed. By Prof. Charles G. Page, M. D., etc.

able and intelligent persons." The Professor appears to have met with individuals, not very guarded in their language, for he declares, that although they told him the tables moved, "without visible agency," yet, on close questioning, he found hands had been upon them during their locomotive exploits. "In every inquiry and investigation," he continues, "we have found gross and weak exaggeration, and have fully resolved that we will maintain to the last extremity, the position of unqualified, uncompromising denial and opposition, to the *highest testimony of earth* as to the verity of *table-tippings, or any kindred chicanery of miraculous or spiritual purport.*"

After such a disclaimer of being influenced by any facts, however credibly certified to, we have no hope of convincing Prof. Page: but there are undoubted truths, connected with this subject, which we as boldly declare cannot be met by his theory of "involuntary muscular action." In one instance our author mentions as having come under his observation, "he noticed the medium working very hard, with her concealed hand, to move" the table, and after witnessing numerous attempts, he says "the tables never moved unless clearly pushed." The experiments must have been very different from those in which we have participated. A writer, in the *Penn. Inquirer*, a few days ago, pertinently asks, how a person can do *involuntarily*, that which he cannot do *voluntarily*? When a table, with a heavy marble slab, traverses a room, while the hands of several persons are resting on the top, what sort of involuntary muscular action causes the motion? When a powerful man is *just able*, (and some, unable) to keep a table still, for a minute, would not those whose hands are on it, be conscious whether they are exerting any contrary force? To use Prof. Page's own words, "How strange it is that any mortal, in possession of his senses, should move a table, and not know it!" We assent to this most heartily, but as heartily deny the following assertion, "And yet it is so." The declared determination of this gentleman, to believe nothing on this subject, with any possible evidence, does not savor of true philosophy. Such a spirit of skepticism would have debarred the progress of any discovery; and it is to be regretted that Prof. Page has come before the public with such evident ignorance of the phenomena of "table-moving."

Perhaps the strongest argument in favour of table-moving, is the fact that *volition* has nothing whatever to do with producing it. *The same individuals* who are successful experimenters at one time, on other occasions find that the table continues perfectly motionless.

DOG DAYS.

Good morning Tiger;

Ah, friend Booe,
I am happy to see by the tip of your nose,
As lay as mine, that we stand together.
In excellent health, this dog day weather.

Dog day!

Ay, thus by men the season
Is called, but if I knew the reason,
May I never worry another cat.
I think it is a libel flat:—
Why, if the weather chooses to vary;
From the climate of June to January,
Should we stand sponsors for it?

Apply
To equable man for the reason why,
When we arrive at the stand in the arts,
Due our respectable canine parts,
And publish the *Almanac des chiens*,
We'll resent, as we ought, this flagrant wrong,
And call it *Man Days*.

Very well
Should we be sustained by parallel.
For instance, like a dog day night,
Man sleeps in a fog; in the durance tight,
Of Somnus his faculties all are dead,
While we, more wakeful, guard his bed.
From his sluggish couch he doth arise
With a weight of cloth on the lids of his eyes,
And his head of soporifics full,
Like a dog day morning heavy and dull;
Then he gorges his stomach with high spiced meat,
Imparting his body a dog day heat;
Then, in the vain thought of cooling it, pours
Adown his throat, Alcoholic showers;
And burns at the tip of his nose, a weed
That would make a quadruped sick.

Indeed,
Friend Booe, human nature, you closely read.
Not exactly, Tiger, it is not nature
To make of the stomach a living crater,
A smelting furnace, a crucible
For the fusion of things reducible
Only by such or slim 'lar process.

Strange, that man cannot from dogs and horses,
(Although he denies them in his pride,
Reason and common sense beside)
Strange that he cannot learn at least,
Not to demean himself *worse* than a beast.

Have patience, the time is not far hence,
That will give us our proper influence;
Then we'll teach our masters that they can be,
As rational, at least, as we.
Good day.

Good day,
Take, if you please, your paw away;
With respectable dogs 'tis a maxim grown,
That every one should shake his own.

Literary and other Gossip.

— *Cassell's Natural History* has been sent to us by C. J. Price & Co., of our city. It is one of Mr. Alexander Montgomery's excellent illustrated serials, and like all of that enterprising publisher's works will at once command favor.

— Charles Scribner, of New York, sends us *The Bride of Omberg*, by Emilie T. Carlen. It is a translation of the Swedish, by Prof. Krause and Elbert Perce. A notice with extracts will appear hereafter.

— *Pro-Slavery Argument*.—Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co. of our city have just published the Pro-Slavery Argument as maintained by the most distinguished writers of the Southern States; containing several essays on the subject, from the pens of Chancellor Harper, Gwennet, Hammond, Dr. Simm's and Professor Drew.

— *A Journey Round the World*.—This is the title of a delightful book, which we have just received from the Harpers and which we shall notice at length hereafter. It is from the pen of F. Gerstaecker, a most capital fellow for a travelling companion.

— *The Way of Peace*.—M. W. Dodd of New York, has just published a copyrighted book with this title, from the pen of Henry A. Rowland, author of the common maxims of infidelity, and several other popular works, among which "Light in a Dark Alley" is prominent. It is a neat little volume, designed for those who long for that peace which cometh from communion with God: and is a kind of sequel to a previous book of the author's called the "Path of Life." The former directed the wanderer to Christ; the latter enables one who thinks he has found acceptance with the Savior to satisfy himself on the point by means of suitable evidence, and also to show how he may preserve his religious affections in their purity and strength.

— A correspondent of the *Literary World* writing from Boston under date of the 22d. ult., has the following notice of Mr. Field's poem, at the late anniversary of the *Phi Beta Kappa* society:

"The subject of the poem was "Eloquence,"—the eloquence of nature and of man. A subtle train of thought ran through the whole, connecting the beautiful impersonations of his subject, and giving unity to its various topics. It was equally beautiful and brilliant. The characteristics of the great orators, Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Fox, Henry, Adams, Webster, Clay, were finely felicitous. In a passage on the eloquence of the pulpit, a most exquisite tribute was paid

to the memory of Buckminster. The "hits" of the poem had the charm of unexpectedness, and were received with bursts of applause, which made the church ring. One humorous picture of the triumph of woman's rights, and their admission into the Senate chamber as legislators, drew forth an immense applause, in which women and women's rights men most heartily joined. Mr. Field's delivery is remarkably good, clear, loud, melodious in voice, and graceful in gesture. The poem was universally admired."

— Mr. John Lambert, who travelled through a portion of the United States in the year 1808, speaks as follows of the manners of the people of the country.

"Much has been said by former travellers of the familiarity and rudeness of the American people. I will not attempt to contradict their assertions: but for myself, I must declare, in justice to the American character, that I experienced the utmost civility and even politeness, from the inhabitants, in every part of the country through which I travelled. The coachmen were civil and the tavern-keepers attentive: and wherever I had occasion to mix with the country people, I never met with the least rudeness or shadow of impertinence on any occasion: on the contrary, they were civil and obliging. The children would take off their hats, bow, or curtsy, as we passed along the road, and the men would frequently nod their heads, which, though it carried with it the appearance of familiarity, and certainly was not so graceful as the salutation of the French Canadians, yet I firmly believe, it sprang entirely from an honest, well-meaning civility. It must be confessed that I saw but little of the character of the country people to the southward: and nothing of it in the back country, where the civilization of the New England States is said to be little known. But I only pretend to speak of what I have myself witnessed; and even if I had met with rudeness from individuals, or been cheated by a sharper, I should not be inclined to charge the whole American people with insolence and brutality, with roguery and imposition. But the Americans are a people like ourselves, who, conscious of the real liberty which they enjoy, boast of it as their greatest blessing. In many men, and particularly the lower classes, this freedom, even in our own country, sometimes degenerates into rude familiarity; but that philosopher must indeed be squeamish, who will not compound with a little rudeness to himself, for the solid acquisition of much substantial comfort and happiness to myriads of his fellow men."

— A writer in the *Monthly Magazine*, for 1816, gives the following list of the words and phrases used in Staffordshire to express the

degrees of drunkenness. He says that the people of that country are a sober race and seldom go above (or below) *mellow*; and as for himself he has for sixtimes gone beyond that point, on all of which occasions he has not stopped until he reached the climax "dead drunk."

Gayly,	The Sun has been too
Joyous.	hot to day,
Lightsome,	In liquor,
Blythesome,	Cranky,
Canty,	Over the line,
Mellow,	Half seas over,
Absent,	Muddled,
A drop too much,	Groggy,
A cup too much,	Tipsy,
Wet within,	Top heavy.
Soso,	Hold you by the wall,
How came you so?	Overloaded,
A little gone,	Upset,
Overseen,	Knocked up,
Overtaken,	Quite gone,
Overcome,	Intoxicated,
Over done.	Inebriate
Done over,	Staring drunk,
Disguised,	Staggering drunk,
Splashed,	Reeling drunk,
Cocked,	Drunk as a piper,
Fresh.	Drunk as a pig,
Cogy,	Drunk as a swine,
Muzzy.	Drunk as David's Son.
Flushed,	Beastly drunk,
Been in the Sunshine,	Dead drunk.

Editors' Sans-Souci.

CAPE MAY.

— We have been to Cape May, and for the first time in our life. Niagara, Trenton Falls, Saratoga, Lake George, Lebanon, Rockaway, Nahant, Newport, Yellow Springs, all these and many other time-honored summer resorts, we have seen, but we had never till Thursday the 4th inst. been to Cape May. And what of Cape May? Well, it is a queer hotch-potch. You begin with an ill-contrived "carryall" at the landing, and after a series of hat-bumpings, from the cramped ceiling, after a terrible round of punches and squeezings from your fellow-passengers,—for like our omnibus-drivers your Jersey "Whips" always take a few more people than their carriages will comfortably hold—after dragging along at a lazy, tedious pace, drawn by two sadly over-worked *chevaux*, you finally enter a labyrinth of houses, with verandahs running all about, above and below, built in the flimsiest possible style, and painted frequently with the most grotesque contrasts and combinations of colors. The architecture is eminently characteristic of the brief season, when Cape May has its numerous crowd; while at the same time it partakes in

want of substantiality or substance, of the average characters or quality of that crowd. We are reminded by it of the scenery and appointments of the theatre: everything is adapted for the best effect while the play is going on, when the lights burn brightly and the house is crowded, but you can readily imagine that, when these associations are removed, and when the audience and actors have gone home, that quite an opposite *ensemble* will be presented.

— But how do you like Cape May? Well, very well, of its kind. Arrived at your hotel, especially if it be Harwood's Columbia House, you prepare yourself for comforts foreshadowed by all about, which you are sure to enjoy. You have a spacious sojourning place, surrounded by magnificent colonnades, looking out upon extended grounds, washed by the very ocean itself; your eating, drinking, and sleeping, are well cared for by the courteous landlord and his well-drilled corps of assistants, and you feel quite at home.

— Do you like woman? That nod means yes; it will do. Well, at Cape May you are surrounded by exquisite specimens of the sex, those who are calculated to flood the heart with love, yes, and wring it out fifty times a day. Howel says:—

Words are the soul's ambassadors, which go
Abroad upon her errands to and fro;
They are the sole expounders of the mind,
And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.

The eyes are also ambassadors, or they send forth sparks which keep up a telegraphic communication quite as expressive of ideas as the tongue. We know a poor soul—he was with us constantly at the Capes—who had the misfortune to admire, even to the most passionate love, a fair creature he encountered soon after his arrival, and there soon shot forth from his eyes the most speaking looks of love, which he fancied were returned: but, alas! the delicate, graceful charmer was engaged. When our friend was introduced to her—which he was in the course of a short time—he learned the painful, perhaps it may prove fatal, truth; and as we left, he was diving very deep, and staying down very long, in the breakers, intimating—say those who know—that he is getting used to drowning, and means to pop off at some eleven o'clock bathing. There will be—there will be—larger lunches, and more brandy, for those he leaves behind!

— Alexander Smith says:

The bride-groom sees
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her.

How charming a myth of fancy this! One

realizes its exquisite beauty, as one stands in the Columbia House balcony and looks out at the beach, on a calm August morning, as did we. But then, with the passage of two or three hours, eleven o'clock comes, and sea and shore—or "bridegroom" and "wedded bride"—

—have go-betweens of young and old, male and female, tall and short, fat and lean, clad in flannel robes and pantaloons, of all shapes and cuts, looking as promiscuous and as matter-of-fact as possible, at least temporarily, who put a stop to these amorous interchanges. Then you see curves of surf, one beyond the other, outward from the beach, each dotted with living and breathing objects, who bob up and down like so many variously painted puppets. Then "bridegroom" and "wedded bride" are left alone to resume their toyings and kissings, while the bathers have, some of them, gone to sleep, others to cold beef and ham, and others—to brandy-smashes, mint juleps, and sherry-cobblers.

—A "Hop" at the Columbia House, with Breiter's fine band, lights everything up in certain quarters. We were a looker-on at one of these during our sojourn at the Capes, and enjoyed the graceful movements of the dancers in quadrille, schottische, redowa, waltz, and polka, not a little. The children were perfectly mad with delight; and we must confess, we think the pastime of dancing is better adapted to them than to adults. Still, let those whirl about in the waltz who choose; let those enjoy whatever figures in the vocabulary of M^{lle} Terpsichore may best please them. This is a free country, they say. Certainly one-half, if not two-thirds, who go to Cape May, would not do so were it not for the "Hops."

—The Mount Vernon Hotel is a wonderful building; covering twelve acres of ground they say, and having twenty acres more for surroundings. Its colonnades above and below embrace a distance fully up to two miles and a half! The dining-hall is nearly five hundred feet long. Gas and water will be introduced everywhere throughout the building. We were indebted to Col. L. L. Johnson, for a complete survey of this mammoth building, who also treated us—to—to—the superb view of ocean which one gets from its roof. Some thousands of visitors can be accommodated at the Mount Vernon, and they will be entertained on the French plan, so says our handsome and agreeable friend Johnson, with many other important things which we shall perhaps relate in a future article.

—In conclusion, we intended to talk of much more in this article, but Mr. Bryson says "stop, no more room." We must therefore break off: just when the pressure of steam is the highest; leaving Mr. Jackson's beautiful display of fire-works on the Columbia House grounds—paid for by the boarders at that

establishment, but admired by everybody on the island—only mentioned. It was the perfection of Pyrotechny. One piece bore in its fiery bosom, the word "Love," and our smitten friend, thought of the bespoken beauty, who had stolen his heart, but would not give her own in return, with a sigh as heavy as a fifty-six. We pitied him poor fellow! Cruel pyrotechny to tear from man's bosom such a sigh!

—The word we say at parting is this: and it is practical: Harwood has a plenty of fine rooms now unoccupied. Go and enjoy them.

PRaise FROM SIR HUBERT &c.

—The Southern *Literary Gazette* thus kindly notices THE BIZARRE:—

Among our most valuable exchanges, we would notice "the Bizarre," an original weekly, published by Church & Co., in Philadelphia. It is edited in a discriminating and able manner, and is always full of interesting matter. We are frequently indebted to it for articles.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—Another "Georgia Sketch" will appear in our next; with many other interesting articles crowded out of the present number.

COBBETT.

—A gentleman of this city has in his possession the original of the following characteristic letter from Cobbett. It was written in the year 1798 to a Philadelphia bookseller.

"Good master Young:

I cannot send the whole amount,
With Christain patience watch and wait,
Take fifty dollars on account,
And give the bearer a receipt.

WM. COBBETT.

P. S. Though I know it is very difficult to rhyme a Presbyterian out of his money, yet when in the measure of Watts' Psalms, rhyme ought to have some weight—I will discharge the rest of your bill as soon as possible, which, I hope, will be before Saturday night.

Monday, 5 Feb."

It will be observed that Cobbett supposed patience to be a word of *three* syllables.

BE MORE PARTICULAR

—The "learned Theban" who attends to the editorial department of *Harper's Magazine* has undertaken to furnish the world with a new anecdote of Pope the poet. It is contained in the August number and professes to relate some events that happened to "the little crooked thing that asked questions when he first visited London in 1774." Unfortunately for the story, Pope was *born* in London in 1688 and died in 1744!! A friend suggests that perhaps the writer has confounded Pope, an actor, with the poet. Perhaps so; but a man who writes for 125,000 readers should be more careful.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

A SYRIAN TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER II.

On the evening of the second day Semid overtook a small caravan of merchants travelling the same route, with their camels loaded with silks and stuffs of Syria. As they pursued their journey, Semid fell into conversation with one of the merchants, an elderly man, of a mild and impressive aspect, who listened with delight and wonder to the discourse of the stranger, which few could hear unmoved, as to his youth and exquisite beauty were now added the wisdom and experience he had acquired as an Imaun. As they drew near the termination of their journey, the merchant of Bagdad grew more and more attached to Semid, and earnestly pressed him, as he had no home of his own, to reside under his roof, partake of the toils and cares of his business, and be to him as a son. They soon beheld the Tigris flowing in its pride beneath the walls of Bagdad, and entered the gardens of palm-trees, on its banks. Passing through several narrow and unpaved streets, the merchant and his friend stopped at the low door of a mean-looking habitation. Being admitted, a scene of luxury appeared within. The court area was adorned by a noble fountain, over which hung the orange and lemon trees; recesses in the walls, covered with cushions and carpets, invited to repose; and the interior apartments were splendidly furnished; but when the merchant of Bagdad, after the travellers had bathed and perfumed themselves, bade a slave call his child, his Houlema, to welcome her father and his friend, Semid saw only the form, heard only the voice of the girl of Bagdad. It was evening, and the cool apartment, with its trellised and projecting windows, hung over the waters beneath; the moon that lit up the waves and their shores, cast her light through the open lattice-work, at which sat Houlema, who had taken her guitar, and as she sang verses expressive of the joys of home, and its dear affections, after long and cruel separations, like the cool waves of the Tigris amidst the burning sands that surround it, her voice was inexpressibly sweet. Her form was of the

middle size, and her complexion excessively fair; her eyes were hazel, her hair dark, and her bust lovelier than was ever formed by a Grecian sculptor: the small and delicate foot was no way concealed by the rich sandal that held it, and the white and rounded arm was exposed nearly to the shoulder; in her whole air, in every look and word, there was a spirit, a vivacity, as if the soul itself were infused in it. As Semid gazed and listened to her voice, he felt a charm come over his spirit, far different to that which the superior beauty of the Circassian had inspired.

His venerable patron now began to initiate him in the details of commerce, sent him sometimes with a caravan of merchandise to Bussora, and other parts of the Persian gulf, and assigned him a portion of his gains. Semid saw his increasing fortune with indifference, in every journey always anticipating the hour of return; he gazed with rapture from afar on the blue wave of the Tigris that circled round the dwelling of his beloved Houlema. The father, who from the first had destined his only child for his favorite, to whom he felt as to an only son, saw their growing passion with pleasure. Often when the lovers were seated in the cool kiosque, that overlooked the wide plain beyond the city, Semid told of the various scenes and reverses he had passed through, while his fine eyes and matchless features beamed with affection: Houlema thought she had never beheld so fascinating a being, or listened to a voice of such soul-touching melody. "She loves me for myself alone," thought Semid, "and not for my beauty, unlike the youthful Circassian, whose impetuous and sudden affection wrought my ruin: bred up in retirement, and untainted by dissipation, in her tenderness I shall find a resting place at last."

Semid had been absent for some weeks on a journey to Basra, and one evening Houlema was solacing herself with music in the apartment she had so often sat with him, and anticipating his return, when the chief officer of the Pacha of Bagdad returning home on the opposite shore of the Tigris, heard those sweet sounds wafted across in the stillness of the night, and listened with rapture. The next day he told his prince that he had heard melody, such as none but the Houris who attend the blest could have made, and that the woman who possessed such a voice must be inexpressibly beautiful. The prince's curiosity was awakened, he directed inquiries to be made, and was soon acquainted that it was the daughter of the old merchant, whose melody was only inferior to her loveliness. Resolved to gratify his passionate desire of seeing her, he put on the disguise of a merchant, who sold precious stones and ornaments, and being admitted with some difficulty, by displaying some splendid jewels to the sight of

Houlema, was enraptured with her beauty. The following day he sent for the father, and demanded his daughter in marriage; the old man, undazzled by the prospect of grandeur for his child, and faithful to his promise to Semid, gave a submissive but decided refusal. Although enraged at having his hope crossed by a subject, yet confiding in his own attractions and rank, he came magnificently attired and attended, to the merchant's house, and requesting an interview with Houlema in her father's presence, he declared his passion, and offered her his heart and throne, declaring he would part with his harem, and cease to love any other woman for her sake. Houlema shrank from the splendid offer; her lover, beautiful and devoted, rushed to her thoughts; she felt how dear he was to her: again she looked on the imploring prince; he was very handsome, his dignity gave him additional attractions; and, when he swore, by the Prophet and the Caaba, that she should be the sole companion of his life and love, the adored and admired of his court, the words were inexpressibly sweet to her. Seduced by such tenderness and devotion, and the glowing pictures her lover drew of her future glory as the Princess of Bagdad, she consented at last to become his bride.

Semid, full of anticipations of love and happiness, returned to Bagdad, and hastened to the home of his friend, who met him with a countenance of sorrow and confusion, and acquainted him with the infidelity of Houlema, and deplored her ingratitude. Overwhelmed with anguish, he would have sought his intended bride in the harem of the Pacha, had not the father restrained him, and calmed his cruel agitation; then raising his eyes, streaming with tears to Heaven, he called on Allah to witness the treachery of his mistress, and abjured forever the destructive beauty of woman, which first in the Circassian had plunged him into exquisite misery; and now, in the perfidious Houlema, had driven him forth again a wanderer on the earth. Saying this, he rushed out of the apartment, and, mounting his horse, left Bagdad forever behind him. For several days he pursued his way, heedless of its direction: whether his head sank on the desert-bed or on the mountain-rock, whether the sun shone on his parched breast, or the fountain cooled his burning lips, his misery was all within. One night as he passed over a sandy tract, he saw not very far before him a traveller attacked by a small party of Bedouins. Hastening up, his own and his servant's aid decided the day, and the Arabs took to flight.

The Turk, who was wounded, was most grateful for this timely aid, and implored his deliverer to accompany him to his home; and, as all situations were at this moment alike, he consented willingly. Day after day the trav-

ellers proceeded over melancholy wastes of sand, on which rested the burning rays of the sun, till at last a dark spot was visible in the horizon; and as they drew near, exquisitely grateful was the deep verdure of various trees, and the shade of the palm and cypress, which stood waveless in the silent desert, like the ruins of an eastern temple. In this deep and beautiful retreat, encircled by a high wall, lived the generous Turk with his only sister: left orphans at an early age, they had become inseparably attached to each other. Every effort was used by them to make Semid's residence agreeable: and, soothed by the attentions, and interested by the accomplishments of the young Kaloula, his dejection and anguish by degrees abated. In order to interest his deliverer, Achmed invited a party of his friends to an entertainment, and his Arab servants traversed the waste in various directions to the fertile tracts on its borders. In that oriental banquet every luxury appeared, whether allowed or forbidden, by the Koran, the various wines of Syria, the rich fruits and conserves of Damascus, the delicacies of Seeraz.

As night drew on, and the conversation became more animated, it was proposed, after the oriental custom, that each guest should tell a tale, or relate some remarkable event of his life; one told his dangerous pilgrimage to Mecca, another a tale of the Afrit or the Goule, till it came to Semid's turn, who, put off his guard by the gaiety and interest of the scene, began most imprudently to relate the great incident of his life, the gift of the ring. As he proceeded, some of the guests became thoughtful, others looked incredulous, but Kaloula never took her glance from the ring on which it was intensely fixed, and during the rest of the evening her manner was abstracted, and her mind wandering far from the present scene. Afterwards, when seated by her side in the garden at sunset, Semid observed that her vivacity was gone, at times her tone and look were hurried and wild, and then sad and despairing. In her society he had felt a new and vivid interest: ungifted with the matchless beauty of the Circassian, or the sweetness of temper, and charm of song and melody, of Houlema, there was in her that high energy of mind, and richness of imagination which inevitably attract in woman; and Semid, when listening to her fascinating conversation, thought the charms of beauty outdone. Accustomed all her life to the solitude of her brother's home, Kaloula's haughty spirit was nursed amidst scenes savage and inspiring. It had been her delight to guide her courser into the deep retreats of the desert, and no where is nature so sublime as there; and when seated at her lattice window or in the garden beneath, she had beheld the slow caravan wind its way amidst the burn-

ing sands, in which thousands of various nations and aspects were mingled; and again, when the bands of Bedouins had rushed on their prey, she had heard the fierce shouts of the battle in the desert, and seen the spectacle of pain and death.

Won by the personal attractions and eloquent converse of the stranger, she loved him: still that passion struggled with ambition and pride. Often Semid observed, as her look fell on the ring on his finger, her colour changed, and she uttered a deep sigh. "Were that ring but mine," murmured the haughty girl, "what a scene of triumph and delight would it open to me. The princess of the east would vie for the possession of Kaloula's charms, to which the beauty of all women would then yield. Her glory, who defended the city whose ruins are in the desert, the Queen of Palmyra, would not surpass mine. My path would no longer be in this far solitude, but be high, commanding and immortal."

The conflict of thought was too severe; her noble form became emaciated, the lustre fled from her dark eye, and its look of tenderness turned on her lover was often changed for one of horror. It was past the hour of noon, on one of those days when to breathe the open air is almost to inhale the blast of death, the very fountains seemed to gush languidly, and the leaves to wither on the trees: and Semid, overcome with the heat, had thrown himself almost fainting on a sofa, when Kaloula approached and earnestly pressed him to drink of some cool sherbet prepared by her own hands. There was something in her voice and manner, in the burning hue of her cheek, that infused a sudden suspicion into his mind. He took the vase of sherbet from her trembling hand, and turning aside his face pretended to drink, but poured the contents into his vest. He then languidly reclined, and appeared to fall into a deep sleep; an hour passed away, and a soft step approached the door; it faltered and seemed to retire; but soon was heard more hurriedly advancing, and at last entered the apartment. It was Kaloula; she went to the window and gazed on the burning sand and sky, and then turned her pale face, that was bathed in tears, to Semid, who lay motionless, and appeared to breathe no longer. She then drew near the ottoman and bent in silent anguish for awhile over him, when with a sudden effort she stretched forth her hand and clasped the ring to take it from his finger. Semid sprang from the couch, and looked at Kaloula with an indescribable expression, who, clasping her hands violently, uttered a loud cry, and sank insensible on the floor. He bent in agony over her. "Again," he exclaimed, "have I leaned as my last hope on woman's love, and it has pierced my soul. O, prophet of my faith! I discern now the wisdom at which I

have murmured, in severing woman from our path in the world of bliss: since cruelty and ambition can be cherished amidst feelings of kindness and love. Never will I yield again to her charms, or be swayed by her artful wiles."

He hastened from the dwelling, and all night long in deep anguish of soul pursued his way. On the evening of the tenth day he stood on the declivity of a range of mountains, on whose snows lay the last beams of the sun; and a noble plain was spread at their feet, in the midst of which stood the ruins of a superb temple. Semid drew near as the night was falling around, and took up his abode in one of the ruined apartments; and when day broke he was struck with admiration and wonder at a sight so new to him. A corridor of pillars, with capitals of exquisite beauty, encircled the temple, which though roofless, and its many niches despoiled of their statues, looked in its naked grandeur as if time might have no power over it. Here Semid thought he had found a habitation and solitude where woman's step would never intrude, and he could indulge in sorrows unmolested. Several days had passed, and the fruits that grew on the plain composed his meals, when one evening, whilst the air was cool, he perceived a girl habited in a simple Syrian dress, approaching the ruin. She started with surprise at seeing a stranger; but recovering herself, asked what induced him to remain in so lonely a spot, and why he had never visited her father, who was the Imaun of the village behind the mountain, and would be happy to show his hospitality. Semid promised to come to the village, and the next day, crossing the mountain, he was received by the priest of the prophet with the greatest kindness. After a simple repast, Melahie took her guitar and sang some native Syrian melodies with great sweetness. Delighted with his visit, the traveller's solitude seemed less welcome on his return. A few days passed ere Melahie came again, and sitting on a part of the ruins beside Semid, she told him their history as far as she knew, and listened to his tales of other lands, and of his travels, with intense interest. Her form was slender, and, unlike the women of the east, her hair was light, and her eyes blue; but they had a look of irresistible sweetness and innocence, and her delicate features reflected every feeling of her soul. He frequently visited her father's cottage, and her steps still oftener sought the lonely ruins. Seated by Semid's side, and fixed on his seducing discourse, she was happy; and he could not see the intense interest he inspired, while her tears fell fast at the picture of his sorrows, or her eyes kindled with delight when he told how his sad destiny was changed, without feeling his own heart deeply moved. He saw that she loved him

and soon felt that this entire confidence, this sweet deference and surrender of feeling, in a young and devoted woman, is far more dangerous than any studied allurements.

Still he imagined she loved him only for his beauty, or because she saw in him superior accomplishments to all around her. One evening as the Syrian was seated in silence beside him, on the rich scenery, Semid suddenly addressed her; "Melahie, it is in vain to disguise our mutual affection: but you repose your peace on me only to be deceived; let me warn you that he who has appeared to you thus beautiful and interesting, only deludes you. You see before you a magician of power, and of malice equal to his power, but not to injure you. Turn your eyes on your lover now." He suddenly drew the ring from his finger; the girl shrieked, and starting from her seat covered her face with her hands, for before her stood no longer the captivating stranger, but an elderly, pale, and sorrow-stricken man; yet his look was haughty and full of fire, and waving his hand impressively, "fly from me now," he said, "you see me in my true colors; your beautiful lover is no more." Melahie turned on him for a moment a look of fixed sadness, and then silently departed. Many weeks passed, and still she came not to his lonely abode; but one morning as he stood sadly musing amidst the monuments of former glory, he saw her slowly walking towards him; but her beauty was faded by sorrow, and her delicate form wasted, and when she beheld the venerable figure of her once adored lover, an expression of exquisite anguish passed over her features. Still she drank in every word that fell from his lips, though the music of that voice had ceased, and the tone was cold and faltering. When he bade her fly from his solitude, and shun the evil destiny that surrounded him, and the treacherous allurements that might yet ensnare her, she burst into tears, unable to vanquish her love, yet shrinking from the painful change she witnessed.

The last evening they were thus to meet she found him reclined at the foot of a pillar; his countenance was paler, his eye more hollow than when she saw him before, and his whole air that of a man to whom earthly things are soon to be no more. "You are come, Melahie," he said, fixing his eyes with a mournful expression on her, "in time to bid me farewell forever. You cannot grieve much for one whom it is impossible you could love. Semid, young and beautiful, engaged your affection, but oppressed with years, and sinking beneath his sorrows, the stranger will rest unremembered in his grave." "Never! oh never," replied the beautiful Syrian, "can Melahie forget the stranger she once loved. Dark and mysterious as your path may seem, mine shall be united with it to the last. I

loved you not for your beauty, Semid, it was for the charms of your discourse, the riches of your mind, and, above all, the new world of thought and imagination which you opened to me; when I left you, those scenes and glowing pictures haunted me still: in my dreams they came to me, and with all, your image was ever blended. Radiant with beauty it came, and now thus fallen, it is still the same Semid who speaks to me; it is his spirit that casts its spell around mine, and death cannot break it."

"It is vain," said Semid; "the hour is near that will close these eyes forever. Azrael comes to summon me; already I hear the rushing of his wings. Look where the last light of day is resting on the mountain snows: it will soon disappear; but when it rests on this pillar, and encircles this weary head, you will see your Semid expire." "Leave me not thus," exclaimed Melahie weeping bitterly; but soon shall I cease to be alone: I feel my heart is breaking, it has struggled for rest without you, but it may not be." She ceased; for the sun leaving the darkening plain below, threw over the temple a golden hue, and rested on the pillar on which Semid was reclining. His look was sadly fixed on the crimsoning sky, his frame trembled, and as the red light was fading, the young Syrian clasped her arm round his neck, and gazing on him as if for the last time: "O Semid!" she murmured, "my first, my only love; together we will quit this world of sorrow, and Melahie will not be parted in death, or in eternity." At these words he suddenly rose and drew the ring again on his finger: the lustre came to Melahie's eye, and the colour rushed to her cheek, for she gazed once more on the blooming and devoted Semid, who clasped her to his breast, "It is mine at last," he exclaimed; "the blessing I implored of Allah, but never hoped to find—a woman who truly loved me: we will go to the banks of the Orontes to my father's cottage, and live amidst the scenes of my childhood."

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH EIGHTH.

Scenery of the Swamps.—*Historical associations connected with them—Partisan Valor—Swamps, of three kinds—Luxuriant Vegetation—The stately Cypress—Magnolia Grandiflora—Sylvanus and Cyparissus—Wood-not's wild—Physical constitution—Alligators—Serpents.*

But dark malignant clouds, and noxious dew
Hang on the Cypress sad, and mournful yew;
In sable woods, which flow with solemn sweep,
The weeping willow, seems indeed to weep.

Miss F. Reynolds.

The admirer of Nature will seek in vain
amid the plains of Southern Georgia, for those

sublime and exquisitely beautiful manifestations which so enchain the attention, and enlist the admiration of every beholder in other climes. Here, no Mont Blanc, vast and magnificent, reflecting from its snowy brow the gorgeous tints of a rising sun, lifts its kingly head, a mountain of pure alabaster, blinding with its splendor the gaze which its majesty attracted: no grand plateau where,

"Snow piled on snow; each mass appears
The gathered winter of a thousand years."

The lovely vale of Chamouni—the deep, rugged gorges of Switzerland, find no counterpart here. There are no cascades of the Hepste, with their graceful nymphs sporting in those crystal waters,—no giant Idris enthroned on his mountain chair—no Idwal shrieking amid the awful storms which burst above the purple peaks of Snowdonia. Although the scenery is not thus wild and picturesque, although the diversities of hill and valley do not charm the eye: still Nature here stands revealed in a garb at once so luxuriant and pleasing, that the interest of every one is immediately awakened. Quiet repose, and virgin vigor characterize every scene. One of the most striking features is that presented by the deep-green foliage and exuberant vegetation of the swamps. Numerous and extensive, they permeate this region in every direction—impressing the mind unaccustomed to such scenes, with novel emotions, and conceptions of the magnificence of Nature scarce elsewhere to be found. The size of the trees, the deep mazes of the cane-brakes, the rank profusion of plants stimulated into rapid and unusual growth by the humid atmosphere, the semi-fluid soil, and the warm rays of the sun, the variety of birds and reptiles—the forms of the animals and the ceaseless diversity of sounds and songs which greet the ear, all unite in inviting the attention of the inquiring stranger, and awakening a desire for a more satisfactory acquaintance with the depths and inhabitants of these swamps. Before, however, entering at large upon a delineation of their peculiarities, it may be proper to remind the reader, that in Georgia and South Carolina, these damp dark regions have been invested with Revolutionary associations dearly cherished by patriot hearts. Here would the partisan warrior retreat for a season, in order that he might unobserved collect the gallant sons of an invaded community—with brave words stimulate them to renewed, determined resistance, and then by some sudden, energetic, and masterly movement, fall upon the unguarded foe, often wholly unconscious of his presence or approach, scattering his troop of mercenaries, like forest leaves before the blast of Autumn. Their mazes, their knolls were familiar to the lovers of freedom. Thence they

snuffed the tainted air of tyranny from afar. Thence, as from some invisible, central hiding place, did faithful spies go forth, arousing the inhabitants, hovering around the flank and rear of the enemy, discovering his position and numbers, striking a fatal blow whenever opportunity presented, and then as secretly returning with the valuable information, thus obtained, to their comrades, ever in readiness to redress their Country's wrongs. Many and aggravated were the privations here endured, but the devotion and patriotism of these self-made heroes, triumphed over them all. In South Carolina, scarcely a single large swamp can be named, where the brave band of a Marion or some of his compatriots had not encamped, whose dark depths they had not threaded. When superior numbers may temporarily have occupied the plains, and the small parties of the Americans have been compelled to leave their property and possessions at the mercy of the foe; when the standard may have been for the moment insultingly removed from the rampart, and the flag from the Liberty pole, then would they resort for a season to these natural places of defence; replace every star, wipe the dust of dishonor from every stripe, and like a whirlwind sweep upon the invaders, with that self-same standard full high advanced, which just now the enemy had regarded as torn and trampled. Examples of self-devotion and a love of country were here displayed, which will be ever regarded as bright testimonials of American valor. No wonder that a British officer should resign his commission, and deem those invincible, who could with their General, uninfluenced by any hope of pecuniary recompense, without a murmur, endure the dangers of the field, the damp vapors and unwholesome malaria of these swamps, relishing a fare so scanty, so extremely frugal, that they deemed themselves fortunate in possessing an abundance of roasted potatoes, served up on pieces of pine-bark, and all this prompted solely by an all-absorbing devotion to the interests of a young republic struggling manfully for its independence.

The swamps, moreover, afforded not only safe retreats, but also presented suitable opportunities for ambuscades. Crossed as they usually are by narrow cause-ways—with deep morass on either hand, the enemy would necessarily be compressed into a close column, upon which every ball discharged by the practised marksman, ensconced behind his familiar forest trees, would tell with fearful effect. In proof of this, you need only refer to the actions on the Santee, at the Great Pedee, at Midway or at Bull-town Swamps.

We may regard these swamps as of three kinds—distinctions in their character, which arise not so much from a variety of vegeta-

tion, as from a difference of location. First, you will find them extending on both sides of the large rivers, as soon as these have passed through the elevated or hill-country, and flowing through the flat regions of Southern Georgia seek an entrance into the sea. These are probably best adapted to the successful cultivation of rice, as their fertility is, you may say without exaggeration, exhaustless—their situation level, and the supply of water both copious and constant. A suitable embankment once formed along the river, you can easily, by means of trunks, flow your fields whenever necessary. Those fine plantations bordering upon the Savannah and Ogeechee, may be regarded as apt examples. Here in many places the beautiful rice has usurped the positions formerly adorned by the tall cypress, or the rich cane-brake. Again you will see them constituting the primary sources of those shorter streams, which intersect the marshes upon the coast. These, admitting the fluctuations of the tide even within a few miles of their rise, derive their first supply and direction from the springs of a swamp. Lastly, there are those which serve merely as a drain for a given portion of low-land, with simply a channel in the centre, which conveys the water here collected into some stream: thus constituting a small tributary to the latter. Such are generally designated Inland Swamps, in contradistinction to those first mentioned, which are termed River Swamps. Let us however, in viewing them more closely, regard these for convenience of description, and with reference to the appearance presented, as one and the same. In many instances we will discover excellent examples of that magnificence and luxuriance, which nature displays when her original energies and vigor remain unimpaired. True, you do not here meet with that wild profusion, and those gigantic proportions which so remarkably distinguish the dark forests and deep lagoons of the Amazon, nor are birds of a plumage equal to that of the bird of Paradise here congregated. The serpent does not attain quite so formidable dimensions—nor do the limbs bend under the weight of troops of chattering monkeys. Look for a moment, however, and you will see a luxuriance of vegetation, a variety in the feathered tribe—and other inhabitants of these damp regions—numerous specimens of uncouth reptiles—while

"Myriads of insects now

Creep from their green-wood caves, and mossy domes,
And wing their way, to glitter in the sun."

Viewing these swamps from without, they present an exceedingly rich and attractive appearance, alike when the first breath of spring is unfolding in delicate loveliness the new buds and blossoms, again to clothe with beauty that naked bough, from which the winds

of autumn had shaken the yellow leaf—when the warm sun of summer has robbed the trees in all the magnificent profusion of a fully developed vegetation—and when the frosts of winter settling upon that dark-green array, sprinkles it all over with those variegated tints, so attractive and singularly pleasing to the eye. Then the numerous evergreens are finely illuminated by the brilliant yellow of the maple, the lively colors of the sweet-gum, the orange and crimson of the native poplar. Within, giant trees lock arm in arm with their fellows—completely overshadowing the dense undergrowth and cane-brakes, which almost effectually exclude the visitor who would penetrate their mazes. Tangled masses of vines clambering up the trunks, and interlacing with each other, hang in rich profusion from limb to limb—forming pleasant shady bowers for Satyrs and rustic Fauns. We might almost imagine that our eyes rested upon their dancing forms, while in fancy's vision appears Avistupor chasing some mischievous bird, or Arisætus hiving the numerous swarms of wild bees. These majestic trees shed a melancholy grandeur upon the pools below, hiding in their profound shade the rich soil which a summer's sun can never warm. The axe of the woodman has seldom been heard in the depths of some of these swamps, and the virgin growth still remains a proud memorial of the munificence of Nature. When the forest has been levelled, the few trees remaining as way-marks, are only rendered more remarkable and imposing, by reason of the contrast. The stately cypress here rises in solemn aspect, like some sage father of the woods. The commanding magnolia grandiflora appearing in all its beauty and symmetry, with its spreading branches and deep-green leaves, decorated with ten thousand snowy blossoms diffusing their delightful perfume through the air, seems a noble virgin of the forest adorned for her marriage. The morning breeze is fraught with the aroma of sweet-bays, jessamins, honey-suckles, and the many choice flowers which Queen Flora has here planted with such lavish bounty.

The Cypress and the Laurel, are both of historic note. When the Trojans lamented the death of Misenus, we find them employing the mournful cypress as an emblem of grief.—(*et fœrales ante cupressos constituunt*.) We are told in Heathen mythology, that Silvanus, a God of the woods, loved the boy Cyparissus, who kept a tame deer in which he greatly delighted. This, Silvanus one day accidentally killed. The youth was so much affected with grief at the loss of his pet, that he soon pined away and died. Silvanus immediately changed him into a Cypress tree, a branch of which he always carried in his hand in memory of the deceased Cyparissus. This probably accounts for the fact, that from

earliest ages, the cypress has ever been deemed a tree of sober, melancholy character, suitable for the grave-yard. We all know the daring contests and laborious undertakings, in order to secure a laureate wreath, not only among the competitors of ancient days, and those of Oxford, but even in later years. From an hundred boughs of these and other ornaments of the forest, are heard the voices of charming songsters, who have sought the retirement of the glade, in order that they may undisturbed warble their sweetest notes into the ear of Nature. From the topmost branch, in accents of charming melody, we catch the strains of the thrush, which, with its dappled breast turned to the rising sun, hails the advent of the king of day, as with orient beams he comes to gladden the face of Nature. Then, when his warmer rays have caused the birds to seek the shelter of the forest, his subdued twitter is still sweetly falling upon the ear. As the flaming chariot with rapid axle passes the zenith, and tends to the western wave, then again from every bough arise the voices of countless birds, each with peculiar note carolling a tender farewell to the fading day. The great horned owl here seeks a cool retreat, and amid the branches of some wide-spreading oak, sits listlessly rolling his large grey eye, or moping in silence, awaits the approach of night, when upon noiseless wing he may again overtake the prey, sleeping unconscious of his approach. Deer and turkeys find this a place of refuge, and recline securely beneath the dense foliage of the trees, while the black bear feasts upon the grapes as they hang in purple clusters from the vine.

The moisture and extreme fertility of the soil, causes an immense growth of aquatic plants of various kinds and of all hues. There you see the ground covered with the diminutive moss, there are the water-loving hydrangeæ—there lilies, pure and motionless, rest upon the surface of the pool-covered with their broad round leaves,—there the blue flag clusters in luxuriance—there the suple-jack, the brier, the jessamin closely entwine the cypress and the gum. The botanist may here luxuriate, for Nature is triumphant in this damp domain. Frequently within these swamps you will find knolls densely wooded—while on all sides spreads out a labyrinth of roots, decayed logs, lying in mouldering confusion upon this wet-trembling deposit of vegetable matter. Large lakes or ponds may be seen in the centre of the swamp, and hither you must force your way, if you wish to form an adequate conception of the character and appearance of the uncouth community, which has here taken up its abode. Amid these stagnant pools sport reptiles of hideous and revolting aspect. There they are, swimming through the sluggish waters, lying coiled

among the roots of the cypress,—or stretched at full length upon the limbs of the bushes which overhang the lakes. Every now and then they glide noiselessly into the water, or fall with leaden plunge as their repose is disturbed by the approach of some strange visitor. See those terrapins sitting in long rows upon the logs, their spotted backs baked in the sun-beams, as piercing through the overshadowing limbs, they strike upon them. They have observed us, and now mark how silently they slide off. A moment longer, and their heads are popped out, side by side with the venomous moccasin and the water snake. The alligator also has here his home in summer, swimming lord of the pond, feasting upon fish, snakes and other reptiles, and when satiated with his dainty meal, crawling upon a log, there displaying his unsightly figure, in all its proportions. In a tract, which was printed at London in 1744, we find the following description of an Alligator, as he exists in Southern Georgia. As the account is natural, and will serve to convey a correct conception of the creature, we will extract a few sentences from it. This being probably the writer's first impression of Alligators, the representation in parts, must be received “cum grano salis.”

“They are terrible to look at, stretching open an horrible large mouth, *big enough to swallow a man*, (?) with rows of dreadful large sharp teeth, and feet like dragons, armed with great claws, and a long tail which they throw about with great strength, and which seems their best weapon, for *their claws are feebly set on*, (?) and the stiffness of their necks hinders them from turning nimbly to bite. When Mr. Oglethorpe was first at Savannah, to take off the terror which the people had for crocodiles, having wounded and caught one about twelve feet long, he had him brought up to the town, and set the boys to bait him with sticks, the creature gaping and blowing hard, but having no heart to move, only turned about his tail, and snapt at the sticks, till such time as the children pelted and beat him to death. * * * *

They will destroy a great deal of fish, and will seize a hog or a dog if they see them in the water, but their general way of preying, is lying still, with their mouths open and their noses just above water, and so they watch till the stream brings down prey to them: they swallow anything that comes into their mouths.” Alligators are seldom seen in winter. As soon as frost appears, they retreat into holes which they dig under rice-dams, in the bank of the river, and under the roots of trees in the swamps. There they hibernate until the mild air of Spring once more breathes upon the land. The eggs of the Alligator are no larger than those of a goose, and of a white color. These they de-

posit and cover up in the midst of a bed formed of sand and leaves, which they scrape together with their fore-feet. The heat of the sun with the warmth of this hot bed, hatches them—the young alligators creeping out to all appearance, lizards on a large scale. Herodotus gives us an amusing account of the manner in which the crocodile of Egypt is captured by the natives. The habit of beating a pig in order to attract them, is still preserved, although the rifle-ball in the head has proved a more convenient and certain method of quieting them, than a baited hook in the mouth, and a handful of sand in the eyes. But we must not linger longer amid this spot of reptiles,—for although the cool temperature of the swamp seems preferable to the potent rays of the sun, as they rest upon the open field, still we must away, for disease lurks unseen here. This accumulated vegetable deposit of ages, composed of decayed leaves, broken limbs, and prostrate trunks of trees blasted by lightning or upturned by the irresistible tornado, kept constantly moist by the humid atmosphere, when acted upon by a summer's sun, gives rise to a deadly miasma, which pollutes the air sometimes insensibly, yet powerfully. In August the effect produced upon the stranger as he lingers in the swamp is evident. You can feel the weight of the miasmatic atmosphere, while the smell of the rank vegetation, mingled with that of stagnant water is by no means agreeable. It is this that makes the balmy air of summer as sickly as it seems grateful: and warns the inhabitants to exchange the rice plantation for the island retreat. Nothing of this character is perceived in winter. Then those clouds of musquitoes and gallinippers, which, gathered so thickly above the sedgy lake are gone:—frogs, snakes, alligators all have disappeared: the frost has purified and changed that noisome exhalation,—the woodman's axe rings merrily against the body of some lofty cypress, as he splits the sweet-smelling shingle, or models the light and graceful form of the canoe: the flapping of the water-fowl is heard upon the lake—wild turkeys congregate in flocks—the deer is feeding upon the tender tops of the cane—the autumn sky is as clear and beautiful, the air as pure and delightful as any in the world. Then it is, that the huntsman's horn winds through the glade, and the startled deer leaps nimbly from his covert. The summer's serenades of bullfrogs, and whip-poor-wills is forgotten, and in their stead the ear catches joyfully the swelling cries of a full pack of hounds eager for the chase.

REV. R. W. GRISWOLD, D. D.

We have seen by a notice in some of the daily papers, that this gentleman is lying dan-

gerously ill at the house of a relative in Bangor. The intelligence has surprised and grieved his many friends, here, and elsewhere. His noble and generous heart, his ready and well-furnished mind are known throughout the States. There is hardly a family in the country but is familiar with his name and works.

The loss of such a man, will be long and severely felt. His services to struggling genius and merit, will enshrine him in the memory of numbers. His touch and quickening, are felt on the general mind; many have woken up under them into unsuspected consideration with the public, and with new inspirations, and new-found abilities, to attempt what is higher and better.

Mr. Griswold is a lover and finder of every thing American in mind and men. The honor and intellectual elevation of his countrymen, are as life and all its interests to him, we know not which is the most remarkable: his varied powers and learning or his many and important services to hopeful writers and artists of every description. His mind is of a peculiarly generous order, and springs at the thought of serving concealed or rising merit. He is eminently the noter of what men do—and of what dying, can be collected of them and preserved to their credit, and to the profit of the living.

Such a man will be missed, and his place and office will be hard to fill. A spring of life: a feeder of generous sympathy; a wand of encouragement will perish in him. May we long be spared such a loss; and long feel the impetus of his mind in its chosen ranges! His genius, his taste, his knowledge of facts in literature and art, his appreciation of merit of every description, his retentive memory, and ready facility of applying his resources to the ends he has in view, are such as we do not soon expect to see in another.

We have all the more been impressed with Mr. Griswold's illness, from the fact that he has so recently married a most estimable lady, to whom, by common consent, are accorded virtues and accomplishments, pledging the greatest happiness in the union. Her brother has recently purchased and presented to them, an elegant and costly mansion in New York, and it was, we believe, while preparing to move into it, that his present alarming disease disclosed itself. His lady and daughter had but just recovered from the injuries received by the railroad disaster at Norwalk. It will be recollected that his daughter was taken up from the wreck, supposed to be dead, and was several days reviving, so as to give hope of a final recovery. To Mr. Griswold, it was a period of long and distracting anxiety, and the public felt deeply for the result. These sources of excitement, no doubt, hastened the approach of the serious

malady which has siezed him. His health for years past, has been delicate, and his frame seemed like one ready to break down under the action of such a mind as his : and of the many literary enterprizes in which he was engaged.

RES CURIOSÆ.

Queen Elizabeth and her Court have never been so well described as by a German traveller, from whom the following is translated. His work is a very rare one, and entitled *Itinerarium, Germaniæ. Galliæ, Angliæ, Italiæ; scriptum a Paulo Hentznera, J. C.— Breslæ, 1627.*

"We arrived next at the royal palace of Greenwich, reported to have been built originally by Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, and to have received very magnificent additions from Henry VIII. It was here Elizabeth, the present queen, was born, and here she generally resides, particularly in summer, for the delightfulness of its situation. We were admitted, by an order Mr. Rogers had procured from the lord chamberlain, into the presence-chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewn with hay, through which the queen commonly passes in her way to the chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office it was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility, in the same hall where the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, a great many counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the queens coming out, which she did, from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:—First were gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bareheaded; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals, in a silk purse, between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard, studded with gold fleurs-de-lis, the point upwards; next came the Queen, in the fifty-sixth year of her age, (as we are told) very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black, (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar.)

"She had in her ears very rich jewels, with drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to have been made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg-table; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small,

her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads: her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along, in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, (whether foreign ministers, or those who attend for different reasons) in English, French and Italian: for, besides being well skilled in Greek and Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, William Slaywater, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her, and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favor. Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along everybody fell down upon their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle axes. In the ante-chamber, next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the exclamation of "God save the queen Elizabeth!" She answered it with 'I thank you, mine good people.' In the chapel was excellent music: as soon as it and the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner.

"A gentleman entered the room, bearing a rod, and along with him another, bearing a tablecloth, which, after they had both knelt, three times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they both retired; then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had knelt as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first: at last came an unmarried lady, (we were told she was a countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife: the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the table with bread and salt with as much awe as if the queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their

backs, bringing in at each turn, a course of dishes, served in plate, most of gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman, in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard (which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service) were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat from the table, and conveyed it to the queen's inner and more private chamber, where after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court.

"The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that anybody, foreign or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of some body in power."

Notings of a few

LITERARY RELICS

will not be out of place in our "Curiosæ," so here goes:—

The house in which Milton resided between the years 1651 and 1659, existed only a few years back, at 18 York Street, Westminster, London. Jeremy Bentham to whom the house lately belonged, put up a tablet on the back wall (believed to have been the front in the poet's time,) inscribed "Sacred to Milton, prince of poets." This habitation, wherein part of "Paradise Lost" was undoubtedly composed, was at the time we allude to rented to two or three poor families, the ground floor being converted into a chandler's shop. From the parlor windows the poet could have commanded a view of St. James' Park, more picturesque then, than at present. At Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, is another residence of Milton's, in which he composed "Paradise Regained." Though the pear tree said to have been planted by Cromwell in Sidney College, Cambridge, was cut down in March, 1833; the mulberry tree planted by his illustrious Latin secretary, Milton, has been more fortunate, still flourishing in the pleasant garden of Christ's College, where it was planted by the youthful student.

Some years ago it suffered considerably from a violent gale of wind, which sadly shattered it: but its aged boughs was carefully propped up, and its trunk protected by a partial covering of lead. With these aids it promised to look green for many years to come. Its fertility appeared to have undergone no change; in the summer it was laden with fruit, of which more than two bushels of the finest flavor were gathered in the season of 1835. The smallest fragments from

this tree were religiously cherished by the poet's numerous admirers. In August, 1790, when Milton's coffin was discovered buried under the desk in the chancel of the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, some friends of the overseer contrived, at night time, to possess themselves of the hair and some of the teeth of the immortal poet.

In the grounds of Abbington Abbey, Northamptonshire, stands Garrick's mulberry-tree, with this inscription upon copper attached to one of its limbs: "This tree was planted by David Garrick, Esq., at the request of Ann Thursby, as a growing testimony of their friendship. 1778."

Henry Kirk White's favorite tree, whereon he had cut "H. K. W., 1805," stood on the sands at Whitton, in Northumberland, till it was cut down by the woodman's axe; but in veneration for the poet's memory, the portion bearing his initials was carefully preserved in an elegant gilt frame.

Some years ago, a curious arm chair, which had belonged to Gay the poet, was sold at public auction at Barnstaple, his native place. It contained a drawer underneath the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out.

Benjamin Franklin's "fine crab tree walk-stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty," we all know, was bequeathed in a codicil to his will, "to the friend of mankind, General Washington;" adding, "that if it had been a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it." General Washington has a fame beyond the price of sceptres.

Pope's house at Binfield has been pulled down, but the poet's parlor still exists as a part of the present mansion erected on the spot. A patch of the great forest near Binfield has been honorably preserved, under the name of Pope's Wood. His house at Twickenham is gone, the garden is bare, but the celebrated grotto remains, stript, however, of all that gave it picturesqueness, grace and beauty.

Cowper's house at Olney, is still standing in the same ruinous state so humorously described by the poet: his parlor is occupied as a girl's school. The summer house in the garden, in which he used to sit conning his verses, also remains, its walls covered with visitor's names. His residence in the neighboring village of Weston has been much altered, but is still beautiful, with a profusion of roses in it.

Goldsmith's cottage at Kilburn, wherein he wrote the Vicar of Wakefield and the Deserted Village, was taken down a few years ago, to make way for new buildings.

We close our budget this week with the following specimens of the

ORIGIN OF GENIUS.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.

Rabelais, son of an apothecary.

Claude Lorraine, was bred a pastry-cook.

Cervantes, was a common soldier.

Homer, was the son of a small farmer.

Moliere, son of a tapestry maker.

Demosthenes, son of a cutler.

Terence, was a slave.

Oliver Cromwell, was a son of a brewer.

Howard, an apprentice to a grocer.

Franklin, a journeyman printer; son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, son of a linen draper.

Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and the son of a butcher.

Whitefield, son of an inn-keeper at Gloucester.

Sir Cloudeley Shovel, rear admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin boy.

Bishop Prideau, worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.

Cardinal Wolsey, son of a butcher.

Ferguson was a shepherd.

Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot.

Edmund Halley, was the son of a soap boiler at Shoreditch.

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer at Ashby de la Zouch.

Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary.

Virgil, son of a porter.

Horace, son of a shopkeeper.

Shakespeare, of a wool-stapler.

Milton, of a money-scriver.

Pope, the son of a merchant.

Robert Burns was a plowman in Ayrshire.

UNCLE TOM AGAIN.*

At last we have an answer to Uncle Tom's Cabin. After the thousand-and-one attempts, not more than one or two of which were answers at all, and those incomplete and unsatisfying, it may have been thought by some that the book was unanswerable: if so we commend them to the work before us, assuring them that they will find it an answer that is an answer. In the preface, the author says, "Throughout the preparation of these Notes, I have kept the promise of my title page constantly in view, and have endeavored to fulfil it; how successfully, must be left to others to determine." As one of those

"others," we give it as our opinion, that the success is complete. A glance at the title page might lead to the impression that nothing was to be looked for but dry argument, but such an impression would be a very mistaken one. The back-bone of the work is logic, but the joints are so plentifully inter-lubricated with oil of ginger that whoever begins it, will, we are very sure, make no bones of going through with it. We say, oil of ginger: we do not mean by this that the author walks gingerly into the cabin; on the contrary, his tread is anything but a gingerly one; but we mean that the work is so decidedly *racy* that it ought to have a good run, and that it won't be its own fault if it fails of it.

The first three Notes are devoted to the preface. In the fourth the author discusses the question, "What slavery is," and shows, conclusively, that so far as Mrs. Stowe alleges, a system of robbery, that the slave actually receives more in return for his labor than the free laboring man at the North. Note fifth is devoted to the slave code, and answers, in detail, each of Mrs. Stowe's nineteen objections to that code. Note sixth treats of the Scripture Doctrine of slavery. Note seventh, the effect of Slavery on the Negro. Note Eighth, the laboring classes, especially in England,—and this Note deserves to be studied. Note ninth, what would be the result of emancipation. Note eleventh, The Fugitive Law and the Higher Law: this note takes up and answers in detail all the objections brought against the Fugitive Law in the speeches of Mr. Senator Sumner and Horace Mann. Note Seventeenth treats of the inconsistencies and Improbabilities of the story and completely demolishes it. Note nineteen, and last, is devoted to the "Key," and in the space of fifty-four pages gives it such a battering as to spoil it utterly for the purpose for which it was intended.

Following the notes is an appendix of more than 100 pages, made up of authentic papers and documents, and which is of itself worth double the price of the book. The whole work contains 314 pages, and is sold at the very low price of fifty cents, We subjoin two or three extracts.

Here is a taste of the ginger:

"The life of the work, then, is not in its organism: we must seek it elsewhere. Luckily, we have not far to seek. Like an old cheese, its life is in its *dramatis personæ*. Such characters as Topsy, Miss Ophelia, and Black Sam, might carry on their backs all the lead of all the novels of the present generation, with a fair prospect, still, of floating down to posterity. Of all the characters in the book, there is but one that is a *failure*; and the reason is, that in that one, the author had no original to draw from: Legree is

*Notes on Uncle Tom's Cabin: being a logical answer to its allegations and inferences against slavery as an institution. With a supplementary note on the key, and an appendix of authorities. By the Rev. E. J. Stearns, A. M. late Professor in St. John's College, Annapolis, Md. Phila. Lippincott Grambo & Co

neither man nor devil, but a *tertium quid*, and such as none but a *quidnunc* could swallow.

In one respect, Uncle Tom's Cabin is like General Harrison's: its *proprietor* has left the "latch-string out," in sign of invitation; or rather, she has left the Cabin itself *open*, and she must not, therefore, take it ill, if, in Western parlance, I 'walk into it.'" p. 9.

"The fifth chapter treats of quadroon girls and Ohio justices. The following is characteristic:—

'Last spring, while the author was in New York, a presbyterian clergyman, of Ohio, came to her and said, 'I understand they dispute that fact about the woman's crossing the river. Now, I know all about that, for I got the story from the very man that helped her up the bank. I know it is true, for she is now living in Canada.'

Last spring, Mrs. Stowe *swam across the Atlantic*. I know it is true, for she is now travelling in England! I got the story from the man that *didn't* see her swim." P. 164.

"As to the "*Cachexia Africana*," it is not a very *fatal* disease, judging from the increase of the negro population, and, though not by any means desirable, it is not so loathsome, by half, as a certain other disease, for some time past, epidemic at the North, in certain "localities,"—Worcester, for instance, and Syracuse,—I mean, the *Cacoethes Africana, anglice*. AFRICAN ITCH; a disease, of which, in my opinion, the *Old Scratch* is at the bottom. P. 183."

And here is a specimen of the logic:

"BLEEDING AFRICA.

But I have not yet done with the preface. Here is another rhetorical specimen: "In this general movement, unhappy Africa at last is remembered; Africa, who began the race of civilization and human progress in the dim, gray dawn of early time, but who for centuries, has lain bound and bleeding at the foot of civilized and Christianized humanity, imploring compassion in vain." (p. 6.)

Now if this means anything to the purpose, it means that *that* Africa, which "began the race of civilization and human progress in the dim, gray dawn of early time," "has for centuries lain bound and bleeding at the foot of civilized and Christianized humanity." But history tells us that *that* Africa is Northern and Eastern Africa; and the same history tells us that *that* Africa has "for centuries lain" (whether 'bound and bleeding' or otherwise,) at the foot, not of "civilized and Christianized humanity," but of fanatical, Mussulman barbarism. And the same history tells us further, that the only Africa that has anything to do with Uncle Tom's Cabin is that Africa which for the last three or four centuries has furnished America with slaves, and that *that* Africa, so far from having been reduced to its present degraded condition by

European and American Christendom, (which is what the author means, if she means anything to the purpose,) is, to say the least, no lower in the scale of degradation now, than when discovered by the Portuguese four centuries ago.

But perhaps the Africa of our author is, not the Africa beyond the ocean, but the African race here; for she tells us (vol. 2, p. 302.) that they "have *more* (the italics are her own) than the rights of common men" here; that they "have the claim of an injured race for reparation." And again (p. 318.) she puts the question, "Does not every American Christian owe to the African race some effort at reparation for the wrongs that the American nation has brought upon them?" And again, she says, (p. 321.) "If this persecuted race," &c.

Well, let it be so. But observe it is *Africa*, not here and there an African,—it is "this persecuted *race*," not here and there a persecuted *individual*; for one hundred, or one thousand, or even ten thousand, bleeding negroes, do not make "bleeding Africa," any more than one swallow makes a summer.

According to our author, then, the African has been deteriorated by his bondage here. She means this, or her language is mere declamation.

But is this so? Let us look into it a little. Are there any Uncle Tom's in Africa, or even any Black Sam's? Are there any B——'s (see vol. 2, p. 320.) or C——'s, or K——'s, or G——'s, or W——'s, or G. D——'s, there? Nay, rather, are not ninety-nine in every one hundred of the negroes here, ages in advance of ninety-nine in every one hundred there, in the onward march of humanity. (See Appendix, B.)

And to what is all this owing? To what but to American slavery, and to the humanizing influence with which, as a *race*, they have been brought into contact under it? But for American slavery, they had been now as degraded as "the African in his native ranges," or had not been at all. Say I this of myself? Nay, our author says the very same. "When an enlightened and Christianized community shall have, on the shores of Africa, laws, language and literature, drawn from among us, may then the scenes of the house of bondage be to them like the remembrance of Egypt to the Israelites,—a motive of thankfulness to Him who hath deemed them!" (Preface, p. 8.)

This is genuine good sense, and it is refreshing to meet with it; but then it puzzles me about the other paragraph, for it follows from it that the Africa of the preface is not the African race here. What, then, in the name of wonder, is it? I cannot tell. Reader, can you? Nay, can the author herself?—And this, too, is in the *sober* preface!"

CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES
THE FIFTH.*

This admirable work from an English edition of which we gave extended extracts last winter, has just been republished at Boston, in very excellent style. The writer is Wm. Stirling, author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain." The book has passed through two editions in England, and really is one of the most striking of its kind, which we have ever read. The edition which elicits this notice, is accompanied by a portrait of Charles, taken from the celebrated print of Eneas Vico. Charles, according to Lodovico Dolce, approved of it highly, and rewarded Vico, with two hundred crowns in testimony of the skill with which he had accomplished the work. It was taken when the Emperor was quite young, for he considered himself according to the painter Holanda, too old for limning purposes at thirty five.

Our extracts, given at the time stated above, embraced the account which the author gives of the self-performed obsequies of the Emperor, and they will be remembered as portraying a most unprecedented funeral pageant. The account of Siguenga, is adopted by Mr. Sterling, in preference to that of Robertson's who used the unscrupulous Leti as his authority. Robertson's account is as follows:—

"The emperor was bent on performing some act of piety that would display his zeal, and merit the favor of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and, all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impressions which the image of death left on his mind, affected him so much, that next day he was seized with a fever. His feeble frame could not long resist its violence,

and he expired on the 21st of September, after a life of fifty-eight years, six months, and 25 days."

Siguenga's story of the affair is according to Mr. Stirling, that, "Charles, conceiving it to be for the benefit of his soul, and having obtained the consent of his confessor, caused a funeral service to be performed for himself, such as he had lately been performing for his father and mother, at this service he assisted, not as a corpse, but as one of the spectators; holding in his hand, like others, a waxen taper, which, at a certain point of the ceremonial, he gave into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to commit his soul to the keeping of his Maker. There is not a word to justify the tale that he followed his procession in his shroud, or that he simulated death in his coffin, or that he was left behind, shut up alone in the church, when the service was over."

We recommend this book heartily to the reader. The author is master of his subject. He is possessed of many facts connected with it, which are entirely new. His style is earnest, clear and elegant, while there is a fine poetical fervor diffused through his book, admirably in keeping with the remarkable record it embraces. We close with the following very fine summing up of Charles' character and career:—

"So ended the career of Charles V., the greatest monarch of the memorable sixteenth century. The vast extent of his dominions in Europe, the wealth of his Transatlantic empire, the sagacity of his mind, and the energy of his character, combined to render him the most famous of the successors of Charlemagne. Pre-eminently the man of his time, his name is seldom wanting in any monument of the age. He stood between the days of chivalry, which were going out, and the days of printing which were coming in; respecting the traditions of the one, and fulfilling many of the requirements of the other. Men of the sword found him a bold cavalier; and those whose weapons were their tongues or their pens, soon learned to respect him as an astute and consummate politician. Like his ancestors, Don Jayme, or Don Sancho, with lance in rest and shouting Santiago for Spain! he led his knights against the Moorish host, among the clifies of Goleta; and even in his last campaign in Saxony, the cream-colored genet of the emperor was ever in the van of battle, like the famous piebald charger of Turenne in the fields of the Palatinate. Some historians have contrasted Charles with his more showy and perhaps more amiable rival, Francis the First, making the two monarchs the impersonations of opposite qualities and ideas; the emperor of state craft and cunning, the king of soldiership and gallantry. Francis was, no doubt, oftener to be seen glittering in

* The Cloister Life of Charles V.—Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

armor, and adorning the pageants of royalty and war: but Charles was oftener in the trench and the field, scenes alone for which he cared to don his battered mail and shabby accoutrements. His journey across France, in order to repress the revolt of Ghent, was a finer example of daring, of a great danger deliberately braved for a great purpose, than is to be found in the story of the gay champion of the field of gold. In the council-chamber he was ready to measure minds with all comers: with the Northern envoy claimed liberty of conscience for the Protestant princes: with the magnifico who excused the perfidies of Venice: or the still subtler priest, who stood fourth in red stocking to gloze in defence of the still greater iniquities of the holy see. In the prosecution of his plans, and the maintenance of his influence, Charles shrank from no labor of mind, or fatigue of body. When other sovereigns would have sent an ambassador, and opened a negotiation, he paid a visit, and concluded a treaty. From Groningea to Otranto, from Vienna to Cadiz, no unjust steward of the house of Austria could be sure that his misdeeds would escape detection on the spot from the keen, cold eye of the indefatigable emperor. The name of Charles is connected, not only with the wars and politics, but with the peaceful arts, of his time: it is linked with the graver of the Vico, the chisel of Leoni, the pencil of Titian, and the lyre of Ariosto; and as a lover and patron of art, his fame stood high at Venice and Nuremberg as at Antwerp and Toledo."

PAY OF AUTHORS.

It is stated that Dryden received £1,300 for his "Virgil," and Pope £6,000 for his "Homer." Gay netted £1,600 by his "Beggar's Opera," and the subscription edition of his poems brought him £1,000. He lived extravagantly, yet left £3,000 at his death. The poet Mallet received £1,000 from the Duchess of Marlborough, to write a life of the illustrious general, her husband: and the second Duke further gave him a pension, to stimulate him in the task; yet, when Mallet died, several years afterward, it was found that the ungrateful fellow had not written a line of the promised work! Sir John Hill, a cotemporary satirist used to net £1,500 a year by his pen. Churchill, the poet, also realized so much by his satires, that, notwithstanding his notorious profligacy, he bequeathed by his will two annuities, amounting together to \$130. Fielding received £700 in all for "Tom Jones," and £1,000 for "Amelia." Smollet's "History of England" produced him upward of £2,000. Gibbon got, for the second part of his "History of Rome," £5,000. Dr.

Hawkesworth realized £5,000 for his "Collection of Voyages." Dr. Robertson received £600 for his "History of Scotland," and £4,500 for his history of Charles I. of "Spain." Dr. Henry's "History of Great Britain" produced £3,300 (and the King gave him £100 a year, to testify his admiration of the work). Hume received immense sums for his historical writings also. Macpherson cleared £1,200 by his "Ossian," and by his "Great Britain" no less than £3,000. Dr. Clark received for his various "Travels" the sum of £7,000. Dr. Johnson had £1,575 for his "Dictionary," (certainly a stupendous labor,) and Boswell had £1,000 for his life of the great "leviathan of literature," Hannah Moore received for her writings, from first to last, the enormous sum of £30,000, and at her death she bequeathed £10,000 in charities. Goldsmith is said to have obtained £1,800 in a single year by his comedies, although his immortal "Vicar" only produced £60. It is true he died £2,000 in debt, but, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "was poet ever so trusted before?" Godwin's "Political Justice" produced £700. Mrs. Radcliffe sold her "Mysteries of Udolpho" for £500, and her "Italian" for £800. Allan Ramsey cleared £500 by his first poems and much more by his "Gentle Shepherd." Burns received above £500 clear for the first large edition of his poems, and Currie's "Life" of the glorious bard produced £1,000 for the benefit of his family. Dr. John Wolcot, ("Peter Pindar,") after receiving very large sums for his humorous, satirical poems, finally sold the copyrights for an annuity of £250, which he enjoyed for twenty years. Thomson obtained for his "Seasons," from first to last, about 600 guineas. Crabbe received £3,000 for his "Tales of the Hall." Sir John Carr (facetiously nicknamed "The Jaunting Car," in allusion to his numerous tours,) received for four separate books of travel the sum of £1,900. Thomas Moore was paid £1,000 for his "Loves of the Angels," and not less than 3,000 guineas for his "Lallah Rookh." For many years he netted £500 a year by the sale of his "Irish Melodies," and it is understood that Longman & Co., paid him an annuity of £300 for his entire copyrights.

Thomas Campbell received in all, for his "Pleasures of Hope," £900, (the entire poem contains only 1,100 lines:) for the short poem of the "Pilgrim of Glencoe" he had 300 guineas, and for the editorship of "The New Monthly Magazine" he was paid £600 per annum. His income from the profits of his works (and the bulk of the whole is very small) was for many years at least £700, and yet he used to morbidly express his fears of coming to the workhouse at last. Southey, too, though continually maundering about the

scanty remuneration of authorship and its drudgery, and so forth, received £100 for each review article he wrote for the "Quarterly," (according to his own account he has written one in a few days,) and after living in good style all the latter half of his life, and (properly) declining a baronetcy, he left £12,000 to his children, besides a library, characterized as "one of the most valuable private libraries in the kingdom." Theodore Hook had £2,000 for the first series of his "Sayings and Doings," and for years his income from his pen was never less than £3,000 a year. The truly enormous sums earned by Scott and by Byron are well known. Byron received in all some £25,000, and for one of his smaller poems, written in three nights, (on his own authority,) Murray paid him 500 guineas.

Besides the large sums above mentioned, many of the authors referred to, enjoyed pensions of £200 to £300 or upward per annum for many years.

Literary and other Gossip.

— "CALMSTORM THE REFORMER," is the title of a rather clever "dramatic comment," which has lately been published by WILLIAM F. TINSON of New York.

— J. S. REDFIELD, of New York, has issued the Sixth and Seventh Parts, of his admirable republication of Collier's new edition of Shakespeare's Works. It has, as it deserves, an immense run. Redfield is getting up some fine books for the autumn. His announcements will always be found in our advertising pages.

— WE ASK the attention of the Trade, to Mr. Charles Scribner's announcements for August and September which will be found in our advertising pages.

— ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, in his last extravaganza, called "Inner Life" copies largely from the "Demon-Haunted" sketches, which were published in THE BIZARRE, last year. He attributes them to Spiritual influences; or rather he pronounces them the records of visitations from Pandemonium! They were certainly very startling developments; whether or not, Mr. Davis has hit upon the real spirits which excited them however is matter at least for doubt.

— A book has just been published in London with the following title:—

"The Works of William Shakespeare: the Text formed from a New Collation of the Early Editions: to which are added, all the Original Novels and Tales on which the Plays are founded, copious Archæological Annotations on each Play; an Essay on the Formation of

the Text, and a Life of the Poet. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq." Only nine hundred and fifty copies were printed.

— In a late number of BIZARRE we quoted with comments from a Parisian letter in the N. Y. Herald some absurd abuse of George Sand. Another letter in Monday's Herald, signed B. H. R. (supposed to be Mr. Revoil,) says: "Mrs. George Sands called on me, on Monday morning last, to complain of the Parisian letter published in the Herald, in which she is somewhat ridiculed by a correspondent. She did suppose it was written by me, but I declined the authorship of this silly and untrue letter, and the renowned writer retired, expressing her 'best feelings for the Herald, the most liberal newspaper of the New World.' Who the (—) wrote the letter?"

Editors' Sans-Souci.

YELLOW SPRINGS.

— This delightful summer resort is now overflowing with visitors. Mrs. Neef has her hands full; so has Mr. Goodenow, her excellent assistant; so has Mr. Brousch the precise and courteous book-keeper, so has good German John of the glorious baths.

A bachelor friend of ours says he never saw such a exciting amount of feminine beauty all in one lump, as he encountered the other day at the Springs. Not even frequent dips in the ice-cold pool, could check the furious pit-a-pat of his too susceptible heart: it was in constant commotion: beating a regular tattoo upon his waistcoat lining.

HELLER.

— Robert Heller treated a select company the other day in Harwood's drawing-room at Cape May, to some very fine piano-forte playing. He has a superior taste and a capital taste: indeed, he is altogether, surpassed by few if any of the professional pianists of the day. We confess to very high delight on hearing him; and it was shared as we know by all who composed the coterie. Heller has exhibited his *diablerie* at the Capes with good success. Dr. Cunningham was with him, as manager we think.

SANFORD'S TROUPE.

— Notwithstanding the very hot weather we have had for a week or two past, Sanford's Opera House has been nightly crowded. It is a charming little place, and its performances are better, than any of the kind ever before given in our city. They embrace instrumental as well as vocal efforts, and both of a high artistic stamp. There are for instrumental solo performers Signor Foghel, Nelson Kneas, and a very clever lad named Schmidt; while as vocal solos there are Rainer, Lynch, Kavanaugh, and Sanford himself. Mr. Rainer, as

we stated in *THE BIZARRE* at the time, appeared last winter at one of Perelli's soirées and received the warmest applause. We hear it said, that his voice is pronounced by connoisseurs, as of transcendent quality, while it is also prophesied of him, that he is destined sooner or later to make a great noise in the world.

COL BLISS.

— The death of this distinguished officer has everywhere cast a gloom. He was known the country through; and known only to be honored. His first glories were won under the command of his honored father-in-law Gen. Taylor. He leaped into the hearts of the people from the ensanguined fields of Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma.

Colonel Bliss graduated at the Military Academy at West Point, and was promoted as brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry upon the 1st of July, 1833. His commission as second lieutenant is dated upon the 31st of March, 1834. In consequence of his scientific attainments he was appointed to the post of acting assistant professor of mathematics in the West Point Academy, upon the 2d of October, 1834 and continued creditably to discharge the important duties of his new position, until the 1st of June, 1837, when he was made assistant professor of the same branch, and continued as such till the 3d of January, 1840—having received a commission as first lieutenant upon the 21st of September, 1836, and declined the offer of an appointment as first lieutenant of Topographical Engineers upon the 7th of July, 1838. Upon the 26th of October, 1839, he joined the army as brevet captain and assistant adjutant general upon the staff of his late father-in-law, Gen. Taylor, and he served as chief of the general staff in the Mexican campaign during the years 1846 and 1847. Upon the 9th of May, 1846, he was appointed a brevet major, for— in the language of the Secretary of War— "gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, Texas." He was created brevet major of the staff, July 7, 1846, and upon the 12th of the same month received his commission as captain of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry. His commission as brevet lieutenant colonel is dated upon the 23d of February, 1847, and was given him for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by Dartmouth College in they year 1848, in consequence of his literary attainments and refined taste. Throughout the Mexican war, Col. Bliss followed the fortunes of Gen. Taylor, and at the end married the General's second daughter, accompanying him to Washington and acting as his private secretary.

Since the death of General Taylor, in 1850, he has resided chiefly in Louisiana, on the estate of his father-in-law. His age had scarcely attained the meridian.

BUSINESS MEMO.

— Charles Oakford, whose superb hat store in the new building on Chestnut street below Seventh, attracts so much attention, has recently imported from France a new and beautiful conceit in the way of hat-tips, consisting of remarkably well-executed pictures of young ladies. The pictures are done on silk, and enclosed in very neat tiny frames. We suppose these fancy tips will be placed in Oakford's new Autumn hat, which he will issue on the first of September, and which bids fair to surpass all its predecessors in grace and beauty and durability. By the way, Oakford's place is a feature in our city of marked character: the most beautiful and tasteful thing of the kind which we have ever seen.

— Col. William H. Maurice, the handsome and popular stationer, at 123 Chestnut St. is now rusticating at Forrest's Castle on the Hudson. Lucky, indeed, is the Colonel: to be so full of profitable trade all the time when at home, and to have so charming an *otium cum place* as Forrest's Castle, to retire to, for summer relaxation. He will soon return to Philadelphia we learn: at any rate, it may be expected he will be at his post on the first proximo, when business of all kinds brightens up.

'THE BIZARRE AND CARLYLE'

— Our neighbor of the *Daily Register* lately had the following:—

"The well written article on Carlyle, which appeared in Wednesday's *Register*, has had quite a run in the American press. A greater one, perhaps, because credited to the *London Bizarre*. Now there is no paper of that name in the English capital; and the article should have been credited to the *Philadelphia Bizarre*, Mr. Church's literary weekly. Honor to whom honor."

London has not yet its BIZARRE, but it is a pretty tolerable city nevertheless; we think it may be said to be among the progressives. Apropos of articles copied from *THE BIZARRE*: several are going the rounds of the press without even a shred of credit attached. Generally speaking, however, our brother quills are quite punctilious, in giving us full benefit of our property.

MORE CORRECTIONS.

— In addition to the remarks lately made as to the proper spelling of Stationery and Millinery it may be observed that Confectioners sell confectionery and not confectionary as too many of the sign-painters have it.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1853.

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH NINTH.

Morning Scene upon an Island near the Coast of Southern Georgia—The hour of Noon—Grateful effect of the Sea-breeze—The Thunder-storm—its Beauties—Concomitants and Sublimities—Quiet Evening.

The storm howl'd madly o'er the sea,
The clouds their thunder anthems sang,
And billows rolling fearfully,
In concert with the whirl-wind rang.

J. N. Maffit.

How calm, how beautiful comes on,
The stillly hour when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea,
Sleeping in bright tranquillity.

Moore's Lalla Rookh.

A Summer morning upon a delightful island lying along the coast of Southern Georgia. The sun lifting his radiant face above the eastern waters, dispels with genial ray, the double-headed clouds, which, during his absence, have gathered above and around his watery couch. Beaming forth upon the fair face of nature, each leaflet and tender plant seems enameled with countless pearl drops. Every flowret is dancing in the cool western breeze; while amid the topmost boughs, birds are warbling their sweetest notes, welcoming once more the king of day back to his bright throne in mid-heaven. That shrub which yesterday at noon drooped its head, folding together its tender branches, in order to hide them from his scorching ray, now expands in beauty; from its dewy bosom reflecting hundreds of little suns. The cotton-field appears as one vast parterre of yellow flowers. All nature rejoices, as waking from the calmness of a night's repose, she once more unfolds with freshness and vigor her countless attractive forms.

"With the white dews of slumber on her breast,
The Earth! all fragrant, fresh in living green,
And beautiful, as if this moment sprung
From out her Maker's hand."

The hour of noon approaches. All moisture has disappeared from the green grass,

and the sensitive-plant bows its head. The grape-vine is withdrawing its tendrils within the shadow of its leaves—the soft shoots of the orange tree are no longer looking upward—the "touch me not" has folded its delicate leaves, in vain endeavor to avoid the direct rays of an almost tropical sun. The cattle have forsaken the pastures, and now lie panting beneath the shade trees. From the inner boughs alone, is heard the low twitter of the songster, as with open wing he seeks a shelter from the oppressive heat. Silent now is the scene, especially when contrasted with the thousand notes of joy which in early morning floated upon the air from every quarter.

"The sun hath wax'd into his noontide wrath,
And 'fore his countenance the Earth lies scorch'd
In agonies of heat! The winds are dead!
* * * The trees stand still
Amid the air * * * *
* * * The flowers are droop'd,
As if they languish'd for a breezy draught."

Will no kind power relieve the parched earth, and dispute the supremacy of this burning orb? Mark the appearance of the sea. Several miles down the sound, do you not observe that an unwonted shadow seems resting upon the waters? Watch it closely. See, it is extending and nears the land. This is no discoloration, but merely a gentle ripple of the waves which, contrasting forcibly with the calm unmoved surface of the ocean, as it just now rested in perfect tranquillity, causes this change. Can you not catch the faint distant murmur of the waves, as they gambol with their dancing crests? A moment later, does not the cool breath of the sea-breeze fan your cheek?—at first with a spasmodic puff, and then a steady wind? Yes, the joyous, life-giving guest, so welcome to these shores is here. Just the friend whose presence all nature at this moment desires, to cheer her inhabitants and infuse new life into her veins. The trees nod a glad salute, the tall grass waves in delight—the vegetable and animal world has received again a pleasing vivacity. The throat of the little bird once more swells with a louder song and every object is gayer than before.

A few hours more, and the scene changes. Far in the west, just on the verge of the horizon, a small cloud may be discerned. With astonishing rapidity it increases in size. It advances, at every step receiving new accretions from others, which appear to hover around its pathway in the skies, courting its alliance, and centering around it as about one common nucleus. Did you not hear a low rumbling sound, like the booming of distant heavy artillery? Can you not perceive every moment, faint flashes of broad lightning, illuminating the sky and playing around the brow of the cloud? How suddenly and darkly

are the heavens becoming overcast. Remove your eye for a few moments and mark the appearance of nature. The mild and refreshing sea-breeze is fast dying away. The song of the bird is hushed and subdued among the foliage—and creation is motionless, as if conscious of some approaching event, which will mar its peace and repose. The leaf which lately danced so joyously, hangs motionless. Silence has usurped the place of merriment, and the atmosphere, dull and oppressive, hangs as a leaden pall over the land. But see, the wind has changed, and in fitful murmurs comes ominously from the west. Turn now, and again regard the cloud which just now we were viewing with such interest. No longer as large as a man's hand, it has covered at least one half of the horizon, and now with clearly defined brow comes sweeping towards us. Its deep blue bosom—blue as indigo—seems pregnant with dark and dire destruction. From its depths flashes forth the vivid lightning, now quivering around its frowning front, now leaping from one peak to another of that mountain pile—again glancing in uncertain course through the air, and holding fearful electric communication with the ground. Harsh reverberations of incessant thunder shake the very foundations of the earth, causing animate creation to tremble and be silent, while man is wrapt in astonishment, fear, and amazement at the majestic grandeur and awful sublimity of this mighty war of elements.

"The sky grew darker. Soon came booming on
The deep-voiced thunder, whilst at distance roll'd
The wild wind's dirge-like and yet tempest tone;
And lightning's evanescent sheets of gold
Burst, in their anger, from the cloud's huge fold."

The sea birds have forsaken the marshes, and now on rapid wing are seeking some secure retreat amid the depths of the woods, from the tempest which promises soon to break upon us in fearful fury. How strikingly does their white plumage contrast with the darkness of the scene, and the deep blue brow of the approaching cloud. The winds seem invested with all the fury with which they were armed, when, rushing from the caves of Æolus, they hastened to submerge the Trojan fleet. How beautifully does the Poet describe the office of this god of the winds, and how powerfully does he represent the rock-bound apartments, and the terrible force necessary in order to subdue and overcome their struggles after freedom!

"Nimborum in patriam, loca fœta furentibus Austria,
Æolian venit. Ille vasto rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinculis et carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum claustra fremunt. Celsa sedet Æolus arce,
Sceptra tenens: mollitque animos, et temperat iras,

Ni fœciat, maria ac terras, cælumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.
Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abscondit atria,
Hoc metuens; molemque, et montes insuper altos
Imposuit! regemque dedit, qui fœdere certo,
Et premere, et laxas abscondere iussus habemas."

Imagine now, if you can, the appearance presented as those giant winds, bursting from their confinement, rush forth in all their wrath and "revel on the deep" But mark:

"With what a gloom the ushering scene appears?
The leaves all fluttering with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervor round creation spread,
While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform,
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm!"

The noblest trees of the forest bend their lofty heads. Here and there, that stubborn one that will not bow, is uprooted. Branches every now and then with a crash are twisted from the trunks, while decayed and lifeless limbs are scattered far and near with heavy sound. Leaves and small twigs from the "Pride of India," and oak trees, are sporting high in mid air. How wildly flies the moss! Now a few large drops patter upon the piazza. A few moments later, and the earth is drenched in torrents. The entire view is bounded by a narrow circumference, for the eye cannot penetrate easily this flood of descending waters. Amid the roarings of these mighty winds, that rising from their gloomy slumbers are now revelling over the land and sea, above the noise of countless water-spouts, are heard tremendous peals of thunder, as if the eloquence of Heaven was engaged in terrifying creation, and in proclaiming the sovereign majesty of Jehovah. Through the darkness of the storm, incessant flashes of lightning illuminate the scene, revealing the swollen clouds as their bosoms clash, disclosing the caverns of the sky, and the

"Furnace flames that in their wombs repose."

And now one flash more brilliant than them all, one fiery arrow has fallen, whose barbed point seems to have pierced our very abode; while accompanying it instantaneously is heard the deafening roar of the thunder, as in dizzy chase it rolls along the rattling skies, and then descends, shaking the earth apparently to its very centre. The massive, iron-hearted live oak, or the towering pine is struck. Its trunk blasted by the fluid is in an instant rendered a mere wreck of former symmetry and beauty—its huge boughs scattered far and wide, are driven deep in the ground, breaking and destroying whatever chanced to impede their descent, while the pendant moss and leaves are wrapt in one entire sheet of flame. Perhaps at the foot of the shattered tree are the bruised remains of some animal, which had here sought refuge. Pause and

consider calmly if you can, the awful sublimity of the scene. No pen can describe, no language express the emotions which now crowd upon the soul.

"A thunder storm! the eloquence of Heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber riven,
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown?"

Where the man with gifted intellect sufficient to enable him to impart to his friend a definite conception of those overpowering sensations, which are now experienced of one's perfect insignificance, and the awful supremacy of Him, who thus in "thunder rocks from pole to pole," with silent command directing the subtle fluid—with one breath causing the whole earth, quivering at his approach, to shrink back from his presence?

But now these peals are growing less frequent, and are dying away in the east, in faint rumblings over the deep. The vivid lightning is losing its pointed brilliancy. The cloud has almost emptied its surcharged bosom, and is disappearing in heavy mists away upon the sea. The rain drops have ceased to fall, and now rest like so many pendant pearls upon leaf and flower. The songster timidly quitting his retreat, flits among the boughs, now twittering, and singing his little lays—now circling around the shrubs, anon alighting upon them, and shaking the water from their tiny branches in crystal showers. The entire vegetable creation lifts its joyous head,—the evening air is balmy with the aroma of fresh blossoms as they expand into new beauty—the atmosphere has acquired a cool, delightful temperature—the parched earth has received a refreshing draught—the grass is once more green and tender—all Nature rejoices in the vivifying effect exerted by the thunder storm. How beautifully does that rain-bow "robed in heavenly dyes" arch the eastern sky!

The sun again appears in all his majesty, as he sinks to rest behind those rosy tinted curtains, which open to receive him. This world which just now sought some refuge from his burning rays, in turn courts his last lingering glance, while those clouds which recently covered the heavens, and shut out the glory of his face, now reflect in gorgeous colors his setting rays, and seek to perpetuate them, even after disappearing beneath the horizon, he seeks his couch in the west. Earth is preparing to wrap the drapery of night around her, and creation seeks repose.

"Another day is added to the mass
Of buried ages. Lo! the beauteous moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad
With her full flock of stars, that roam around
The azure meads of Heaven. And oh! how charm'd
Beneath her loveliness creation looks!"

The summer day is ended—the sea breeze

in gentle murmurs breathes over the fields,—the sky is cloudless, Nature and man rest from their toils, and sweetly sleep under the happy influence imparted by the thunder-storm.

TO ELLEN.

Would that I were abroad, to day, dear one,
With thee some dense and sombre forest roaming,
Whose foliage green, shut out the terrib sun,
And hurrying by us, went a streamlet foaming!

Beneath us, verdant moss a seat should spread,
Softer than carpet wrought in loom Asiatic;
While nobler the green roof above our head,
Than costliest dome o'er palace autocratic.

The voice of birds, hidden among the trees,
Should sweeter sound than Jenny Lind's soprano;
While more harmonious the stream and breeze,
Than Meyer's most adroitly-touched piano.

Alone in such a scene,—far from the noise
And feverish fret and care the big world harbors;
Might we not know the pure and natural joys
Of the first pair in Eden's blissful arbors?

How sad, then, we should be constrained to waste
Within hot, cramping walls, the moments golden,
While in free shady woods we thus might taste
A bliss in crowded haunts never beholden!

Ay, so it is with all things 'neath the sun;
Blissful occasions come, alas, how rarely:
And even though they be laid hold upon,
From scourging cares and fears they bless full sparingly.

But "Sweet are waters stolen," the Proverb saith,
And "darkest night is just before the dawning;"
Then let us (if we can) make this our faith,
And hope our night may also have its morning!

COLLIER'S SHAKESPEARE.

A careful perusal of Collier's Notes and Emendations to the text of Shakespeare enables us to present a number of those corrections which carry the *clearest* conviction that they really are—what they purport to be—*corrections*; and we are warranted to infer that the thousand of other alterations in the same book, and by the same person, were made justly and under good authority. We first quote two misprints in *The Tempest*.

Antonio mystified at the altered appearance of his brother, and uncertain even of his identity, according to all editions exclaims:—

"Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know."

The word "trifle" seems a most strange one to be employed in such a situation, and it reads like a misprint: the manuscript-corrector of the folio, 1632, informs us that it undoubtedly is so, and that the line in which it occurs ought to run,

"Or some enchanted devil to abuse me."

Again—Prospero describing Sycorax, in the presence of Caliban, tells Antonio,—

"His mother was a witch; and one so strong,
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power."

The words "without her power" have naturally occasioned considerable discussion, in which Malone hinted that Sycorax might act by a sort of "power of attorney" from the moon, while Steevens strangely supposed that "without her power" meant "with less general power." All difficulty, however, is at an end, when we find the manuscript-corrector of the folio, 1632, marking "without" as a misprint, and telling us that it ought to have been *with all* ;—

"That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command *with all* her power."

that is, Sycorax could "make flows and ebbs" matters in the command of the moon, with *all* the power exercised over the tides by the moon.

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, where Borachio says, "There shall appear such seeming *truths* of Hero's disloyalty," the corrector of the folio, 1632, has it, "There shall appear such seeming *proofs* of Hero's disloyalty," which is unquestionably what is meant.

In the same play, Ursula asks Hero, when she is to be married, and the unintelligible answer is, "Why, every day :—to morrow :—" the correction of the folio, 1632, has made it quite clear by setting right a misprint; there Hero replies, "Why, *in a day*,—to morrow."

In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Shakspeare has mentioned his native county in a place where hitherto it has not been at all suspected. Sly, according to all editions, says,—

"Ask Marlon Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom."

Malone did not know what to make of "sheer ale," but supposed that it meant *shearing* or reaping ale, for so reaping is called in Warwickshire. What does it mean? It is spelt *sheere* in the old copies, and that word begins one line, *Warwick* having undoubtedly dropped out at the end of the preceding line. The corrector of the folio, 1632, inserted the missing word in manuscript, and made the last part of the sentence run,—

"If she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for *Warwickshire* ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom."

Wincot, where Marian Hacket lived, is some miles from Stratford-upon-Avon. It was formerly not at all unusual to spell "shire"

sheere; and Sly's "sheer ale" thus turns out to have been *Warwickshire ale*, which Shakspeare celebrated, and of which he had doubtless often partaken at Mrs. Hacket's.

In King Richard III. one of the most striking and satisfactory emendations occurs in Queen Margaret's denunciation of Richard, where she addresses him, in all editions, in the following terms :—

"Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell," &c.

Here "slave of nature," but especially "son of hell," sound so flatly and tamely near the conclusion of the curse, that an impression rises at once in the mind, that Shakspeare must have written something more fierce and vigorous. How, then, does the old corrector inform us that the last line ought to run? not as above, but with two remarkable changes,—

"The stain of nature, and the scorn of hell."

In *Macbeth* a very acceptable alteration is made, in Lady Macbeth's speech invoking night, just before the entrance of her husband: it is in a word which has occasioned much speculation :—

"Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'"

Steevens, with reference to "blanket," quotes *rug* and *rugs* from Drayton; and Malone seriously supposes that the word was suggested to Shakspeare by the "coarse woollen curtain of the theatre," when, in fact, it is not at all known whether the curtain, separating the audience from the actors, was woollen or linen. What solution of the difficulty does the old corrector offer? As it seems to us, the substitution he recommends cannot be doubted :—

"Nor heaven peep through the *blankness* of the dark.
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'"

In *Hamlet*, Horatio, describing the effect of the appearance of the Ghost upon Bernardo and Marcellus, tells Hamlet, as the text of the quartos has it,—

"Whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him."

The folios, on the other hand, read,—

"Whilst they *bestill'd*
Almost to jelly with the act of fear," &c.

Neither word, "distill'd" or *bestill'd*, can be perfectly satisfactory; but observe the following improved version,—

"Whilst they, *beckill'd*
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him."

In the same tragedy when the King, in his soliloquy, says,—

"Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law"

we need no great persuasion to make us believe that we ought to read, as a manuscript note tells us,—

"And oft 'tis seen, the wicked *purse* itself
Buys out the law."

In *Othello* a striking emendation occurs in the passage of Iago's speech:—

"Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves."

For this the corrector of the folio, 1632, substitutes,—

"Who *learn'd* in forms and *usages* of duty," &c.

In the same play the following passage,—

"But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at."

is corrected as follows with manifest improvement:—

"But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the *hand* of scorn
To point his *slowly* moving finger at."

IDA PFJEIFFER OUTDONE!

A Mrs. Hervey has just published, in London, an account of her adventures in Tartary, Thibet, China, and Kashmir, as well as in portions of territory never before visited by European. In the same book she also describes a journey from Punjab to Bombay, by way of the celebrated caves of Ajunta and Ellora, as well as over the Mahabeshuur and Neigherry mountains, the Sanataria of the Bombay, and Madras Presidencies. It seems she left home, as it were, in a fit of desperation: a poor, unhappy, grief-ridden woman. An English editor says—and we agree with him—that it is a wonder how, after so many fatigues, fractures, duckings and tumbles, she survived to tell her tale. He adds, as she did come out of her complication of mishaps alive, she must be made of leak-wood or *gutta percha*.

We pronounce Madam Hervey a most excellent specimen of the species Bloomer. She would, without a question, lead off admirably at a grand female's rights convention, going even further than do some of our *dames aux pantalons*; for if the convention she harangued was

interfered with by outsiders, it appears to us, she is just the "female woman" to roll up her sleeves, give her Turkish trowsers a hitch, and cry out as she led on an attack upon the refractory spectators, "up girls and at them." But we will present an extract from Mrs. Hervey's book by way of evidence, "strong as proof of holy writ," that the opinion we have expressed regarding her is well founded.

Jeeoomdoh. (Country of China.) Oojar.
Distance, ten miles.

"27th August, 1851. Wednesday.—My baggage started yesterday from Lari, about three o'clock, P. M., with strict orders to proceed to this halting-place. I arrived at a spot by the river side, guiltless of grass or wood, and found the camp coolly settled in this desert place. I was very angry, but I only wasted my wrath, for nothing would induce the S'piti people to move; so my ponies starved all night, and the only way I got tea, was by my Khidmutgar burning his walking-stick this morning, to light a fire. Two of the ponies walked back to Lari in an independent manner, not liking (I suppose) the starving system, and the rest looked miserable this morning. About a mile from the village as I went along yesterday evening, I suddenly spied my bed lying by the road-side, two of my servants sitting by it, and the man whose business it was to carry 'Squire,' together with another Coolie, looking on in despair. I could not make out at first what had happened. The servants, however, explained that the Coolies belonging to the bed had thrown down their burthen and 'bhageea,' (run away) and that it was too heavy for a single porter that remained to lift it. I must say I felt sufficiently annoyed at this *contretemps*;—this was the sole 'Charpoy,' remaining to me, all the spare ones I had brought in case of accidents, having gone to pieces, one after another, during my travels. Night was stealing on apace, and I could not go back to the village I had just left, as the whole of my Camp. (with the exception of the fragmentary portion I have just alluded to,) had gone on to the encamping ground in advance. While we were waiting in an apparently hopeless condition at this desert spot, quite at a loss what to do next, and I was on the point of abandoning the luckless bed to its fate, Providence came to our aid in an unexpected manner. All at once we observed, jauntily trotting towards us on horse-back, a Chinaman, whose red and yellow robes betokened his sacerdotal character, while other distinctive marks pointed him out as a Lama of high degree, or chief among the priests. The two Coolies suggested that we might enlist him temporarily *vi et armis*, as a porter; but on my ordering them to seize him for the purpose, they hastily declined, and humbly supplicated not to involve them in a

deadly feud with the sacred Llamas. Being thus forced to take the matter into my own hands I at once resolved how to act. I waited until the man was within a hundred yards, and then sauntered carelessly towards him:—the slow ambling pace of the Ghoot on which he was mounted, allowing me a good view of the horseman as he approached. His worldly goods, clothes, and cooking utensils were strapped behind his saddle, the high peaked holsters of which, in front, were bristling with fire-arms. He was armed to the teeth besides, and his jewelled sword glittered even in the fading light. His steed was richly caparisoned; the saddle cloth bright and gaudy. Quite coolly and undauntedly I approached the august traveller, and taking hold of his bridle, led him silently up to where lay the prostrate bedstead. He made no resistance, surprise appearing to overpower his faculties! Mustering the little Thibetan I knew, I then order him in a firm and resolute, but calm tone, to deliver up to meon the spot, his arms of every kind. Again he obeyed my cool command in speechless bewilderment, and even dismounted at my request, without attempting any remonstrance. I then proceeded to possess myself of all his weapons, intending to restore them in due time. I slung his magnificent sword by the strap attached to its gilded hilt across my own shoulders, and grasped his fire-arms in my hands, giving his Ghoot in charge to my servants. I observed that his ponderous saddle was all of wrought steel, a pad serving to prevent its galling his steed. Preserving the same unconcerned manner, I next commanded the terror-stricken priest to 'take up my bed and walk,'—or rather to assist the Coolies in so doing. And then the tongue was loosened, and the dumb man spoke! He volubly asserted that he was a high-preist, one of the holy among the tribes,—a visitor or rather an ambassador from China to S'piti, and that it was impossible he could demean himself by doing my bidding. My only demand to his rhetoric was an imperative reiteration of my *hookm* (order.) The strong quailed before a womans voice! I do believe he was in doubt as to my identity, regarding me, perchance, as a visitant from another world! At all events he refused no longer, but tremblingly obeyed my directions, by lifting up the bed, and proceeding straight way with it to my camp. But for this, I should now be laying on the cold hard ground, instead of reposing on this comfortable couch. It is impossible to resist making use of the *prestige* of one's appearance under such circumstances,—so novel and absolutely unearthly in the eyes of these ignorant dwellers in the wilds, does a 'Feringhee' (European) face appear. Resolution and intrepidity go a long way in terrifying them into abject obedi-

ence; indeed, I always found them more afraid of my simplest word, than all the 'striking' proofs given them of my servants' wrath. I may here just add, that on reaching my camp, I found the bedstead faithfully delivered indeed, but that its unwilling bearer, depositing it had vanished on an instant. Alarmed, doubtless, at the idea of his further services being compulsorily required, the bird had flown! He did not even wait my arrival to redeem his weapons, &c., which of course I purposed restoring to him; so I did the only thing which was left in my power, by the way restitution. I took care of the property thus strangely acquired, until I had an opportunity of delivering it safely into the hands of the nearest public official, to be held in charge for its owner, should he ever appear to claim it. It is needless to say I never heard of its subsequent fate. The Ghoot was mysteriously spirited away during the same night the priestly impressment occurred:—of course the Llama was lurking in the neighborhood, and when all was still in the camp, mounted his nag and rode away!"

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, have published the second volume of this work, as the American editor says "the latest history of England claiming original authority, as far as it is a record of the events of the first seventeen centuries of the Christian Era." The author is a Roman Catholic and may be supposed to favor that sect in his notions of events bearing upon their struggles with the Protestants. This he does, indeed, without a question; yet his history is still generally reliable. It certainly contains many new facts, in obtaining which the author has exerted most commendable industry; and if those who read his well written pages, keep in mind his religious predilections, they will be enabled to make a very tolerable average deduction of the true state of facts. The American editor's account of the author is not uninteresting. He says:

"Dr. Lingard died soon after completing this edition, on the 13th of July, 1851. He was in his 82d year, having been born on the 5th of February, 1771, in the city of Winchester. He prosecuted his early studies at Douay, and experienced a narrow escape from the destruction to which the fury of the populace had designed all the clergy, on the outbreak of the French Revolution. From the year 1805, when he published, in Nottingham, a series of letters in vindication of Roman Catholic loyalty, till his death, he was known as one of the most distinguished authors of the Roman church in England.

Pope Leo XII. offered him a cardinal's hat, wishing him to become Cardinal Protector of the English Missions. Dr. Lingard had, however, already engaged in history, and declined the offer: saying to his holiness that the office would put a stop to the progress of this work, and that he had not the qualifications demanded for the duty proposed. His holiness pressed the offer, but Dr. Lingard remained firm. Several editions have been published of his "Catechetical Instructions on the Doctrines and Worship of the Catholic Church," an anonymous English version of the New Testament, published by Dolman, in London, in 1836, was his work."

GERSTAECKER'S JOURNEY.*

This is an honest record of real travel: not, as have been many books of the kind lately published, mere fancy sketches: or rather fabrications, having a frame-work obtained from ordinary sources open to all, but clap-boarded, shingled, and furnished within and without, with fancy stuff. Gerstaecker really did start from Bremen in the good bark "Talisman," with a crowd of men, women, and children, bound for California: he really did arrive at Rio Janeiro: he really did there leave his ship and proceed to Buenos Ayres: he really did subsequently cross the Cordilleras: he really did thence proceed to Chili, California, Australia, the South-Sea Islands, Java, &c.

We could fill the pages of *THE BIZARRE* with most delightful extracts from this book; we deeply regret to say, however, that our gleanings must necessarily be brief, the space allowed to us for review of new works and extracts being at present very limited.

To begin then, our honest German traveller had reached the last frontier of the Argentine republic, bought a couple horns of wine to take with him on his journey, and the next morning made an early start up the Cordilleras. He says:

"At first the path—for it was but a narrow mule tract—led up as slowly and on as broad and comfortable a slope as we could wish for; but as the sides of the mountain drew closer and closer together, the path began to run by deep and crumbling banks, and the mules with great difficulty picked their steps. We passed now places where to our left the abyss lay many hundred feet deep, while on the right, impending rocks hung high above us. But so gradually did the path alter, so little by little did the ridge narrow, and the steep edge of the precipice draw nearer that I did not notice it at first; all my attention being taken up by the scenery. Here I saw the first

condor, the giant vulture of the Cordilleras, hovering just above our heads. It altered its course in descending, and flew over towards the other side of the hollow, which seemed to me hardly half a mile distant, but the bird became smaller and smaller, appearing at last not much larger than a crow long before that passage was crossed. There I felt more than saw the vastness of these mountains, and I was going to stop my mule, to have a fairer view, when a call from my guide warned me to beware, and to look well to my path.

The path indeed had become so narrow that it seemed to me, as it wound itself round a projecting rock, absolutely to terminate. I could see nothing more than a thin light streak, as if drawn with a piece of chalk, and I could not believe that this was our path. The rock round which it went did not show the least cut or notch, where even a goat could have planted its feet, let alone our clumsy mules. The little crumbling pieces of stone which our mules' hoofs kicked over the precipice, made me sensible of the danger, falling straight down to a depth that my blood froze to think of.

But this was no place to stop at; and I observed closely the cautious manner in which my guide raised himself in his right stirrup, not doubting that we were now at the spot at which he had told me before, and where mules and riders were often thrown over. I was therefore careful not to irritate my mule at a spot where it certainly knew better how to go than I did—accidents having happened from travellers pulling their brides at the wrong time. My guide went on very coolly along a trail where mules had to keep the very edge of the precipice. Mules frequently carry a load over this track, when they are very careful not to knock against the overhanging rock, as the least push would send them over the precipice. Our mules it is true, had no load, but they were accustomed to carrying one; and therefore kept the extreme edge to my great discomposure. But I left it entirely to its own instinct, only lifting my left foot in the stirrup, as I saw the vanquiano do, so that in case of an accident, might throw myself off its back, and cling to the rock.

But why, the reader may ask, did you not get off the mule at once, and pass dangerous places on foot? Simply, my reader, in the first place, because the danger is the same for many miles; and secondly, because those men who pass their lives in leading travellers over these mountains, know best where to walk, and where to ride, and I followed the example my guide set me. Nor, to tell the truth, did I at the moment think of any thing but my mule as he moved slowly, step by step, round the yawning abyss, with scarcely three inches to spare on either side. As we proceeded, the path got still narrower, the abyss seemed

* Narrative of a Journey Round the World, by F. Gerstaecker. New York, Harper and Brothers.

deeper : and looking down at once, between the mule's side and stirrups, I saw below in the deep hollow a perfect heap of skeletons—mules that must have tumbled down since the last flood—or their bones would have been washed away. In my horror I forgot the warning of the vaquiano, and grasping the reins of my mule, tried to turn it away from the edge, which seemed to me as if it must crumble beneath its next step. My imprudence was near being fatal to me, for turning the head of my mule away from the precipice, it lost its sure footing, stepped aside, and striking the saddle-bags against the rock, it stumbled forward, and—no, dear reader, no such thing—we did not tumble. The mule planted its fore hoofs on a firm part of the crumbling ledge, and lifted itself up again, just as a small piece of stone, loosened by the effort, fell noiselessly from the path, and noiselessly springing from under us over, and struck long afterward with a dull hollow sound into the deep.

I need not be ashamed to say that this little incident made me tremble, and I thought the blood became stagnant in my veins. But mules are splendid animals for such a route ; and whether for the sake of the rider, or their own, they proceed with the utmost caution, as I had now learnt from experience. From that moment I left my mule to do as he pleased, and he carried me safely over.

Just at the end of the passage, where the path again turned round a rock, which hid the guide from view, I reached a snow-drift, or rather a ledge of about ten or twelve paces, where a quantity of snow had drifted from a narrow gulch ; and a space not six inches in width, and even that sloping down, was the only footing left. Even the mule now came to a stand. I pressed his flanks with heels to urge him on : but the two peons, who came close behind, called to me to alight here, and not attempt to pass that place in the saddle. At the same time, the guide appeared on the other side of the rock, and I saw that he was on foot ; but how to get down on such a place was the difficulty. On the left side I should have stepped down at least a couple of hundred feet ; therefore, I must try the other. Throwing my leg with a sudden jerk over the mule's neck, I slipped down against the rock, the mule pressing as hard against me as it could, to prevent my pushing it down the precipice. I dodged beneath his head, and with bridle grasped in my hand, led the way over the snow-drift."

We leave the traveller to pass on his eventful journey alone, through Chili and California, falling in with him again, however, in the South-Sea Islands, where he relates the following adventures of a

"A WHALING CRUISE.

With a good breeze, the next day Hawaii,

or Owhyhee, where Captain Cook was slain, hove in sight. We could notice the gigantic volcanic masses, and the smoke curling up from the furnace of the goddess Tele ; and I watched this mountain a long, long while, as it rose on the horizon, with its sharp outline against the clear blue sky, a wonderful mass of rock and lava, growing out from the bottom of the sea, with only a crust upon it, that covered a bed of fire.

The volcano was working at this time, at least thundering and rumbling within, and only a year later it broke out anew, and rolled immense masses of burning lava down even to the foaming sea. No wonder the Indians thought, and still think that a fire-god lives in the boiling streams of glowing lava, though we contradict it, of course, and prove to them the impossibility of the thing.

But leaving the goddess Tele to prove her existence herself, we manned the tops next day—that is, two men were sent, one to the main and one to the fore-top to look out for whales, and with this our cruise commenced. Whalers—to say at least a few words about our vessel itself, and introduce the reader to our fishing gentry—always carry more than the usual complement of men for vessels of their tonnage, because they must have hands left on board to work the ship, and after fish have been taken, to boil out the blubber, while four boats from large vessels, and fewer from smaller ones, are usually out chasing other fish in sight. Each boat has a crew of four men, besides the boat-steerer and a man at the head of the boat. The captain of most vessels never leaves his ship, though in some, he goes himself in the first boat as the look-out, leaving another one at the same time to command the vessel.

A whale-ship also differs in its deck construction from any other vessel. Between the mainmast and the foremast are the try-works—large furnaces, built of brick, and containing two or more very large iron-posts for trying out the oil from the blubber—close to it is the galley, sometimes not much larger than an overgrown sentry-box, with a stove in it, which leaves hardly room enough for the cook to sit before and broil his knees ; all kind of pots and kettles hang up inside, and a perfect variety of copper and iron vessels are fitted upon every part, in every nook and corner of this machine ; while it is a mystery to me how a human being is able to stand the heat of such a box in a warm climate, at least six or seven hours of the day. It is true they nearly always have black men for cooks, who are used to a great deal more heat than their northern pale-colored brethren, but even these, I should think, must have their very marrow dried up.

Before the galley there is also a blacksmith shop, most commonly fitted up in a kind of

box, capable of being moved from one place to another: a blacksmith having always something to do on board a whale-ship in mending of spades, lances, or irons, and fitting rings or hasps on other articles, for the ship itself or the boats.

Between the main and mizen mast, and usually extending behind the latter, a framework of spars is erected, called bearers, upon which the spare boats, nearly always four, are turned bottom upward.

We ran south nearly fourteen days, and tried to get as far east out of the trades as we possible could; but it was very little, for the wind instead of being northeast, northward of the line, blew nearly due east, and our vessel, no first-rate one by the wind, could not work up well against it. Besides that we sailed very slowly, and therefore drifted the more. The "Alexander Barklay," an American built ship, before she started from Bremen, instead of being coppered, was covered with plates of new invention, a kind of zinc which, while being a great deal cheaper than copper, was said to last just as long; but the ship had not been out more than two or three months before the plates began to give way, and when I came on board, about twelve months after her first start, there was hardly any of it left on her bow, and on both sides the rags hung perfectly round her retarding us, of course, considerably, and stopping her headway.

Thursday, the 2d of January, we crossed the line in about 156 deg. W. lon., and two days afterward the call first gladdened our ears, "There she blows!"

A person who has never heard this call on board a whale-ship, after a long spell of rest and watching, can have no idea of the wonderful effect it produces, like an electric blow, upon officers and crew. "There she blows!"—the word passes from lip to lip—"Where, where!"—"On the lee-bow, nearly ahead;" and the men fly to their boats; the boat header takes the steering oar till his boat comes "fast," the boat-steerer stands with the iron (harpoon) in the bow of the boat to have the first throw. "There she blows again," not a cable's length from the vessel, and five or six spouts are seen in quick succession; the monstrous fish, unconscious of any danger, playing and chasing each other in the slowly heaving waves. Down the boats go, as quickly and noiselessly as possible, the officers get into them, some of the men scramble in after them, the broad sail of the little craft flies up, the wind catches it, and away the sharply-cut boat dashes through and over the foaming waters, followed by the second, third, fourth, all eager to come up with some of their blowing and splashing victims.

In former times sailing up to a whale in a boat was thought a very dangerous and daring feat, because they were not able to run back

again quickly enough, after the whale was struck: but in later times, when the whales have become, like all other game, much more shy and wild, whalers find pulling up to a fish much too slow and uncertain work to be very profitable, and nearly all the fishermen, and principally the Americans, sail with their boats up to the fish, strike their irons into them, if they get a chance and try to get away again afterward in the best way they can.

We could make nothing of the first whales we saw, for they ran too fast to be overtaken by the boats, and though two came very nearly within striking distance, they got off, at last, unharmed. Our captain, however, an old whaler, liked the look of the water here, and running under, shortened sail half the night on the old course we tacked about midnight, to be in the morning as nearly as possible on the same spot again: and sure enough, the sun was hardly an hour high—just far enough out of the water to allow a fair view over its surface—when the cry, "There she blows, blows, blows!" as new spouts followed the first, brought our ship to, and the boats down again.

This time the first boat-header, an old American, who had been bred up to whaling, and done hardly any thing else all his life, and at the same time the finest specimen of an old tar I ever saw, was the first to come up with one of the whales, and get fast, as he carried the largest sail. The other three boats followed the rest of the shoal, which swam along on the surface of the water a considerable time and then disappeared below it, the boats, without stopping, keeping in a straight course in hopes of seeing the fish rise again after awhile, and then having a fair throw at them. But the fish, quite contrary to their calculation, had not the least idea of running away, but only dived to some depth, the boats passing away over them, and then rose again very nearly on the same spot where they had disappeared. The three other boats, seeing the spouts behind them, turned round as quickly as they could, and the second boat-header, also an American, got fast this time to another whale.

During this and the next day our ship lay to, taking the whales along side, and cutting them up; no look-out even being kept in the top before the carcasses had been cleared away from her sides.

The most interesting part of the cutting-up to me was the first fastening of the immense blubber-hook, a large iron hook of extraordinary dimensions, to attach which, one of the boat-steerers has to go down upon the whale, with a rope slung around his waist in case of accident, and lift the hook—for it takes all his strength to do that—in to a hole which the spades of the boat-headers have cut for

it; these, at the same time, keeping watch over the boat-steerer, who is sometimes half under water, and has half-a-dozen sharks close around him, which the scent of the blood has enticed to the captured fish, and which are driven nearly to madness by their unavailing efforts to tear off a piece of the tough and elastic hide.

There were five of these hyenas of the deep round this one whale, and coming as boldly and insolently as possible right under the very spades of the men. But the sailors hate to strike their sharpened tools upon the rough and hard skin of the shark because it dulls their instruments directly, and the carpenters have their hands full of work without that, in keeping the instruments in good order. Only once the first boat-header dropped his spade which was as sharp as a razor, upon the head of a shark, and laid it open as if it had been a soft potato. The shrk, a fellow of about seven feet long, had come up to the boat steerer—who had just succeeded in fastening the hook, and had no time to look round—close enough to take one of his legs off with a single snap, but the spade prevented it. Showing the white of its belly directly, it sank, and the boat-steerer looking over his shoulder and seeing his dead enemy, only shook his fist at it as it disappeared in the troubled and bloody water.

The cutting up, or hoisting in of the blubber, occupied all the next day, and even when it had become perfectly dark, one of the heads was still in the water, held by a rope and pushed about by a couple of sharks, which had already torn off big pieces from it.

In the afternoon I had thrown a lance into one of these savage fellows, while it was busy in tearing off a piece from one of the heads; as I was some distance off, the lance dropped short of the mark, and only pierced the thick part of the greedy monster's tail. The shark immediately left its hold of the head, and as the lance came out, swam some hundred yards off; but it soon returned, and fastened on the head again just as if nothing had occurred. It even took hold of the same piece again, tore it off, and disappeared with it before I had time to pull up the lance.

A difficulty now arose in fastening the blubber-hook on the head in the dark, and the second boat-steerer had made several unsuccessful attempts, when the boat-header called out for a blubber lantern, and soon afterward a most singular torch was brought forward. It consisted of iron hoops about four inches apart from each other to let the light pass through; and this fire basket was filled with thin split wood, and stripes of greasy blubber. The flame soon caught the oil, and blazing to a height of nearly three feet, lit up the dark ocean for a distance of about thirty yards, giving the dancing waves a singular transpar-

ent hue, and throwing a wild unearthly light over the figure of the reckless sailor who knelt on the dark slimy surface of the whales head, his left hand firmly grasping the open blubber, and his right arm slung round the heavy iron hook to lift it into the right place.

What was that light streak shooting past the rolling mass just now? Only a shark, frightened by the gleaming torch, and returning to get another bite at the fish, his lawful prey; for is it not the wild and fiery master of the deep?

This shark held on by the whale's head till it rose, lifted by the powerful windlass, nearly out of the water, when it left its hold with the piece of the torn-off blubber between its teeth.

* * * * *

"The next morning the mast-heads were manned again, and not having made any headway from the neighborhood where the whales seemed to have their feeding-ground, the men had been hardly an hour aloft when the call, "There she blows!" but this time over to the windward; again sent the hands into the boats, and out to sea, pulling right against the wind, toward the place where the whales were spouting. Three hours afterward the first headsman, Mr. Luis, got fast again; and as we were beating up against a tolerably stiff breeze, it became nearly dark before we could get the whale alongside.

The old blubber had now to come on deck to make room in the blubber-hole for the fresh, and the stench it emitted the next day was nearly suffocating. All the white varnished parts of the vessel received a blue and lustrous tinge, the smell on deck being as bad, and even worse, than in the cabin.

We commenced trying out on the sixth, and had finished on the tenth of January. The deck still looked bad enough, but the blubber was gone, and the decks were also soon cleared. The grease of the sperm whale can be removed very easily with salt-water, being in this respect not half so bad as that of the common whale, which requires to be removed by the ashes of the burnt blubber, and hard scrubbing. A singular fact connected with sperm-fish is, that its own skin forms the best soap for washing off its grease. If your hands are dirtied with the grease, you have only to scrape the thin black and soft outer part of the skin a little, and you may wash in salt-water the grease as easily off with this as with soap in fresh water.

These three fish, though of no great size, yielded about one hundred and four barrels of oil; and our captain had strong hopes of falling in with some more of this kind, but day after day passed without our seeing a single spout. The deck was hauled several times, it is true, but only, as it turned out afterward, for a finback, or perhaps the deceiving light

of the sun that glittered on the waves, and made the look-out fancy it the spout of a sperm-fish."

Mr. Gerstaecker arrives home safely, after a voyage of one hundred and twenty-three days from Batavi. He was, of course, glad to be once more among his friends. He says:

"I only remember as in a dream yet, the first watchman I heard that night in Bremen: the first time those old loved church-bells rung their sweet voices again into my ears. I remember going on a railroad, and shutting my eyes at the same time, happy in the thought of not being able to think this a mocking dream, and a crowd of sweet and happy faces were around me. But I could give no account of that.

Oh, there are rich stores of beauty out in that fair world; there are treasures heaped up in the wilderness by the hand of our loving Father to gladden the heart of the beholder, and make him stand in mute astonishment, a witness of such a Paradise; there are kind eyes and hearts strewn over that wide world, stretching out their hands to the way-worn stranger and bidding him welcome; there is happiness in those valleys, and peace and love wherever your foot is turned—if your own heart only touches the right spring to open those treasures—but let it be as rich, as ever it will, let it dazzle your eyes and overpower your mind for awhile, it cannot last: and whatever you try, where ever you roam—be it as far, be it as long as you will—that one thought, if it leave you for awhile, it never will die within you; and if your lips are forbid to speak it; you heart will sound with low but powerful voice in your ear:

Be it ever so humble,
There is no place like home!"

SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY.*

An original book you have made Mr. San—we beg pardon, Mr. Anonymous—a pleasant book, moreover, a book of odd facts and fancies, picked up from various, and we should judge, elaborate research. Your Salad is truly a "consacration of many good things for the literary palate," with plentiful flavours reminding one of D'Israeli and Lamb, perhaps a little more of the latter than the former. we do not know but "Lamb and Mint Sauce" would have been a better title than the one you have selected. We know you, Mr. Epicure: we have often remarked the alimentative qualities which bespoke just the requisition for this beautifully printed and embellished book. There are truly philosophy, poetry, ethics, criticism, satire, hypothesis, aesthetics, hyperbole, psychology, metaphysics, humor and extreme sententiousness in its

pages; and though the author modestly calls himself "a compiler" and declares further, quite as modestly, that he is "A votary of the desk,—a notched and cropped scrivener, one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do—through a quill—" we must accord to him high merit as a thinker and as a writer.

We have already copied largely from the work,—we did so, thanks to the publishers, when it was in the sheets—and much we think to the gratification of our readers. To one wee mouthful more we will treat them.

"The empire of woman in the scale of being, is no longer a disputed claim.

"Heaven's last, best gift to man."

receives the homage of the human heart,—she is loved and cherished, as the angel of peace and hope, diffusing a halo of light, joy and blessedness, making *Home* a little Eden.

As to the name *spinster*, it may be remembered, that it dates its origin from the fact that in olden times, no maiden being deemed eligible to matrimonial honors till she had spun her own domestic wardrobe:—an evidence that our grave progenitors regarded such matters as involving less of romance than reality—a method, we may add, that more modern sagacity has deemed it expedient to a great extent to reverse.

The human family is divided into two classes the married and the single; the former have been often deemed legitimate objects for the raillery and jest of the advocates of celibacy, and it is but fair that the opposite party should be permitted a share of the like pleasantry. As a specimen of the former, take the following lines of a most inveterate woman-hater, one of the early printers who flourished during the first half of the sixteenth century. The extraordinary production in which this curious satire occurs, is entitled "*The scole-house, wherein every man may rede a goodlie prayer of the condycions of woman*," &c. This erudite scribe thus apostrophizes the sex;—

"Trewly some men there be
That lyve always in great horreur,
And sayeth it goth by destiny,—
To hang, or wed,—both hath one hour;
And whether it be! I am well sure
Hanging is better of the twaine,—
Sooner done and shorter payne!"

It is admitted, on all hands, to be both a delicate and difficult thing to pry into a woman's age; and the embarrassment becomes increased in the exact ratio of its advance, especially in the case of an unmarried lady. The precise epoch at which the epithet *old* may be admissible, is no less involved in mystery. A fugitive passage from a contemporary pen, with as much of poetry as chivalry in its spirit, fortunately comes to our aid in

* *Salad for the Solitary*. New York, Lamport Blakeman & Law, 1863.

the present dilemma. Who the gallant scribe may be, we know not, but here the paragraph is, and the reader will take it for what it is worth:

'Eve, it is well known, was sixteen years old when she was awakened at the side of her husband. Sixteen years old, say ancient writers, and that so boldly, that they must have seen Eve's register written on the lilies of Paradise. Now, women—who have nine times out of ten more curious rabbinical learning than the mean envy of our sex will allow them—women, inheriting the privilege from their first parent, believe that, after a certain time, they have a just right to let their first sixteen years go for nothing: and so they sink the preliminary sixteen with a smile, counting with mother Eve their seventeenth as their first real birthday. And they are right. For it deducts from your woman of five-and-forty all that she cares to lose, giving her a fair start with Eve, and pegging her back to full-blown nine-and-twenty. And, indeed, it is impossible that any really charming woman should be a day older.'

It is a singular fact, that the age of but one woman is mentioned in the Bible at the time of her death. Therefore, it is best not to be inquisitive about the age of women. There are some ladies whose extreme sensibilities or frigidity induces them to make deliberate choice of a life of single-blessedness, in spite of all that love-sick swains may urge to the contrary. Such, among the ancients, were the vestal virgins, and those who ministered at the temples of Diana and Minerva. Some, seek to rush into matrimony, with such impetuosity, that they frighten away all sensitive suitors, in their fatal attempt to do all the wooing on their own account. Others, again, from a feeling of over fastidiousness, vainly expecting to find the angelic in the human—foolishly forego many an excellent chance of a prize in the matrimonial lottery, till the wheel of fortune will turn no more. The forlorn attempt, by the aid of cosmetics, gold chains and other bijouterie, to supply the lack of beauty's dimpled smiles, and the ruddy hues of health, challenges the pity of all beholders.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,
As Love's young dream;"

and yet trouble is often caused by the intervention of one or both of the parents, or else some flaw in the *object* of the "hearts fond idolatry" just peeps out on the very eve of consummation. Parents, too frequently, and most perversely, on such occasions, pass into petrifications—callous to all the glowing emotions of the arch godling, and become invested with a most stern and rigid determination to denounce all love-scrapes as "juvenile indiscretions," which demand the full force of their

grave sagacity to discourage. These two latter classes of disappointed nymphs seem to be devoted to the annihilation of their most cherished hopes of connubial happiness, by the irrevocable decrees of the fates; they, therefore, are richly deserving alike of our sympathy and respect. With wonderful assiduity, they resort to every expedient to avert the unwelcome issue, but in vain; "love's sweet vocabulary" has been exhausted, and the charms, divinations and necromancy of Venus herself, have been called into requisition, but potent as they usually are, without the desired effect in their behalf. We have been accustomed to associate Cupid with simply his bow and quiver full of arrows: but the queen of love, it seems, can invoke to her aid much more varied and irresistible artillery for capturing the citadel of the heart. To enumerate in full detail these appliances of woman's art, would startle the credulity of the unsuspecting reader."

Here we drop "*Salad for the Solitary*," but only so far as extracts in *THE BIZARRE* are concerned. That we shall take it from our library shelves and read it oft times, is certain. It has been consigned by us to a choice collection, occupying a particular corner, from whence we are always sure to obtain congenial reading. We congratulate Mr. San—beg pardon again—the author, in having produced so altogether palatable a book. We hope he will not be satisfied with this dish of salad, but trust he may speedily treat us to another "of the same sort." The book takes well, 700 copies having been sold on the second day. The third thousand will we understand, be put to press immediately.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

—*PILATE AND HEROD*.—This is the title of a new tale, illustrative of the early history of the Church of England in the province of Maryland, the author of which is the Rev. Harvey Stanley of Baltimore. We have not yet read it, but those who have, pronounce it altogether—a very entertaining story—filled with striking and at times startling incident. It develops the struggles of the Episcopal Church against an opposition made up of discordant elements; or it is the record of persecutions practised upon the church very much akin, in spirit at least, to those of Pilate and Herod against Christianity. We shall notice this book hereafter. Herman Hooker, Philadelphia, publisher.

—*BARRINGTON'S SKETCHES*.—Redfield, of N. York, has just published, a new edition of "*Personal Sketches of his own Time*," by Sir Jonah Barrington. They are, the author tells us, neither fictions nor essays: but relate to matters of fact, and personages

composed of flesh and blood. No fancy is to be found any where but in the opinions of the volume, and these are left to the mercy of any one who is disposed to deem them visionary. Sir Jonah loves liberty, hates democracy, and detests fanaticism. He is a loyalist and yet a patriot! He has once in his life time had his loyalty nearly overbalanced by his patriotism, and that was when the Irish parliament was bought and sold under the cry of the union; an act which he considers—as do we—one of the most flagrant and corrupt on the records of history. Altogether these sketches, or this memoir of the eventful life of a real blood-and-bones Irishman, are full of interest, light and grave; and the book cannot fail to be extremely popular.

— MESSRS. THOMAS & SONS.—The 41st Trade Sale of this excellent firm commenced at their new sale rooms in Fourth Street, on Monday the 22d. The attendance of the Trade from all parts of the country is extremely large, and the bidding is very lively. The sales close on the 3d of September.

— At Lichtenthal, near Baden Baden, died, on the 25th of June, Mr. Philip Hutchings Rogers,—a landscape painter of considerable power. He was, we believe, a native of Plymouth, in Devonshire, (Eng.) a county which has been more productive of artists than any other in Great Britain, and is equally notorious for its want of fostering care and neglect of their efforts.

— The sudden death of Abraham Woodside, the artist, in our city, has excited much remark among the lovers of painting. He had decided genius; and could it have been permitted to exert its full force, he would have achieved a most enviable eminence.

— A bookseller in Manchester, (Eng.) has set up a perambulating book store, consisting of a caravan, like those in which itinerant lions and elephants are wont to traverse the country in search of fairs, which is constructed, with shelves capable of holding 2,000 volumes, and stowage for a considerable quantity. A tent is carried by the adventurous bibliopole for the accommodation of his customers, —and spreading this in the town, he offers a shady lounge and a temporary reading-room to the scattered population.

— A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, reported to be good and true, pledges himself to be “one of two hundred to subscribe \$1,000 each for the sacred purpose” of purchasing Mount Vernon. The proposition, is coupled with some, in our times, rather unpopular restrictions, viz: “That the remaining one hundred and ninety-nine shall be American born and true, and likewise that no Young America shall have part or lot in the matter, neither foreign or American born.”

— Twelve to fifteen thousand dollars have already been collected in Philadelphia, in behalf of the Howard Association of New Orleans, for the relief of the sufferers by the yellow fever. This is a highly creditable fact.

— We have received the second edition of a “Premium Essay on Agricultural Education,” from the pen of Edmund Ruffin Esq., of Virginia. The pamphlet is published in a neat style by J. W. Randolph, of Richmond, and well repays reading.

— The work of arranging the books is still going on at the Astor Library, New York, under the direction of Mr. Cogswell, aided by two assistants, who are engaged upon the catalogue. It will be several weeks before it is opened. The library is the largest out of Europe.

— G. P. PUTNAM & Co., have published the second and third numbers of their illustrated Record of the New York Crystal Palace Exhibition, a work which is every way worthy of that great and peculiar enterprise. The illustrations are exquisitely done, while the letter press, as to manner and matter, is of the best character.

— At Mortlake, Surrey, (England) resided one Colston, a merchant well known for his extensive charities. He founded a school at Bristol, where the boys wear a brass dolphin on their breasts in commemoration, as it is reported, of his *preservation from foundering at sea, by a dolphin stopping a hole in the ship, while he was on his homeward voyage from the Indies.*

— Man is the *chef d'œuvre* of creation. Who says so? Man.

— There is a comet now visible in the northwest. It will be found early in the evening just above the horizon. A “star gazer” says: it presents a well defined nucleus, of the brightness of a star of the third magnitude, with a beautiful tail, like a fine brush, about two degrees in length, as seen by a telescope of moderate power. The tail is distinctly visible to the unassisted eye, but a common spy-glass renders it much more apparent. Professor Bond of the Cambridge University, says of this heavenly wonder: its nucleus is of the brightness of a star of the third magnitude—a tail of one or two degrees in length can also be distinguished, extending upward. This interesting object has been observed by Astronomers for one or two months past, during which time it has been gradually increasing in brightness. Its distance from the sun is now thirty millions of miles: but from the earth it is two or three times more remote.”

— The poet Moore's correspondence was lately sold at auction in London, and knocked down

to a variety of bidders, so that it is irrecoverably scattered, in all probability. It brought an insignificant sum. The *Athenæum* thinks it would be curious to reflect on the fate of a poet's papers. Gray's, after sixty years of neglect, are now mounted on drawing paper, bound in the richest sea-green morocco, and inclosed in purple cases of the same material. Burns's correspondence with Thomson's forms part of the far-famed Ashburnham MSS. Cowley's letters were destroyed by Sprat, because the Bishop thought them too good for publication. The sweepings of Pope's study are known to have contained literary treasures now entirely lost:—while the long-lost treatise of Milton—the paper that settled the question of the character of his religion—was found within our own time in the State Paper Office, and published by the desire and at the expense of a King of England.

— PROFESSOR ANDERSON late of New York, has been elected to, and has accepted, the office of President of the Rochester University. The *Daily Union* of that city says:—"Prof. Anderson graduated at Waterville, Me., in 1840, and was chosen Professor in that College in 1842, which office he filled nine years. Latterly, he has been widely known as the editor of the *New Hampshire Baptist Recorder*."

— A fourth edition of Simms' drama, "Norman Maurice," has just been published by Messrs. Lippincott Grambo & Co., of our city. It is a better reading than acting play.

—"Current Notes" informs us of the celebrated Archbishop Abbot who was born at Guildford "at the first house over the bridge," that his mother dreamt "if she could eat a pike, her son would be a great man." The good woman tried hard accordingly to satisfy her longing, and "accidentally taking up some of the river water that ran close by the house in a pail, she caught the much desired banquet, dressed it, and devoured it almost all. This odd affair made no small noise in the neighbourhood, and the curiosity of it made several people of quality offer to be sponsors to the child. This their poverty accepted joyfully, and three were chosen, who maintained him at school and afterwards at college. This dream was attested to me by the minister and several of the most sober inhabitants of the place.

—The word "Classic" is derived from the Latin word "classis" or from "classicum" which was a trumpet or instrument used to call the people together to hear the pieces rehearsed in the amphitheatre, where authors formerly recited or read their compositions. By the word is generally understood the writings of the Greeks and Romans, though in its widest sense it signifies the standard and elegant works in any language.

— A young lady of Boston, who six months ago was sent to Paris by a number of her friends, to complete her musical education, has lately been awarded the second prize for her proficiency. Many of her competitors had been studying in the same school for years, and even the teacher did not consider her a candidate for a higher prize than the third. The Judges, however, over whom M. Auber presided, decided she was entitled to the second.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

QUITE IN DEMAND.

— We notice many articles going the rounds of the press, which appeared originally in *THE BIZARRE*, and which, in the majority of cases, if credited at all, are attributed to an incorrect source. For instance: Arthur's *Home Gazette* publishes "A pretty Incident," which appeared originally in *THE BIZARRE* four or five months since, and which is attributed to "a Boston paper." Of course our accomplished and popular friend, the editor of the *Gazette*, is not to blame here, any more than was he of the *Register* when he published our article on Thomas Carlyle, credited to the *London Bizarre*: in other words, both gentlemen found the false credit manufactured to their hands. Apropos of the *Home Gazette*: it has just entered on the fourth volume, and under more promising circumstances than ever. It is a well-conducted paper: just the one which ought to be popular at the fireside. No impure thought ever stains its columns, and they are ever fresh with the best productions of Mr. Arthur's prolific and polished pen. We congratulate him, and all concerned, on the decided success which the *Gazette* enjoys, and which, for what we have said above, it well deserves.

VERY CHEAP.

— The Editor of one of the big Philadelphia newspapers lately informed his readers that as soon as a certain chain of rail-roads was completed, the people of Oswego (N. Y.) would get coal from Pennsylvania *one hundred per cent cheaper* than at present! This prospect of cheap fuel must be very gratifying to the people of Oswego. Soon afterwards a tailor in our city advertised in the same paper, that he was prepared to furnish clothing to his patrons *two hundred per cent cheaper* than it could be obtained at any other store in the city! When fuel can be got for nothing and clothing is given to people who are paid the value of it for taking it from the tailor's we may reasonably look for the Millennium.

NONSENSE OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

— A paragraph is going the rounds stating that Madame Munoz, the mother of the Queen

of Spain, being desirous of having one of her daughters made Queen of one the *South American* states, has pitched upon Mexico, as the country to be turned into a kingdom.

Nine-tenths of the American editors do not know the difference between the Sandwich Islands and the Society Islands, and invariably publish news from either under the heading of the other.

A New England newspaper announces a claimant for an English peerage as existing "up that way" and adds he is a descendant of Sir. Isaac Newton.

Sir. Isaac Newton was never married to anything, but science.

THE POLKA.

—Miss Leslie in her "Behavior Book" announces that Queen Victoria, has banished this dance from the English Court.

This is a mistake. At a late ball at Buckingham Palace 'two polkas' formed part of the entertainment.

It is fair to add, that in Europe waltzing is performed in a much *chaster* style than in the United States. This whole class of dances, (waltzes, polkas and schottishes, &c.) should be banished from decent society. Their tendency is to influence the passions of the young, which are naturally but too excitable. An old man expressed the opinion of every man very faithfully when he said, "I like the *hugging part* very well, but I cannot see any sense in the *turning round*."

A GOOD IDEA.

—We learn that a society has recently been started in this city, upon the mode of the English publishing Societies, for the publication of books relating to the American Revolution. It is expected that the first meeting will be held on the fifth of September, the Anniversary of the meeting of the First Congress. This is a most laudable undertaking, and we wish it all possible success. The books will be distributed among the members only; none of them will be sold.

THINGS WE HAVE NOTED

—The following is part of an advertisement which appeared a short time ago in a Philadelphia paper.

"Any one of our readers in want of Iron Railing for Cemeteries, steps, gates, gardens, yards, balconies and in fact in want of everything *out of which Iron is manufactured*, cannot do better than to give Mr. S——, a trial."

The following classical inscription appears on the sarcophagus at Girard College, in which Mr Girard's bones rest.

J. AND M. BAIRD fecit.

Mr. Girard says in his will that he does not recommend the teaching of Latin to his orphan beneficiaries. They will not learn any from the sarcophagus.

An elderly officer of the navy thus expressed himself several years ago concerning a distinguished commodore:

"This Commodore is getting to be one of the greatest men in the United States. He's had two children called after him and an omnibus, got himself dragontyped last week and offered a Sancho Pancus to General Jackson!"

A MISTAKE.

—Miss Leslie in her "Behaviour Book" says that no one writes upon ruled paper. It would have been nearer the mark to say that about one person in five hundred writes upon paper that is ruled. So general has been the use of ruled paper, that it is very rare to find a person that can write straightly without it.

WOMEN POLITICIANS.

—Cobbett does not appear to have had a great admiration for female politicians and warriors. In the preface to one of his pamphlets he says "If you are of that sex, vulgarly called the fair, but which ought always to be called the divine, let me beseech you, if you value your charms, to proceed no farther. *Politics* is a mixture of anger and deceit, and these are the mortal enemies of beauty. The instant a lady turns politician, farewell the smiles, the dimples, the roses; the graces abandon her, and age sets his seal on her front. We never find *Hebe*, goddess ever fair and ever young, chattering politics at the table of the gods; and though Venus once interposed in behalf of her beloved Paris? the spear of Diomedé taught her to "tremble at the name of arms." And have we not a terrible example of recent, very recent date? I mean that of the unfortunate *Mary Wollstonecraft*. It is a well known fact that when that political lady began *The Rights of Women*, she had as fine black hair as you would wish to see, and that before the second sheet of her work went to the press, it was turned as white, and a great deal whiter than her skin."

Is this last statement corroborated by any other writer? It is evident that Cobbett would not have been elected an honorary member of the Syracuse Convention.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.

—Weld, an Englishman who travelled in the United States in the year 1799, gives the following pictures of the character of the Philadelphians. No one will accuse him of flattery in the picture:

"It is a remark, very generally made, not only by foreigners, but also by persons from other parts of the United States that the Philadelphians are extremely deficient in hospitality and politeness toward strangers. Amongst the uppermost circles in Philadelphia, pride, haughtiness and ostentation are conspicuous; and it seems as if nothing

could make them happier than that an *Order of Nobility* should be established by which they might be exalted above their fellow-citizens, as much as they are in their own conceit. In the manners of the people in general, there is a coolness and reserve, as if they were suspicious of some designs against them, which chills to the very heart those who come to visit them."

Cobbett, after quoting the above passage, adds a few more touches to the likeness in his peculiar style. A Philadelphia jury had just given a verdict for \$5,000 against him for a libel upon Dr. B. Rush.

"The *Native* Philadelphians, in general, are the most suspicious, envious, haughty and yet mean characters that ever existed upon the face of the earth. They are lazy, indolent and above their occupations, from which cause, foreigners and people from the eastward supplant them in every branch of business, and grow rich, while the natives are daily falling into embarrassments, poverty and insignificance. Hence they naturally become envious and spiteful with respect to foreigners: and yet were it not for the industry and enterprise of foreigners and people from the eastward, their city would soon be without trade."

Of the Baltimoreans and New-Yorkers, Mr. Weld formed a more favorable opinion. He says, "with a few exceptions, the inhabitants of Baltimore are all engaged in trade, which is closely attended to. They are mostly plain people, sociable however amongst themselves, and very friendly and hospitable towards strangers."

New-York—"From Long Island I returned to this city; which the hospitality and friendly civilities I have experienced, in common with other strangers from its inhabitants, induce me to rank as the most agreeable place in the United States; nor am I singular in this opinion, there being scarcely any traveller I have conversed with, but what gives it the same preference."

BUSINESS MEMO.

—COL. WM. H. MAURICE has returned once more to his post, at 123 Chestnut Street, being brought back by the re-opening of business, and the monster stationery sales of Mess. Thomas and Sons. Maurice made large purchases at these sales, and of course has a larger and richer stock than ever. He has added, we learn, to his collection of blank-books. The specimens of this work placed by him at the New York Crystal Palace are exceedingly beautiful.

—We call attention to the announcements of the Drs. Hunter, which may be found in our advertising columns. The cures of consumption effected by these gentlemen are said to be marvellous.

—Congress Hall, in our city, under the direction of the present proprietors, is rapidly attaining the highest position. Southerners especially like this house; particularly those who come from old Virginia. The senior proprietor, Mr. Norris, long resided in that state, and attained among its noble-hearted people an enviable popularity.

—The *Inquirer* of July 30th, contains the following:

"Some time since Mr. Udolpho Wolfe, of New York, desirous of having his famous Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps passed upon by a proper tribunal, or in other words, determined that the virtues of the article should be thoroughly substantiated by the most unquestionable testimonials from the right quarter, despatched to every regular member of the faculty throughout the Union, as well as to every professional chemist, whose name could be obtained circulars soliciting their acceptance of a bottle of the Schnapps, for the purpose of testing its real medicinal qualities, and reporting thereupon. Of ten thousand or thereabouts, to whom these circulars were sent, four thousand accepted the offer: and two thousand of these have forwarded to Mr. Wolfe letters declaring that the Schnapps are all that is claimed for them, and recommending their general use not only as a remedial agent, but also as a charming and harmless beverage.

This is certainly a strong point gained by Mr. Wolfe. In addition to it, however, the Press of the country have largely recommended the Schnapps in their editorial columns. Among them we find the accomplished editor of the *New York Medical Gazette*, Dr. Reese. The Doctor is not satisfied with an unqualified endorsement of the excellence of the Schnapps, by the way, but publicly invites a discussion, in his columns, on the subject of their use and the use of alcoholic mixtures, medicinally. Physicians, therefore, who have not replied to Mr. Wolfe's request, have an opportunity of doing so in a widely circulated medical print. Let them act as their own judgment and conscience dictated. Mr. Wolfe does not ask them to approve of the Schnapps if they do not approve of them: but he thinks he has a right to claim that they shall also give their reasons for the same.

—OAKFORD, it should be remembered, comes out with his new autumn fashions on the first of September. It will be the cynosure of all eyes, as a matter of course. The various styles of hats brought out in our city are always beautiful; and among them Oakford's always shine. His new store in Fisher's Building, 158 Chestnut Street, is one of the handsomest things on the continent; so much of a feature, we hear, in our city, that it is often the subject of conversation in Paris and London.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1853.

THOUGHTS ON AN ALBUM.

In my youthful days, every school-girl owned an album, for which the contributions of friends were urgently solicited, and valued either as original productions, or merely as a remembrance of the writer. How distinctly do I recollect the few days preceeding vacation, when tokens of friendship were exchanged, with assurances of undying affection, and locks of hair were severed from shining tresses, as mementos of the happy hours we had spent together, as travellers along the paths of learning! From one desk to another, were passed albums, and common-place books, to receive the autographs of those who were about to separate, having "finished their education." School-girl friendships are proverbially of short duration, and we cannot wonder that distance, time, and the various trials, and changes of existence, should often obliterate the traces of an affection, not very deeply rooted. There are many, however, who have been intimate companions in the school-room, who continue their social intercourse for years, and such friendships possess a charm, which cannot be thrown around those formed later in life.

The leaves of a well filled album afford material for reflections of a varied nature, occasioned by the grave, or gay, the serious, or the sentimental nature of their contents. A tolerably correct estimate of the taste and character of the writers, might be drawn from such a volume. This article was suggested, by a glance at one page of my well-worn album, on which are inscribed simply the names of a party of friends, assembled one evening, a few years ago. A drawing was made, to represent a number of cards, thrown upon the paper, and on these, each individual wrote his or her name. Looking at these signatures, I could not avoid mentally tracing the history of the writers, and reflecting on the changes, wrought by the flight of a few years. One of the number, Clara L—, was the most beautiful of the group; and no sybil, gazing on her "form of life and light," as she moved gracefully through the dance, or listening to the unusual sweetness of her voice, as she sang a favorite melody, would have predicted other than a brilliant destiny

for so fair a being. Many were the eyes resting on her with admiration, that night, and one was present, who loved her with all the ardour of his noble soul. I remember that he pertinaciously insisted on inscribing his name directly under hers, in my album, where it now stands, as if he anticipated linking them together for life. His hopes were never realized however, for Clara's heart was given to one far less deserving of such a treasure. Her friends remonstrated in vain, and the sacrifice was made, as it has often been, of a loving and faithful heart, to the keeping of a selfish and unprincipled tyrant.

Soon after her marriage, Clara removed, with her husband, to a great distance from all her early friends, and relinquished many of the comforts of life, and the pleasures of refined social intercourse. I never heard any authentic intelligence of her welfare, until the dreadful tidings came, that he, who had sworn to protect and cherish this gentle creature, had proved faithless, and finally deserted her. For several years, her life had been a prolonged agony, and when she was legally made free from her husband, she sought peace and seclusion within the walls of a convent. It is painful to imagine the discipline, which could have so crushed her joyous nature, as to destroy every social affection, and induce her to renounce the world forever. It is sad for me to picture to myself that lovely form, clothed in the sable garments of a nun, and those tresses, once so beautiful, all concealed under the close head dress, and to fancy I hear her touching notes joining in the chants to the Virgin. He, who had bestowed upon Clara his best affections, and was coldly repulsed, wandered to a southern clime, and was there actively engaged for sometime in scientific pursuits of great value. While absent from his residence, on one of his exploring rambles, an accident suddenly terminated his existence, in a most painful manner. He died, far from home; yet, there were those around him, who sympathized deeply with his sufferings, and faithfully transmitted to his relatives his messages of love and consolation. A few weeks ago, while walking through one of our rural cemeteries, my eye rested on a monument, almost concealed by luxuriant vines, and beautiful climbing roses, and on approaching nearer, to read the inscription, I was startled to find the name of Edward H—.

Such is the sad history of two of the members of that little circle, to which I have alluded. Another, after a short season of happiness, with the husband of her choice, was brought home, to her father's house, to die. It was late in the autumn, that she passed away from earth, and I felt that all who knew her, would lament "that one so lovely, should have a life so brief."

"Yet not unmeet it seemed, that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle, and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers."

Others, whose names are inscribed on my album's page, are still living, and as yet no cloud has darkened the sunshine of their days. The signature of Julia S., recalls to my memory the pensive features of one, who has recently been most favourably received by the public, as a young poetess of unusual merit. Her companions always regarded her as an eccentric being, and some hesitated not, to express their dislike of what they considered affected peculiarities. I do not believe that any one of them suspected, that she possessed talents of any description. Her poetical genius was soon developed however, and, receiving liberal encouragement from those to whom her first efforts were confided, she has already become one of the female writers of this country, who promise to win for themselves a high position. At an evening party, last winter, I met Julia S——, and could with difficulty realize the fact of her identity, with the pale, melancholy looking creature, I had formerly known. Her whole expression, had entirely changed; the light of conscious genius sparkled in her dark eyes, and the evidences of a cultivated intellect, were visible in every word and gesture. May the auspicious commencement of her literary career, prove the precursor of still greater triumphs in the world of letters, and may she find, what is far more essential to woman's happiness,—undisturbed enjoyment in domestic life.

I might, in this manner, continue the history, of each of those whose names suggested this sketch, but enough has been written to show the vicissitudes experienced during the lapse of a few years. Who shall venture to predict the future career of those now happy in the enjoyment of all that the heart holds most dear.

THE YAOCOMOCO MAIDEN.

We announced last week a new book, just published by Herman Hooker, of this city, written by the Rev. Harvey Stanley, of Maryland, and entitled "Pilate and Herod, a tale illustrative of the early history of the Church of England, in the Province of Maryland." It is a work which contains a vast amount of information connected with its subject; while the highly polished, and truly pious author, presents romantic features, which, as will be found by those who read, are exceedingly exciting in their character.

As a specimen of these last, and of the happy style in which they are presented, we extract the story "Adaratha the Yaocomoco Maiden."

"Adaratha was the grand-daughter of the Weromance, or chief of the Yaocomoco Indians, from whom Leonard Calvert purchased first the sight of the city of St. Mary's, and afterwards the territory of thirty miles, which he named Augusta, Caroline County. On St. John's creek, which ran north by east of the town, was the wigwam of her parents, and it is probable that "the simple annals" of the poor aborigines, if they had been preserved, would tell a tale worth the treasuring. The deep woods of a native forest threw their shadows around the lowly cabin. Indian children played on the green bank that overhung the creek. A simple hearted and industrious Indian woman worked a little patch of maize near the cabin. The father was often seen in his canoe upon the river: while the deer skins, which clothed the family, told that his archery had taken fatal effects on the game which then abounded. Their creed embraced little more than a belief in the Great Spirit, who spoke to them in the rolling thunder and the howling storm; and in a supposed demon, Okee, whom they thought it safe to propitiate by prayers and sacrifices on certain days in the year: acknowledging even in their heathendom what some called Christians appear not to own, that religion must have sacrifices and recurring festivals. The even tenor of their life however was occasionally broken in upon by incursions of the dreadful Susquehannoks; which never failed to spread alarm through the tribe; for then the forests were lighted up with the fires of burning cabins, then many a family mourned its stay and staff just struck down by the spoiler, as a towering oak is levelled by the blast; and such members of the Yaocomoco tribe, as were scattered over the country, on a last occasion of this kind, like sheep dismayed by the onslaught of the wolf, fled with their effects to their main settlement of Yaocomoco; afterwards, the plain of St. Mary's City. But the tribe had not been concentrated here long before a aged Indian squaw, under the inspiration, it was believed, of a Divine Spirit, went from cabin to cabin, crying out; "The eagle of Yaocomoco will become the prey of the buzzards of the Susquehannoks, if he remains here in his nest. He must build again where the lofty pines wave near the mouth of the Potomac." The Powah, or conjurer-woman, then stated that the other morning, she stood looking up Yaocomoco big water.—all was calm. The river lay smooth as ice. She heard a noise, and saw a smoke go up, as if the Great Spirit was kindling his council-fire in the deep water. She then looked again, and though a moment before it was clear, a big black cloud stood so near the river's surface that an Indian arrow might have been shot above it. Soon the cloud passed away. The Powah next said, she called at the wig-

wam of the Sagamore of the tribe. The chief's head was thrown down, his eyes looked red from weeping, and he would say nothing to her. She turned to go out. On reaching the cabin-door, and looking upon the plain where the wigwams of the tribe lay like as many tents, to her great amazement she saw no smoke curling up from them. She rubbed her eyes, doubting their report; and lo! the wigwams were now not to be seen: but on the plain of Yaocomoco, rose up a big mound. Surely the Yaocomocos had passed from their hunting ground. And their bones lay with those of their forefathers! The Powah's tale was believed. It betokened evil to the tribe. They must move away lest so sad a catastrophe should befall them. Like all fatalists, though believing that coming events cast their shadows before, yet were enough to try to run away from them. Now while this movement was going on, two big canoes, Leonard Calvert's ships, "The Ark and Dove," resembling by their white sails birds of the water, first came up St. Mary's river. The Indians hurried to the river's brink, wonder struck, and, as the vessels moored below the brow of St. Mary's hill, between Churchpoint and Key Swamp, the natives formed into a long, black and dense line of anxious and inquiring spectators. The sails of the two pinnaces were unfurled, and the booming of a cannon from the deck of the Ark, sent consternation to the natives. Two boats were manned, and made for the shore. Strangers from a strange land had come to visit them. A treaty was entered into. The Yaocomocos parted with their lands, hunting grounds, and waters; and with the bones of their ancestors, (a respect for the dead worth the white man's imitation. They left the village of Yaocomoco never to return. But Adaratha's father did not accompany the great caravaserai in their removal to another home. He settled in Poplar Hill Hundred, in order perhaps to be near to his old hunting grounds.

Here Adaratha was born, and here she grew up a sweet, wild flower in her native woods. The arrow was not straighter than her figure, the raven's feathers were not darker than her hair, the eagle's eye was not keener than her glance, nor was the goddess who breathes in stone, more symmetrical in form than she was, when in first conscious womanhood she stood beneath the spreading poplars before her father's cabin. Like other ladies, who love to recount the slaughter they have made, she afterwards occasionally spoke of the propositions which different red warrior's had made for her hand; and which she, without waiting her father's response, always dashed with the remark: "The eagle of Yaocomoco is too young to leave her mother's nest, and make one of her own." About this time,

however, a visitor, or new comer, appeared at Adaratha's cabin. Croshaw, a young chief of the Piscataways, who lived near what has since become the site of the city of Washington, had been out with some braves of his tribe for some days on a hunt: and during the time they had both hunted and slaughtered till the hunters, wearied, determined to return. Croshaw, however, who had never rambled so far before to the South, proposed to his companions to follow the course of the Potomac on to its mouth. They objected to the impracticability of the attempt, alleging that deep rivers, such as the Mutawoman, the Nanjamo, the Wicomico, and the Yaocomoco, would intercept his progress. But Croshaw thought differently, and burning with something of the fever which drove Columbus to discover a new world, and Mungo Park to penetrate the interior of Africa, determined to try the journey alone. To his gratification he found that an Indian path led off from the course of the Potomac, and pursued a South-east direction: and, as he knew, from the accounts which had reach him of the country, that the Patomac on the one side, the Patuxent on the opposite, and the Chesapeake on the third, so enclosed the country as to make it a peninsula, he judged that this Indian path must be on the back bone of the peninsula, where it was not likely his progress would be obstructed by rivers of any depth. His conjectures was correct. On the third day he had passed down low as what now is known as Leonardstown, the county seat; and was in the neighborhood of Beaver Dam: when a large beaver, coming up from a branch with a fish in its mouth, crossed the Indian path; and was ascending the hill as Croshaw saw him. He pursued, the beaver dropt the fish, and Croshaw concluded from the size of the latter that the river must be near. He turned a little aside to the left: and, threading his way without much difficulty or further adventures, (the forests being open enough to drive a carriage in it, and the sun informing him of the points of the heavens,) he kept a south-east course. That night he reached a noble spring, which gushed out from under a very large tulip poplar. About ten feet from the ground Croshaw observed that two large limbs interlocked, and than ran parallel to each other, and thus formed a rustic couch. He might sleep in comparative security and comfort. He made his body fast with his wampum belt to one of the limbs, and as his walk had been long and fatiguing, and his couch was more agreeable than it had been for some days, he overslept himself the next morning.

The sun was about rising, and having unfastened his belt he was in the act of descending, when his quick ear caught the sound of advancing footsteps. Though fond of danger,

he was too much of an Indian to be off his guard. Shielding his person so as not to be seen, and taking care to see himself, he saw Adaratha coming towards the spring from her mother's wigwam, which was on the hill in sight. She had a bucket made out of a gum, and, not conscious of being observed, was about filling it with water, as Croshaw leapt down from his concealment; and so near to the maiden as almost to touch her. Her first impulse was to drop her bucket, and run. But by gestures, and in a tone and manner the most respectful, he begged her not to go. He then, in the Piscataway dialect, told her who he was, and how he came there; and, taking off his richly beaded wampum belt, as a token of his good faith, and as an evidence of his rank and wealth, asked her to take it to her parents. Adaratha yielded. They walked in company to her mother's cabin, and Croshaw, as they went along, said to himself: "My journey has ended. Here's an attraction above the sight of the big water, the Chesapeake. For beautiful to him was the the maiden in her Indian costume and simple garb: while he, doubtless in a garb as simple, his face painted and mimic beard drawn in lines from his mouth to his ears,—his black hair tied round with a fillet,—and his dear skin pallium suspended behind, and covering the body in front as an apron, may have made him seem as attractive to her. For fashion is every thing and our taste readily yields in in accommodation to it. A few words briefly and fitly spoken, after he had delivered the wampum-belt to Adaratha's father sufficiently introduced him. The Piscataways and the Yaocomocos were allies, and there were no national prejudices in the way. Croshaw was allowed to build his cabin on the same hill. None of the formalities, with which society among us and in Europe has so properly guarded the intercourse between the sexes, were known to these simple children of the forest. Their love found a voice and interpreter in the wild rose bud, in the sweet south wind that rocked it on its stem, and wafted to them its fragrance, in the light that played on the dew-drop, leaf and water, in the joyous melody of spring, in the cheering laugh of the maize as it grew in the midsummer's sun, in the rainbow that arched the brow of the east after a storm, in the stars, and moon that shed their silvery light upon them, and in the soothing night wind that coming over the forest seemed burdened with love's touching plaint. If music from her magic cell had passed her fingers over the spells of her wondrous instrument, she could not have discoursed more eloquently. With the bud of the eglantine he told his love, and she by accepting it smiled upon him. The parents smoked the calumet, and their tendering it to him made known their adoption of

him as their son. A lively dance around a pole before a cabin, a short time thereafter of Indian maidens and braves from the Patuxent were the merry-makings of the bridal. Croshaw and Adaratha then moved to the headland, whither Parson Gordon had just landed.

Croshaw distinguished himself afterwards in an engagement with the Susquehannocks, and as a hunter, was not matched by any of his new friends the Patuxent Indians.

His marriage however, to Adaratha, greatly offended the Patuxent chief, who had wished to wed the maiden himself. But it was not politic to break with Croshaw, and the Patuxent chief, till a fitting time, thought it best to keep up the outward seeming of friendship. The former rivals often hunted together, and the hatchet of personal ill-will seemed to have been buried. Years glided by, and with the stream floated on also the dark passions of that past which made this stream angry and dark. Young braves, in whose veins flowed the blood of Croshaw and Adaratha, stood around Croshaw's cabin door; and a lovely daughter, who inherited the image and received the name of her mother with her arms folded on her breast, in interesting, blushing girlhood, looked in the placid waters that washed the headland, and saw in it their blue depths an occasional sparkle a wide and beautiful world. To her it seemed doubtless to be a world, where trees of colossal magnitude and dazzling foliage made forest of interminable length: were rivers and creeks rolled on majestically, or crept in luxurious ease, and in wavy lines through the country, and where cool retreats arched over by vines, and adorned by flowers of endless variety, beautiful and fragrant all abounded. But time, which softens and wears away every stone, only hardens the heart of a savage, and makes that to be stone which before was clay, that might be tempered, in savage breasts.

The sun had gone down. It was an eve in April. Parson Benjamin Nobbes, Mr. Gordon's predecessor, with his family were seated at the supper table. Nice warm rolls, a luxury more often seen south than north, and very rarely at the scant and beggarly fashionable tea tables in our cities, and some charming stewed oysters were smoking on the table.

"Ah!" said the rector, looking evident pleasure at the supper, "this is well thought of, Betsey. My long ride has given me an appetite, and I feel that I could do justice to warm rolls, and a fine dish of oysters. But," he added, "either it is warm or I am heated. With your permission I will open the door;" to the west, which looked towards Croshaw's headland, and beyond it to the Potomac river. "James," addressing a coloured servant who stood in waiting, "where did you get these oysters? Two of them will measure more than one of my hands."

"Up the cove sir, jam by the poplar spring, sir," replied the domestic.

"Stop my man," waving his hand significantly to the servant, and holding a mammoth oyster impaled on his fork, which he was in the act of carrying in his mouth,—“what sound is that? Can it be that any revellers from St. Mary's have come all the way round Herring Creek to give us a serenading? or is it meant for you, my daughter?” addressing a young lady who sat near him to the right.

The young lady declared her ignorance, the wife look evenly uncomfortable, regarding the tones as ominous of evil and the servant Jim, with his face like the title of tragic volume, said: “Dem aint no serenaders, massa. Dem 'aint no music performed by human nature neither.”

“Whatever they are,” said Parson Nobbes, “they shall not spoil my supper. So, Betsey, I'll take a second cup.”

A minute or so passed. There came a wailing sound on the west wind, which seemed as plaintive as the dying note of a heart-broken vocalist—expressing in it all sadness, and yet so piercing withal to ears that had sensibilities that it seemed to shoot through the nerves of Mrs. Nobbes, forcing the blood from the good ladies face, and so acted upon her that instinctively, with shudder, she applied her hands to her ears, lest she might hear it again.

“This is strange!” said Parson Nobbes. “You are right Jim, that sound is not made by any serenaders: but I am not so certain human nature has no agency in it. I fear, Betsey, that human nature has too much to do in it, and if I hear it again I will endeavor to know its meaning;” eating faster than before, and rather now to satisfy the cravings of appetite than the luxurious comfort of one who eats at his ease and leisure.

“Come, my man, there is something wrong. Get your canoe ready,” for now the wailing note had a wildness and sharpness about it that told of poignant distress.

“Master,” said Jim, “dem be ghosts, or wild varmints.”

“Well,” replied the rector, having risen from the table, and with cap on and staff in hand, prepared to go out, “what then?”

“Us do no good: but dey ruinat us.”

“Ah! Jim. I see you are a coward. But suppose they are ghosts: all the better: no harm can come to us; and if wild varmints, as you call them, why, we'll take Towser and Antony with us, and they will make battle with any beast that may be near.”

“Father take this gun,” said the daughter, “it is perhaps a bear, who has been robbed of her cubs: for one was seen about here last winter.”

“No bear cries like that my child,” said the mother.

“Taint wolves, missus, I know,” said Jim, taking the gun, and looking carefully to see whether it was loaded, and there was a good flint in it: taking down the powder horn and shot bag:

“Come,” said the rector, moving out, “call your dogs, Jim. Betsey, keep your doors and windows locked and fastened; I'll be back soon.” The wife and daughter looked at him, as if they would discouraged his venturing out, and the mother said to the daughter in a low tone: “Mr. Nobbes will have his own way. He never thinks of danger till too late.” The rector, however, and his man, with dogs Towser and Antony, had gone out, were soon by the creek side, and in a few minutes were moving in the canoe in a west direction, towards Croshaw's headland.

“This is a fine night for bogies, Jim, as the Scotch call ghosts,” said Parson Nobbes: “the moon's rays fall so silently on the trees and water, the deep shadow yonder in the grove looks so solemn, and the wailing sound, my man, makes you tremble as if you had the ague.” The boat during this time had made not as much progress as the urgency of the case seemed to require; for Jim rather jerked than pulled his oars. “Get away,” said his master, becoming impatient, and taking the oars himself. Jim rose, took his master's seat in the stern, and with his teeth chattering, and his eyes open wide and looking fixedly towards Croshaw's cabin, which was a hundred yards off, only, and which now they were approaching rapidly he muttered:

“Dim Inguns hab intercourse with all sorts of diabolix varmints. Massa ower proudsome of him grace.” A noise now between a wail and a howl swept by them, sometimes sharp and piercing, and then sinking low and almost inaudibly. A light shot up through the trees around Croshaw's cabin, and the smoke in eddies round and round was borne first upward, and then to the left, by the peculiar currents of air, which there prevailed. Towser and Antony growled, and Jim with difficulty kept his seat, while his teeth chattered like a fulling mill.

“What is the matter?” said the rector, springing ashore, and trying to stop the loud lament of Adaratha, who stood by the fire with hands uplifted. One of the Indian children pointed to a canoe near, and said it had been drifted home, by the wind; that there was a good deal of blood in it, and that it was believed Croshaw had been murdered. Two days thereafter the following facts were ascertained.

On that day Croshaw was fishing up the cove beyond the headland, when he was wounded by an arrow from an unseen archer who was on the shore. He raised himself in his canoe, vigorously pulled for the land. Another arrow from the same hand took effect

upon him, and as it appeared, the second shot pierced his heart. But as the Cameronian chief wished

"With his back to the fi-ld, and his feet to the foe,
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death bed of fame."

So Croshaw appeared to think this was no fit place nor manner for warriors to die in. By a desperate effort he plunged into the water, and swam towards the shore: thinking also that in the water his body would be less exposed than in the boat. He was able to reach the shore: and on gaining the bank, his old enemy, the Patuxent rival chieftain mentioned, advanced to meet him. If he counted on Croshaw's diminished strength, he reckoned wide of the mark. Perhaps never lay more strength in Croshaw's arm than at that moment; with tomahawk raised ready to strike, he stood on the strand watching the enemy's movements, indignant at the dastardly manner in which he had been assailed. The crafty Patuxent chief, blinded either by passion, or relying too confidently on Croshaw's feebleness, pressed on without his usual caution. The blow he aimed Croshaw parried. He heard an Indian whoop from the creek, and looked off for a moment to where the sound came from, when Croshaw, availing himself of his incaution, with one blow laid the Patuxent chief at his feet, and then stood over him prepared to extinguish the spark of life on the first movement of his prostrated foe: when, all at once, Croshaw's eyes became dim, his battle-axe fell from his grasp, and he and the Patuxent chief lay folded together in the embrace of death. The fatal arrow had done its work, and his life and strength lasted just long enough to avenge him of his adversary.

His boat was drifted by the wind that blew down the cove past the headland: and Adaratha, with forebodings of evil, saw that the canoe was empty, and there was blood on the gunnel. Hence the wailing mentioned, hence the fire to call Croshaw there if alive, and hence all that night, howling and wailing, she watched by the fire on the creek-side. An Indian, who was fishing that day in the neighbourhood, brought the report we have given. The bodies were found. The remains of the Patuxent chief were left to be gathered by his tribe, then few and scattered, or to be the prey of buzzards, while those of Croshaw were duly honored with a Christian burial, the chief and squaw both having been members of Parson Nobbes' congregation. But after Croshaw's burial, the rector to his surprise found Adaratha less willing than ever to listen to him, and he feared much that the death of her husband might shake her faith in the Great Spirit, for permitting an act which she deemed so hard. On one point he failed to overcome her prejudices. The prin-

ciple of forgiveness was a sentiment which Parson Nobbes feared he had not succeeded in instilling into Adaratha's mind. For, like most savages, she considered it alike weak to forget and forgive an injury. Though the Patuxent chief was dead, vengeance could not wreak itself on him, yet the poor creature could not in her heart say she had forgiven him the cruel deed, which bereft of life her heart's best love, and made her a widow, and her children orphans. "No, no!" she often said, shaking her head significantly, and her dark eyes would lighten up as she would say it, "me no say good to kill! Croshaw. Great Spirit no want me love dem that kill Croshaw."

OLD TIMES.

The following extracts from the advertising columns of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, of 1756, have been furnished us by an antiquarian reader.

"FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE CURIOUS.

Mr. Kinnersley purposes to exhibit, in the Easter Holidays in the Apparatus Room in the College. A course of Experiments on that new Branch of Natural Philosophy, called Electricity: to be accompanied with two methodical Lectures on the Nature and Properties of that wonderful Element. In each Lecture a number of very curious and entertaining experiments will be exhibited, by which, among the particulars, it will be demonstrated that the Electric Fire, extracted from the earth by the attrition of Glass or other Electric Substances, (which is also visible when a horse is curried, or a cat's back stroked in the dark, in frosty weather, and which ladies have sometimes been frightened with, upon seeing it sparkle on some of their clothes,) is the same with lightning; and in proportion to the quantity collected, will produce the very same effects. It will also be shown, how an Apparatus may be constructed, by which it would be in the power of man to collect from the earth, and discharge in one united stroke, more lightning than is ever discharged from the clouds at any one time. A method will also be proposed and explained by which houses, ships, &c., may be easily secured from being hurt by lightning. And as some are apt to doubt the lawfulness of endeavoring to guard against lightning, it will be shown, that the doing it, in the manner proposed, can neither be chargeable with presumption, nor be inconsistent with any of the Principles of Natural or Revealed Religion. As the knowledge of Nature tends to enlarge the human mind, and give us more noble, more grand and exalted ideas of the Author of Nature, and if well pursued, seldom fails of producing something useful to man; 'tis

hoped these Lectures may be thought worthy of Regard and Encouragement, by some who have not had the opportunity of attending them. The first Lecture to be on Monday, the 19th instant; the second on Tuesday; to begin precisely at Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon: and to be repeated again, on the Thursday and Friday following.

Those who please to attend on Monday or Thursday half an hour before Eleven, may be entertained with some curious Experiments made with the Air Pump: and Mr. Kinner'sley's house in Market Street. Price half a dollar for each Lecture.

DESERTERS.

Deserters from his Majesty's 44th Regiment, commanded by the Honorable Colonel Gage.

Daniel Hogeland, son of Derrick Hogeland Esq.; (an Assemblyman for the County of Bucks.) 21 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches high. SAMUEL HOBSON.

Philadelphia, April 15th, 1756.

WHEREAS in the last Paper, No. 1424, by an Advertisement concerning deserters from his Majesty's Service, signed Samuel Hobson, Daniel Hogeland, Son of me the Subscriber, Derrick Hogeland, is therein named as one of the said Deserters. Now I the said Derrick Hogeland, do hereby give notice that my said son, was not duly inlisted in his Majesty's Service (as hath this day been fully proved before the Honorable William Allen, Esquire, Chief Justice of this Province,) and that he hath been accordingly, cleared from such imputation, and that the said Advertisement, so far as relates to my said son, is false, and without the least foundation of Truth.

DERRICK HOGELAND,
Of the County of Bucks.

SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

Notice is hereby given, that the sum of seven hundred pieces of eight is raised by subscription, among the inhabitants of the City of Philadelphia, and now offered, with approbation of his Honour the Governor, as a reward for any person who shall bring into this City, the Heads of SHINGAS and Captain JACOBS, chiefs of the Delaware Indian Nation; or three hundred and fifty pieces of eight for each, provided that due proof is made of being the real heads of said Shingas or Captain Jacobs, they having received many favors from this Government, and now treacherously deserted our interest, and become the principal instruments in alienating the affections of the Indians from his Majesty and the People of this Province.

N. B. It is expected that this subscription will soon be considerable increased.

MONT BLANC.

Albert Smith, has just published in London, a pleasant little book, giving an account of his ascent of Mont Blanc. He embodies therein a compilation of facts, and a collection of narratives concerning the great mountain, which are reputed to be exceedingly entertaining, with the reprint of a graphic letter addressed to Mr. Arland of Geneva, by Mr. Windham, who in company with Dr. Pococke, visited Chamouni, in 1743, and successively recorded the ascent of M. de Saussure. He relates Dr. Hamels attempt wherein three of the guides were lost, and the attempts of many others who followed without any success: then comes an account of his own ascent, from which we extract the following passage, describing the climber's fantasies just before venturing the last and most terrible portion of the giddy, icy height. The sensations were certainly very curious:—

"My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and but for the absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this; but now such a strange and irrepresible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guide was on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan. From this point, on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word 'bewitched' is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on a particular place in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a Mayday festival on the Hartz mountains was never belaguered. I am not sufficiently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be; but I believe for the greater part of this bewildering I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and that through them the wandering brain received external impressions, in the same manner as, upon awaking, the phantasms of our dreams are sometimes carried on and connected with objects about the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me, and calling after me, as the stones did after Prince Pervis, in the *Arabian Nights*. Then there was some terrible elaborate affair that I could not settle, about two bedsteads, the

whole blame of which transaction, whatever it was, lay upon my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up, and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit, but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was as foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully: and my senses were under such little control, and reeled and staggered about so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie, and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice, four or five hundred feet high—the terrible *Mur de la Cote*—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any farther, but that they might leave me there if they pleased."

RES CURIOSÆ.

LONGEVITY.

Dr. Hufeland in his "Treatise on the Art of Prolonging Life" after noticing the ages attained by Jenkins, Parr, Drakenberg, Effingham, and eight or ten others of less note, who but little exceeded one hundred years, says that these are the only instances of great age in modern times with which he is acquainted. There are many others however, and far more remarkable than those the Doctor gives. We have ourselves, seen a list embracing a period of years from 973 to about 1800, wherein the names of 104 persons are given, whose ages varied at death from 120 to 175 years!

These 104 persons were, at the time of their decease residents of the following countries:

England, 41,	Portugal, 1,
Wales, 9,	Italy, 10,
Scotland, 16,	Turkey, 1,
Ireland, 24,	West Indies, 1,

The date affixed to each person's name is the year they died in, except in five or six instances, in which the time of their decease not being ascertained, the latest year is given in which they were known to be living. Of other accounts, which for different reasons have not been included in the list, the following may deserve to be mentioned: John Dance, of Virginia, who died at 125: Rice, a cooper in Southwark, Philadelphia, 125: John Jacob, of Mount Jura, who died a few years since, aged 128: Jeremy Gilbert, who died at Luton, Northamptonshire, (Eng.) aged 132: Nicholas Petours, canon and treasurer of the Cathedral of Coutance in Normandy, aged 137: a man named Fairbrother, living in 1770, at Wigan in Lancashire, aged 138: the Countess of Desmond, who died in Ireland at 140: Henry West, of Upton in Gloucestershire, who lived to 152: a peasant in Poland, who died

in 1762, in the 157th year of his age: and a Mulatto man, who died in Fredericktown in 1797, said to have been 180 years old.

TORTURES.

Of all the tortures ever inflicted upon poor mortal, perhaps those of Robert Francis Damien were the most horrible. He attempted to assassinate the King of France, in the year 1757. It seems he had been seized with a religious enthusiasm, under the operation of which he had taught himself to believe that the assassination of his king was demanded of him. Although we may be satisfied that Damien's death was demanded, yet we see no reason, in a civilized christian land, why it should have been brought about in such an inhuman manner. The tortures inflicted by Savages are not worse than were those which the French dealt upon Damien's.

Observe; according to old and accredited authority, "the prisoner was, Jan. 17, 1757, removed, under a strong guard, from Versailles to the *Conciergerie*, where he arrived at two o'clock in the morning of the 18th.

The interesting charge of keeping this prisoner safe for judgment, made every possible human precaution to be taken against his escape, by strengthening the prison, by posting sentinels, guards, &c., who patrolled constantly the night-rounds. On the inside of the *Conciergerie*, there were sentinels placed from the entry to the court in which stands the tower of Montgomery. At the bottom of this tower was placed a small corps-de-guard of twelve soldiers, who served to relieve the sentinels within. All along the stairs of the said tower, there were also posted sentinels at proper distances. In the first story was the room in which Damiens was confined. This room is round, and may be about twelve feet broad, every way; receiving no light but through two casements, or false windows, from eight to nine inches in breadth, by three feet in height. These openings are secured with double bars, and defended from the weather only by moveable frames with oil-paper. There was in this room neither chimney nor fire, but it was sufficiently warmed by a stove placed in the guard-room beneath it, and by the candles continually burning in the room. At first, they used tallow-candles, but afterwards, by the advice of the physicians, for the preserving the wholesomeness of the air, they burnt none but wax.

The bed of the prisoner was disposed as follows: the head of the bed fronted the door exactly, at the distance of three feet from the wall. The bed was placed on a bed-stead raised about six inches from the ground, and mattresses round, so as to project six inches beyond the bed-stead. The bed's head was in the whole breadth raised three feet above the bolster, and was likewise mattressed: be-

ing so contrived, with springs, to raise or lower, according as the convenience of the prisoner should require it. In this bed he was fastened by an assemblage of strong leather straps, two inches and an half broad. These straps kept his shoulders confined, and were, on each side of the bed, made fast to two rings stapled to the floor. Two other straps formed a ligature for each of his arms, and were connected by another placed on the breast bone; and these two branches formed a sort of handcuff, that left the hand and arm no liberty, but as directed to the mouth. These straps were likewise tied at their ends, to two rings secured as the first. Two straps of the same form also confined his thighs, and were tied in like manner; so that from each side of the bed came three branches of straps. Besides these, that which was placed on the breast, descending to the feet, formed a sort of surcingle, and was tied at the foot of the bed to a ring in the middle of the floor: the strap too, which his held shoulders was fastened in like manner over the bed's head, to a ring stapled in the floor like the rest. Under the arms and hands of the prisoner was spread a large carpet of hide, that he might not contract any inflammatory heat, or excoriation.

Monday, March 28. At seven o'clock in the morning, the criminal was carried up to the torture-room. From that moment he ceased to be under custody of the French guards, and, according to custom, it was the Lieutenant of the Short-robe of the Chatelet who had charge of him.

The Recorder read the sentence to the criminal, who heard it through with attention and intrepidity, and, on raising himself, said, 'that the day would be a sharp one.'

A little before eight o'clock, six of the Commissaries being assembled in the torture-room, the criminal was placed on the stool, and underwent his last interrogatory, which lasted near an hour and an half: Damiens all the time preserving his usual firmness. That over, the executioners of justice began to put the legs of the criminal into the boot, and the ropes were tightened with more rigor than had ever been practised; and perhaps this is the most exquisitely painful moment of the whole process of that torture. Damiens began to send forth the most piercing cries, and seemed even to faint away; but the physicians and surgeons, who are always present at the torture, on examination, knew that the swooning was not real. Damiens asked to drink; they gave him water, but he insisted on having some wine in it, saying, 'now or never strength is necessary.' It was not till half an hour afterwards that the first wedge was applied. They had let this interval elapse, in order to have the numbness got over, which commonly follows the violent compression of the ligature, and that the sensibility might

be at its height; and, indeed, at the application of the first wedge, Damiens made dreadful outcries, but without passion, or any indecent word. During the same, the First President renewed his interrogatories, and principally with respect to accomplices; and having asked who induced him to commit the crime, he cried out, 'It is Gautier.' (This was the first moment of his ever mentioning him.) Being asked who Gautier was, he told; as also where he lived; and charged him with having used very criminal expressions, in presence of Mons. le Maitre de Ferrieres, whose affairs this man managed, and lodged at his house. Upon this declaration, the Commissaries gave orders to the Lieutenant of the Short-robe to bring away directly before them, in that room, the said De Ferrieres and Gautier. Whilst they were gone for, the torture continued with intervals of a quarter of an hour between the driving of each wedge, at every one of which Damiens renewed his shrieks and outcries. The most home and pressing interrogations imaginable were all the while put to him; and after having remained *two hours and a half* under the torture, the physician and surgeon advised not to keep him longer in it, as it could not be done without danger of his life. Consequently he was untied, and placed upon the mattress, where having heard the verbal process, and his answers, he persisted therein.

The Commissaries seeing there was nothing more to be expected from the criminal's declarations, ordered him to be led back to the Greve. He waited there some considerable time, because the executioner had not been careful enough to have everything ready: for which he was afterwards punished by commitment for several days, to the dungeon.

When Damiens was stripped, it was observed, that he surveyed and considered all his body and limbs with attention, and that he looked round with firmness on the vast concourse of spectators.

Towards five o'clock he was placed on the scaffold which had been erected in the middle of the inclosed area, and was raised about three feet and an half from the ground; the length from eight to nine feet, and of about the same breadth. The criminal was instantly tied, and afterwards fastened by iron gyves which confined him under the arms, and above the thighs. The first torment he underwent, was that of having his hand burnt in the flame of brimstone: the pain of which made him send forth such a terrible cry as might be heard a great way off. A moment afterwards he raised his head, and looked for some time earnestly at his hand, without renewing his cries, and without expressing any passion, or breaking out into any imprecation. To this first torment succeeded that of pinching him with red hot pincers, in the arms, thighs and

breasts. At each pinch he was heard to shriek in the same manner, as when his hand was burnt. He looked and gazed at each wound, and his cries ceased as soon as the pinching was over. They afterwards poured boiling oil, and melted lead and rosin, into every wound, except those of the breast, which produced, in all those circumstances, the same effect as the two first tortures. The tenor of his articulated exclamations, at times, was as follows: "Strengthen me, Lord God: strengthen me!—Lord God, have pity on me!—O Lord, my God, what do I not suffer!—Lord God, give me patience!"

At length they proceeded to the ligatures of his arms, legs and thighs, in order to dismember him. This preparation was very long and painful, the cords, straitly tied, bearing grievously upon the fresh wounds. This drew new cries from the sufferer, but did not hinder him from viewing and considering himself with a strange and singular curiosity.

The horses having been put to the draught, the pulls were repeated for a long time, with frightful cries on the part of the sufferer: the extension of whose members was incredible, and yet nothing gave signs of the dismemberment taking place.

In spite of the straining efforts of the horses, which were young and vigorous, and perhaps, too much so, being the more restive and unmanageable for drawing in concert, this last torment had now lasted for more than an hour, without any prospect of its ending. The physician and surgeon certified to the commissaries, that it was almost impossible to accomplish the dismemberment, if the action of the horses was not aided by cutting the principal sinews, which might, indeed, suffer a length of extension, but not be separated without an amputation. Upon this attestation the Commissaries sent an order to the executioner, to make such an amputation, with regard especially to the night coming on, as it seemed to them fitting that the execution should be over before the close of the day.

In consequence of this order, the sinews of the sufferer were cut at the joints of the arms and thighs. The horses then drew afresh, and after several pulls, a thigh and arm were seen to sunder from the body. Damiens still looked at this painful separation, and seemed to preserve some sense and knowledge after both thighs, and one arm, were thus severed from his body: nor was it till the other arm went away that he expired.

As soon as it was certain, that there was no life left, the body and scattered limbs were thrown into a fire prepared for that purpose near the scaffold, where they were all reduced to ashes.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

Lord Bacon says he was told by a cer-

tain gentleman, who being desirous, by way of a joke, and out of curiosity, to know the sufferings from being hanged upon a gibbet, that he stood upon a stool and hung himself, and then let himself down again. Thinking, therefore, he could recover the stool at his pleasure, he shoving off, tried once more, but could not without the assistance of a friend who had accompanied him. Being asked what he suffered, he answered, he felt no pain, but that the first alteration he found in himself was a kind of fire and burning about his eyes, then an extreme gloom or darkness, and after that, a sort of azure color, such as persons perceive who are at the point of death.

His lordship was also told, by a physician of his time, that he had recovered a man, by means of friction and a warm bath, who had hanged himself, and remained so for half an hour; and that he made no doubt that he could recover any person in the like circumstances, provided his neck was not dislocated by the force of his turning himself off.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

— The Editor of the *Home Journal* asks:

"Who is to give us a biography of Count D'Orsay?" and adds: "We are surprised to hear no rumour of any such work in hand, not even by Sue or Janin, or any of the fecund French writers who are on the alert for a subject, and who knew the Count personally and well. Why, scarce any book could be more entertaining—or, if properly written, more instructive. D'Orsay was a man, and a brave one. And by "brave" we do not mean his duel with the butcher at Boulogne, nor his thousand instances of gallant courage as a rider, boxer and swordsman. We mean that he was brave in his last two encounters—with age and age and poverty. He wore his gray hairs like one who would "never say *dye*," and modified his dress to suit his years: and he took to industry for a livelihood, and, for the last few years, supported himself by the labour of his hands as an artist. There were those intimate with him during this period who could beautifully tell its contrasts with the brilliant life foregone. And there are those who knew him in his unsurpassed stages of magnificence, who could also sketch him graphically and well."

We half smile, half sadden, to recall the picture of D'Orsay the last time we saw him—a picture, by the way, that might be painted, in a lesser degree, with the same inspiration which drew Napoleon crossing the Alps upon a donkey. Creditor-bound within the walls of Lady Blessington's house, he was taking his exercise in the garden—mounted upon a little pony, and, with his feet almost touching

the ground, galloping at top-speed around an area of gravel-work, of about the circumference of a hotel drawing-room. He had grown stout with his confinement in-doors—but there he was, still gloriously handsome, his thin nostrils inflated with his absent-minded exertion, the bright color of his cheeks, the broad chest and faultless limbs showing superbly even with the shambling pace of the little quadruped beneath him. But for this physical perfectness and what it brought upon him in the way of manly sports, companionship and admiration—had he been plain or deformed, that is to say—D'Orsay would have developed a genius, we believe, that would have mated Byron's, whose companion he was."

— "Notes on Uncle Tom's Cabin," by the Rev. Mr. Stearns, just published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., will unquestionably be read with interest. It is one of the most logical efforts which we have seen for many a day.

— The Forty First Trade Sale of Messrs. Thomas and Sons, closes on the 3d instant. The arrangements of the Auctioneers, have been most admirable. The new sale rooms, are spacious and elegant, and the entire building erected by Messrs. Thomas & Sons, expressly for their own business, will when completed form a decided feature in the section of the city, which already abounds in beautiful and substantial edifices. The eating arrangements made by Messrs. Thomas and Sons, for the accommodation of booksellers attending their sales, have been of an exceedingly convenient as well as liberal character. Lunches have been furnished daily at 1 and 6 P. M., within the very ring of the hammer, which have consisted of every delicacy the market affords. Little time has thus been consumed in going to meals; indeed, the period allowed for refreshing the body has been all devoted thereto.

— The *National Intelligencer* says: "the astronomer Arago will, ere long, it is to be feared, be numbered among the illustrious dead. His health is very infirm. A few weeks since he repaired to the south of France, in hope that his native air would impart some vigor to his old and nearly exhausted frame. It was more than once reported, since his absence, that he was actually dead. I am glad, however, to state that, partially recovered, he is, by very slow stages, accompanied by his two sons and a niece, making his way to Paris."

— We agree with a New York cotemporary, that it will not detract from the popularity of ANNA ZERR, the prima donna of M. JULIEN's troupe, that she was stricken from the Vienna Royal Opera roll—where she was a great favorite—for persisting in singing at a benefit for the Hungarian refugees, in London.

— The abolition of the advertisement duty will do much towards revolutionizing the English newspaper press. Daily papers, at two pence per copy, it is thought, will be among the possibilities created by the change.

— The Academy of Sciences at Dijon has solicited the Municipality to mark with commemorative inscriptions such houses in the town as deserve to be made historical because they were once inhabited by citizens who have done honor to the country by their genius, their works, or their virtues:—and has given in the names of Boubier, Brulard, Buffon, Credillon, Jeannin La Monnoye, Piron, Rameau, and the Marshal de Tavannes, as examples to begin with. The Municipal Council at once adopted the proposition,—and added the name of Guiton-Monveau, the illustrious chemist. The Council has also, at the suggestion of the Academy, voted a sum of money for a marble tablet to be let into the walls of the old ducal Palace, recording the fact that in its chambers were born two of the kings of France,—Philippe-le-Bon in 1371, and Charles-le-Téméraire in 1433.

— At the corner of East Thirteenth st. and Third-av., New York city, flourishes an old Pear Tree, venerable with age and Revolutionary reminiscences. This Tree was planted by Governor Petrus Stuyvesant, and is supposed to have been brought by him from Holland, on his return from accounting to his superiors for his surrender of New York to the British in the year 1664. *The Tribune* says it is still flourishing and producing fruit, the topmost branches being covered with foliage, but the trunk, at the base appearing to be decaying. A broken dead branch hangs over the street, to the peril of the passers-by. An iron box surrounds the trunk, to protect its venerable bark from the penknives of morbidly ambitious school-boys and loafers.

— It is announced that Mr. W. E. Burton is preparing an illustrated edition of Shakspeare's works, which will cost at least One Hundred Thousand Dollars! The illustrations, it is said, are to be superior to any of the kind ever witnessed on this side of the Atlantic.

— Louis Napoleon has grown stout within a short time, some say, because of the dropsy, while others allege, that he has as a measure of safety, put on an extra coat of mail. Apropos: A book called the "Rivers of France," was put up at our Trade Sale the other day, when a by-stander exclaimed, "I hope the one in which Louis Napoleon is destined to drown, is among them."

— Another English singer, totally unknown in her own country, Miss Bywater, is said by the foreign papers to have succeeded at the Opera of Berlin, in the revived 'Cinderella' of Isouard.

—The Ninth Part of Collier's Shakespeare, published by J. S. Redfield of New York, has appeared.

—Godey's *Lady's Book* and *Graham's Magazine* for September, have been for a long time on our table. Both are sustained with great spirit, and both ought not only to retain, but to increase, the very large patronage which they enjoy.

—The *London Critic* announces another new Poet, whose writings will be introduced to the readers of *The Critic*, in the Number of August 1st.

—We little dream, in this country, of reverses which attend some of the titled personages of Europe. An inquest was, not many years ago, held in England, on the body of a baronet, who died for want of proper food, in a miserable lodging. He had been ruined by a law suit. Amongst some debtors proclaimed outlaws at a sheriff's court, were lord William Paget, Sir. John de Beauvoir, and lord Wellesley, the brother of Wellington. The unfortunate col. Gustafson, the ex-king of Sweden, the lineal descendant of the great Gustavus, was lately wandering about Europe, often an outside passenger on a stage-coach, because he was too poor to pay for a more comfortable seat.

—From Paris there is little musical news. Madame Ugalde has left the *Opéra Comique*, and gone to the *Théâtre des Variétés*; which step, says the *London Athenæum*, would seem to imply the change of musical drama for *vaudeville* rendered necessary by the enfeebled state of her voice. Signor Corti has resigned the direction of the Italian Opera in Paris.

—The *Literary World*, which we receive very irregularly, is a remarkably well-edited journal. A new life and energy seem to have been recently imparted to the *World*.

—The *Knickerbocker* for August has not yet reached us. Will the publisher be kind enough, hereafter, to send our copy through Zieber. The United States Mail, as at present managed is a very poor affair, not at all fit to be trusted. The *Knickerbocker* was never more successful than at present, we hear.

—The following strange paragraph appears among the German news in the *Gazette Musicale*, dated Magdeburg,—“The prisoner Hartung, who is under sentence of death, has petitioned the King that his execution may be postponed to give him time to finish an opera of which he is writing the text and music.”

—The *Home Journal* states that among the many members of the New York press whose ideas are better known to the public than their names, one of the ablest is Mr. WILLIAM H. FAY. He has been for some time part

the musical critic of the *Tribune*, and is the author of the instructive series of articles on the Exhibition, which appear in that paper. Mr. FAY is a gentleman who possesses knowledge, talent, and an independent mind, and the accession of such a man to the editorial corps is a circumstance of public importance.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

—The following poetical hit comes to us anonymously. Whether it is original or not we cannot say. It is rather spicy:—

LADIES' BOOTS.

A little glove stirs up my heart,
As thides stir up the Ocean,
And snow-white muslin, when it fits,
Wakes many a curious notion;
All sorts of lady fixings thrill
My feelings as they orter,
But little female gaiter boots .
Are death and nothing shorter!
And just to put you on your guard
I'll give you short and brief
A small hotel experience
Which filled my heart with grief.
Last summer at the Washington.
I stopt a week or more,
And marked two booties every morn
Before my neighbour's door:
Two boots with patent leather tips—
Two boots which seemed to say:
“An angel trots around in us.”—
They stole my heart away.
I saw the servant take them off
With those of other mutes;
His soul was all on sixpences
But mine was in the boots.
And often in my nightly dreams
They swept before my face,
A lady growing out of them
As flowers from a vase.
But ah! one morn I saw a sight
Which struck me like a stone
Some other name was on the boots,
Those boots were not alone!
A great tall pair of other boots
Was standing by their side
And off they walked that afternoon,
And with them walked—a bride!

ENGLISH SAPPHICS.

—The following imitation of Horace's “*Otium Divos*” was written in the year 1761, at the Mohawk Castle, in the State of New York, by the elder Captain Morris and sent to his friend Lieutenant Richard Montgomery, afterwards a General officer in the American Army, and killed at the siege of Quebec.

Ease is the prayer of him, who in a whale-boat
Crossing Lake Champlain by a storm's overtaken:
Not struck his blanket, * not a friendly island
Near to receive him.

Ease, is the wish, too, of the shy Canadian;
 Ease, the delight of bloody Caghnewag;
 Ease, Richard, ease, not to be bought with wampum,
 Nor paper money.

Not Colonel's pay, nor yet a dapper Sergeant,
 Orderly waiting with recovered halbert,
 Can chase the crowd of troubles still surrounding
 Laced regimentals.

That sub lives best who with a sash in tatters,
 Worn by his grandsire at the fight of Blenheim,
 To fear a stranger, and to wild ambition,
 Snores on a bear skin.

Why, like fine fellows, are we ever scheming?
 We, short-lived mortals! why so fond of climates
 Warmed by new suns? oh! who that runs from home
 can
 Run from himself too?

Care climbs rideoant^{*} with four and twenty pounds,
 Nor quits our light-troops, or our Indian warriors;
 Swifter than the moose deer or the fleetest east-wind
 Pushing the clouds on.

He, whose good humour can enjoy the present,
 Scorns to look forward, with a smile of patience
 Temp'ring the bitter. Bliss uninterrupted
 None can inherit.

Death instantaneous hurried off Achilles;
 Age far-extended wore away Tithonus.
 Who will live longer—thou or I, Montgom'ry?
 Dicky or Tommy?

Three twenty messmates, full of noise and laughter,
 Cheer with their smiles: thee the merry damsels
 Please with their titt'ring; whilst thou sit'st endowed
 with
 Boots, sash and gorget.

Me to Fort Hendrick, 'midst a savage nation,
 Dull Canajoh'ry, cruel Fate has driven,
 Oh! think on Morris in a lonely chamber,
 Dabbling in Sapphic.

UNCLE TOMS.

— A correspondent wishes us to publish a list of all the Uncle Tom books which have been written. We will endeavor to comply with the request hereafter. The great original is rapidly becoming lumber on the booksellers shelves. At Thomas' Trade Sale just closing, it has been a decided drug: only a few copies being sold, and those at a sadly reduced price.

LOOKING AT THE COMET!

We had a fine view of the Comet the other night. We saw it from Beverly wharf, a place deeply engraved in our affections. It has furnished many health-giving past times, among which rock-fishing is signalized in our memory.

By the way Beverly wharf, has been much improved of late, by the repairs which its new lessee, Capt. Cone, has put upon it. In other words it has been been strengthened in

its limbs, by the addition of several new piles in front; so that now, when the steamboats come rudely in contact with the pier, they encounter an elastic reception, much more agreeable to passengers than the old-time jolt. These new piles were driven home by steam, quite a circumstance in Beverly. While the big brawny arm of the engine was dealing blows upon the piles with its ponderous iron beetle, crowds of spectators looked on with the most marked interest: yes crowds, embracing nearly all the population of Beverly; farmers, mechanics, fishermen and gentlemen of elegant leisure; the last being such as do up a good deal of loafing, and ever secure a plenty of help therefor. The quoit pitchers near the old tavern abandoned their darling sports, and were among the wondering crowds on the wharf. "Sin and plagues! warn't that a whacking lick," exclaimed one; "Don't it drive the timber hum" said another. "What would you give Jiffy, if you could lay into your old enemy Bill Waxall in that way?" inquired another. "Give!" replies Jiffy—who stood with his hands in what once were a complete pair of trousers, but now only tolerably well connected rags—"give! don't talk—I'd part with my beth-right jest as Samson did after he slew the Phylistings." So went a conversation, while the tall piles were sinking deep into Delaware mud, every blow giving increased firmness to the platform.

Delaware mud! These words suggest new thoughts. Many a sinker have we lost in that mud, and we are not sure but that some fifty or sixty yards of line have been embowelled therein, besides, any number of Barlow knives. One cannot have fished for six or seven years, on the end of Beverly wharf without losing many of the necessary properties of the sport. Delaware mud! It carries in its dark bosom, just there, too, off Beverly wharf, the assassin's knife! Does the reader ask what assassins? We reply: the name we cannot give. We will briefly relate the facts of the murder. Perchance the murderer will one of these days be brought to justice. There are still many eyes on the look out for him. But the fact: There was, then, some four years ago, a colored camp meeting near Beverly, which attracted a large number of visitors from this city. Among them were some rowdies from Moyamensing. They had a conflict towards night, with citizens of Beverly. It commenced far away from the landing, but was kept up until the contending parties had reached the wharf. There, the warring elements were quieted, but the lull was only temporary: for as soon as the boat touched, to take passengers to town, the strife was renewed, and ended in the stabbing of John Collins, an industrious fisherman. The murder-

* The soldier's blanket, used by the army as a sail.

† Floating batteries used on Lake Champlain.

er used an oyster-knife, obtained stealthily at an Ice Cream Saloon, and was seen to throw it into the river after he had dealt the fatal blow. In the mud it sticks to this day. Poor John died in a few minutes. We saw him breathe his last under the large tree at the head of the wharf. The spirit returned suddenly to Him who gave it. Ten minutes before John lay there a corpse, he was sitting at the door of his little fish-cabin, perfectly well; far away it would seem, from death! Unhappy fate that seduced him into the crowd where the fatal blow was dealt at his heart. He died as the sun was sinking in the west, and his murderer has never yet been taken. But the knife, lies there still, deeply buried in Delaware mud!

But the Comet—it certainly made a very striking appearance from Beverly wharf, with its little head and its long tail. "I see it move" said one, "don't you?" "There it goes down behind Mr. Biddle's trees," said another. "Gracious! don't it look like a rocket pinking down?" exclaimed another. "How long will it run, 'fore it busts?" interrogated another. "Bust! you're a fule;" it can't bust, so long as it has a tail!" cried another. "Its got its Perry heel on," said a boy, "father tell'd me it had to-day." "Beautiful, mysterious object!" exclaimed a sweet-toned voice, "do you not love night and the starlight?" "Yes dearly," was the reply of a young and poetical looking man, upon whose arm the fair creature hung. "Do you recollect what Alexander Smith says about starlight in the city?" "No, do tell me." "Well, listen:—"

"I love the stars too much! The tameless sea
Spreads itself out beneath them, smooth as glass,
You cannot love them, lady, till you dwell
In mighty towns; immured in their black beats,
The stars are nearer to you than the fields.
I'd grow an Atheist in these towns of trade,
Were't not for stars. The smoke puts heaven out;
I meet sin—bloated faces in the streets,
And shrink as from a blow. I hear wild oaths,
And curses spilt from lips that once were sweet,
And sealed for Heaven by a mother's kiss,
I mix with men whose hearts of human flesh,
Beneath the petrifying touch of gold,
Have grown as stony as the trodden way.
I see no trace of God, till in the night,
While the vast city lies in dreams of gain,
He doth reveal himself to me in heaven.
My heart swells to Him as the sea to the moon;
Therefore it is, I love the midnight stars"

"Ah! ah——! ah——," sighed the fair listener. What might have followed, we can't say. "Mama" came up at this crisis, and put in her oar thus: "Juliana, you musn't stay out any longer in the night air, you'll get a chill." "Yes," quoth Papa, "and then there will be another doctor's bill!"

But the Comet—well—it soon settled down behind Torresdale, and the wharf was once more deserted. It never shone more brightly than on the evening in question. We could not help thinking it had a warning in its fiery eye, and yet we are not superstitious.

There is something to add connected with the spot from whence we beheld it? Beverly wharf. On the following morning just after the peep of dawn, a gentleman stood there with rod and bait, determined to catch a "mess" of rock-fish. He secured them too, and they were subsequently served up to the delight of many a palate at Griffith's popular hotel hard by. So much for looking at the Comet!

MORE NONSENSE.

—A set of people calling themselves the Vegetarians have recently held a Convention in our city. They denounce the use of animal food as leading to sensuality, brutality, &c. Whether animals are intended to eat meat or vegetables may be learnt from an examination of their teeth, and as men are provided with both kinds of teeth, graminivorous and carnivorous, the conclusion is irresistible that Providence intended their diet to be of a mixed character. The Vegetarians denounce milk and eggs as well as meat. How their babies are fed was not mentioned at the Convention. Probably they give them pea soup from sucking bottles. This new *ism* is not likely to spread, but if it should, there will be one good result attending it—the price of meat must fall.

JOHN BULL STRUTS!

It is amazing to see how father Bull struts on the strength of the rapid advancement of the United States. But a little while ago, we were a nation of sharpers and bush-whackers: now we are of "Saxon mind," with "Anglo infusion," the "great American off-shoot" of England! The London *Athenaum*, for instance speaking of the New York Industrial Exhibition holds the following flattering language:—

"The hope of the world lies in these two free nations. With them, this is emphatically the Age of the Palace of glass:—which is at once a fact and a symbol. May no other rivalries ever spring up between the two great powers whom the Atlantic makes one for all good purposes—as they are one by birth—than such as draw them more closely together in Industrial Exhibition!"

We respond from our deepest heart to the wish expressed at the close of this paragraph: and we earnestly hope that England may hereafter treat her "American off-shoot," in such a manner as shall make it comport with our dignity, as well as our pockets, to keep up friendly relations.

LADIES ATTEND:

— Every housewife knows how to make *herb tea*. The herbs are put into a cup or dish, hot water turned upon them, and they are suffered to *steep*—why not *boil*? Because a large portion of their medicinal virtues, and particularly the principle of flavour, the most volatile property they contain, is dissipated by boiling, and the virtues of the tea lost. In the process of boiling and fermentation, the natural flavor and aroma of the choicest vegetables are dissipated and changed. Yet though every woman knows how to make *herb tea*, few seem to know how to make *green* or *black tea*, or *coffee*; or knowing, do not reduce their knowledge to practice. A mistaken economy, to get *all the strength*, induces them generally to *boil* the latter *well*, and often the former; and the consequence is, that instead of a grateful, refreshing beverage, they give us a dull, acrid, or insipid substitute, retaining nothing pleasant but the color and heat. The aroma, which gives the liquor its value, and which should be recognized by the nose as well as the palate, is gone—with the steam, and with it much of the flavor. They not only *boil* the strength, but they *waste* it. Now, without intending to infringe upon the prerogative of the good wife, we do advise, that she will make her green and black, as she does her herb tea, *without boiling*; and that she will only *leach* her coffee, by putting it, when recently burnt, and fresh ground, into a strainer, fitted to the top of her coffee pot, and turning upon it as much boiling water as would suffice in the old mode. We can assure our fair readers, from reason as well as experience, that this is the best way, not only to gratify the taste, but to promote economy. Less tea and coffee are required in the steeping and leaching, than in the boiling process; and the beverage obtained by the mode recommended, is more tonic, exhilarating and pleasant.

STAND FROM UNDER!

— A New York weekly of the date of our last No. contains a copy-righted novel, in the description of the heroine whereof, the author takes occasion to display his knowledge of the history of art—as follows: “*A neck which Medici would have copied for his Venus, descended gracefully to the sloping shoulders.*”

FAMILY NAMES.

— Many family names are pronounced in a way no one would guess at from the spelling. Among others, the English call Cholmondeley, Chumley; the Irish call Cold-Cleugh, Cokely; the Scotch pronounce Majoribanks, Markkanks; and in the United States, Taliaferro is called Toliver. Is not this last name, Taliaferro a Latinized form of the Norman name, Taillefer? It seems to

be obsolete in England, though it is common in Virginia and the states settled from it.

LOOK BACK YE STAFFORD HOUSEHOLDS!

— Anthony Benezet in his famous “Caution and warning to Great Britain and her Colonies,” published in 1767, gives the following account of the British Slave Trade to America in 1753—a hundred years ago:

“In a book printed in Liverpool called *The Liverpool Memorandum Book*, which contains, among other things an Account of the Trade of that Port, there is an exact list of the vessels employed in the Guinea Trade, and of the number of slaves imported in each vessel, by which it appears that in the year 1753, the number imported to America by vessels belonging to that Port, amounted to upwards of thirty thousand; and from the number of vessels employed by the African Company, in London and Bristol, we may with some degree of certainty, conclude there are, at least, one hundred thousand *Negroes* purchased and brought on board our ships yearly from the coast of Africa on their account. This is confirmed in Anderson’s History of Trade and Commerce, printed the year before last, where it is said at page 68 of the Appendix, ‘That England supplies her American Colonies with *Negro Slaves*, amounting in number to above one hundred thousand every year.’”

Besides exporting this great number to the American Colonies, England used every effort in her power to prevent the abolition of slavery by the colonists, rejecting steadily the laws that they passed for that purpose. And yet England has now the impudence to denounce America for that very state of things which her own conduct brought about. England fastened *Negro Slavery* on America against the wishes of the American people.

AMUSEMENTS

— Sanford’s Troupe, at the new House, Twelfth above Chestnut, is giving burlesque operas, with great éclat. A better company we never had in the city. The patronage which it obtains is very large.

— Robert Heller has commenced his wonderful *diablerie*—embracing the famous second-sight—at the Lecture Room of the Chinese Museum, Blitz’s old quarters. He is assisted in his experiments by M^{lle} Marie Heller. He is an accomplished young man, and should be encouraged.

— Messrs. Wheatly and Drew have opened the Arch Street Theatre, with a very fine company, and are playing nightly to crowded houses. Mr. Fredericks, a gentleman of high position, not only as an actor, but as a man, is stage-manager. Both of the acting managers are gentlemen of fine talents

—Julien's *monstre* concerts at Castle Garden, New York, will doubtless be the great *furor* of thaticity during their entire continuance. Brough, the great Brough, is Julien's manager. Can we say more?

BUSINESS MEMO.

—Oakford's splendid hat store at 158 Chestnut street, is daily becoming more and more an object of admiration and interest, as our people return to the city from country jaunts. Its fitting-up,—counters, mirrors, brackets, &c.,—are extremely beautiful. Oakford has risen to his present magnificent surroundings and profitable enterprise, entirely by his own exertions. He makes a superb hat. Apropos: his new Autumn fashion, is announced for September 1st., and before this number of our paper reaches its destination, will have been issued. That it will be unique and tasteful, indeed, all Oakford is certain.

—Col. William H. Maurice, at 123 Chestnut street, is now at his post again. He has increased his stock of stationery very largely. He has also added materially to his collection of blank-books of all kinds. The Colonel is popular in all the relations of life. He will one of these days be a millionaire.

—Please read the Medical card of the Drs. Hunter. They have a new and excellent—it is said—cure for the consumption. One of them will visit our city on Monday and Tuesday the 19th. and 20th. Sept.

—WILLIAM T. FRY has, we learn, taken possession of his new store in Arch above Sixth, and will be all prepared to receive his customers in a day or two we presume.

SOMETHING NEW.

—The Journal of the London society of arts states, that Dr. Riddell, officiating superintending surgeon of the Nizam's army, in making experiments on the Muddar plant of India (*Asclepias gigantea*), had occasion to collect the milky juice, and found that as it gradually dried it became tough and hard, like gutta percha. He was induced to treat the juice in the same manner as that of the gutta percha tree, and the result has been the obtaining a substance precisely analogous to gutta percha. Sulphuric acid chars it; nitric acid converts it into a yellow resinous substance. Muriatic acid has but little effect upon it; acetic acid has no effect, nor has alcohol. Spirit of turpentine dissolves it into a viscid glue, which when taken between the finger and thumb, pressed together, and then separated, shows numberless minute and separated threads. The foregoing chemical tests correspond exactly with the established results of gutta percha. It becomes plastic in hot water, and has been moulded into cups and vessels. It

will unite with the true gutta percha. The muddar also produces an excellent fibre, useful in the place of hemp and flax. An acre of cultivation of it would produce a large quantity of both fibre and juice. The poorest land suffices for its growth, and no doubt if well cultivated there would be a large yield of juice, and a finer fibre. A nearly similar substance is procurable from the juice of the *Euphorbia Tirucalli*, only when it hardens after boiling it becomes brittle. The subject, the *Journal* thinks, is most important: if common hedge plants like the foregoing can yield a product so valuable, the demand for which is so certain quickly to outrun the supply, a material addition will have been made to the productive resources of the country.

A WOODEN SOLDIER.

—In Claude's reply to Arnaud, the French catholic, we are told, that it was the humor of the Prince of Conde to have a *man of wood* on horseback, dressed like a field officer, with a lifted broad-sword in its hand, which figure was fastened to the great saddle, and the horse it was on was always kept by the great Conde's side, when he travelled or engaged in the bloody field. Fearless the *man of wood* appeared in many a well-fought battle; but as they persued the enemy one afternoon through a forest, in riding hard, a bough knocked off the wooden warrior's head; yet still he galloped on after flying foes, to the amazement and terror of the enemy, who saw a *hero* pursuing them without a head.

RHENISH WINE.

—Singular calculation of the value of the Rhenish wine, which has been for nearly two centuries in a cellar at Bremen, called the Rose:—The five hogsheads of wine were purchased in 1624, for 1,200 francs, dollars 240, which, if put out at compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth 5,752,686,622 crowns, a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799,480 francs; a wine glass 2,723, 808 francs and one drop, (reckoning 1000 drops to the glass) 10,880 francs, or 2,176 dollars.

ASSURD.

—The practice of confining the name America to the United States. If we visit the Falls of Niagara, we hear of the American Fall and the Canadian Fall, as if Canada were in Europe, Asia or Africa. A most striking example of this ridiculous usage occurs in Mr. Hawthorne's *Life of President Pierce*, wherein he mentions that General Pierce set sail "from America to Mexico."

THANKS.

—We thank *The Lancaster Express* and other country papers for the kind notices of THE BIZARRE. We shall issue a prospectus of No. 4 next week. Look out!

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1853.

HORATIO GREENOUGH

We have received from G. P. Putnam & Co., of New York, a Memorial of Horatio Greenough, from the precise, and rhetorical pen of Henry T. Tuckerman. As its title page indicates, it consists in addition to the Memorial, of selections from Greenough's writings, and tributes to his genius. The Memoir occupies some fiftyfour pages; then follows a catalogue of the artist's works; then his essays on art; and then a series of glowing tributes to his genius, from such men as Alexander H. Everett, Washington Allston, Richard H. Dana, George H. Calvert and Mr. Tuckerman himself.

The story of Greenough though brief, is full of interest. He died when it may be said his genius had but partially developed itself; and yet after having accomplished enough to glue his name to the roll-list of immortality. Mr. Tuckerman writes of him with a warm heart-interest. One may see in the pages of his Memoir, constant evidences of attachments springing up in boyhood, amidst the endearing associations of school-days; leading the pen that praises, to do it with more glowing and energetic language and with deeper meaning, than mere cold genius-appreciation dictates. Such a true-hearted, noble fellow, as Horatio Greenough, deserved, too, a friendly biographer: a pure-minded, generous, one moreover, like Tuckerman: who talks of one of "us" at college; and who, as he goes on in his outline of the artist's career, always keeps up that affectionate tone, which arises from never forgetting that "we were boys together." Evidence of this heart in work; may be found in the following passage:

"The instinct of genius discovers amid circumstances apparently inauspicious, the means and incentives for its development. In the community where Greenough was born and passed his early years, there existed a prevalent taste and more than one noble example to encourage the votary of letters; Stuart's masterpieces, family portraits by Copley, a few choice originals and many fine copies from the old masters, as well as the presence of native artists of more or less skill and fame, offered a stimulus to the cultivation of drawing and painting; the system of popular education, and the intellectual tone of society, were also

highly favorable to individual culture in its general relations: but the art of modelling in clay was rarely if ever practised, the specimens of sculpture were few, and only a strong natural bias could have so early directed Greenough's aspirations towards the art. Having a decided sense of form, a love of imitating it, and a mechanical aptitude which kept his knife, pencil, and scissors continually active, he employed hours in carving, drawing, and moulding toys, faces, and weapons, by way of amusing himself and his comrades. I have seen a head evidently taken from an old Roman coin, executed upon a bit of compact plaster about the size of a penny, admirably cut by Greenough with a penknife and common nail, while a schoolboy, seated upon the door-step of one of his neighbors. The lady who observed this achievement, preserved the little medal with religious care: and was the first to give the young sculptor a commission. It was for her that he executed the beautiful ideal bust of the Genius of Love. This propensity soon took a higher range. It was encouraged by the mechanics and professional men around him, whose good-will his agreeable manners and obvious genius propitiated. One kind artisan taught him the use of fine tools; a stone-cutter, of more than ordinary taste, instructed him to wield a chisel; benevolent librarians allowed him the use of plates, casts, and manuals; a physician gave him access to anatomical designs and illustrations; and Binon, a French artist, known by his bust of John Adams in Faneuil Hall, Boston, encouraged him to model at his side. Thus, as a mere schoolboy, did Greenough glean the rudiments of an artistic education without formal initiation. With eclectic wisdom he sought and found the aid he required, while exploring the streets of his native town: one day he might be seen poring over a folio, or contemplating a plaster copy of a famous statue: and, on another, exercising his mechanical ingenuity at the office of Solomon Willard, whose family name yet stamps, with traditional value, many an old dial-plate in New England: now he eagerly watches Alpheus Cary as he puts the finishing touch to a cherub's head on a tombstone; and, again, he stands a respectful devotee before Shaw or Cogswell, waiting for some treasured volume on the process or the results of his favorite art, from the shelves of Harvard and the Athenæum. Some of his juvenile triumphs are still remembered by his playmates—especially a pistol ornamented with relief flowers in lead, a series of carriages moulded in bee's-wax, scores of wooden daggers tastefully carved, a lion couchant, modelled with a spoon from a pound of butter, to astonish his mother's guests at tea, elaborate card-paper plans for estates, and, as a climax to these childish yet graceful experiments, a little fig-

ure of Penn cut in chalk from an engraving of his statue in the Port-Folio."

Another evidence is obtained from the extract which Mr. Tuckerman gives from his Italian Sketch Book and which takes his subject up when pursuing his art at Florence:—

"On one of the last afternoons preceding my embarkation, I had sat a long hour opposite a striking, though by no means faithful portrait of Greenough, while one of the fairest of his kindred spoke fondly of him, and charged me with many a message of love for the gifted absentee. On a table beneath the picture stood one of the earliest products of his chisel. I glanced from the countenance of the young sculptor, to the evidence of his dawning genius: I listened to the story of his exile; and thenceforth he was enshrined high and brightly among the ideals of my memory. With rapid steps, therefore, the morning after my arrival in Florence, I threaded the narrow thoroughfare, passed the gigantic cathedral, nor turned aside until, from the end of a long and quiet street, I discerned the archway which led to the domicile of my countryman. Associations arose within me, such as the time-hallowed and novel objects around failed to inspire. There was a peculiar charm in the idea of visiting the foreign studio of a countryman devoted to the art of sculpture, to one who was fresh from the stirring atmosphere of his native metropolis. Traversing the court and stairway, I could but scan the huge fragments of marble that lined them, ere entering a side door, I found myself in the presence of the artist. He was seated beside a platform, contemplating an unfinished model, which bore the impress of recent moulding. In an adjoining apartment was the group of the Guardian Angel and Child—the countenances already radiant with distinctive and touching loveliness, and the limbs exhibiting their perfect contour, although the more graceful and delicate lines were as yet undeveloped. One by one I recognised the various plaster casts about the room—mementos of his former labors. My eye fell on a bust which awakened sea and forest pictures—the spars of an elegant craft, the lofty figure of a hunter, the dignified bearing of a mysterious pilot. It was the physiognomy of Cooper. And yon original, wretch-looking gentleman? Ah! that can be no other than Francis Alexander. Surely those Adonis-like ringlets, so quaintly carved, belong to one whom it is most pleasing to remember as the author of some exquisite verses under the signature of Roy. No one can mistake the benevolent features of Lafayette, or the expressive image of the noble pilgrim-bard; or fail to linger in the corridor, over the embodiment of one of his fairest creations—the figure of the dead Medora. In other studios of the land I beheld a more numerous

and imposing array; but in none could I discover more of that individuality of design and execution which characterizes native intellectual results.

Coleridge's favorite prescription for youthful atheism was love; on the same principle would we commend to the admiration of the scoffer at a spiritual philosophy, the unwavering and martyr-like progress of genius towards its legitimate end. In this characteristic, the course of all gifted beings agrees. They have a mission to fulfil: and lured betimes, as they may be, by the flowers of the wayside, and baffled awhile, as is the destiny of man, by vicissitude—from first to last the native impulse, the true direction, is everywhere discernible. In the case of Greenough, this definiteness of aim, this solemnity of determination, if we may so call it, is remarkably evident. Often did he incur the penalty of tardiness, by lingering to gaze at a wooden eagle which surmounted the gateway of an old edifice he daily passed.—thinking, as he told me, how beautiful it must be to carve such a one.

When he arrived in Genoa he was yet in his minority. He entered a church. A statue, more perfect than he had ever beheld, met his eye. With wonder he saw hundreds pass it by, without bestowing even a glance. He gazed in admiration on the work of art, and marked the careless crowd, till a new and painful train of thoughts was suggested. 'What!' he soliloquized, 'are the multitude so accustomed to beautiful statues that even this fails to excite their passing notice? How presumptuous, then, in me, to hope to accomplish anything worthy of the art!' He was deeply moved, as the distance between himself and the goal he had fondly hoped to reach, widened to his view; and concealing himself among the rubbish of a palace-yard, the young and ardent exile sought relief in tears. 'O genius!' I mused, going forth with this anecdote fresh from his lips, 'how mysterious thou art! And yet how identical are the characteristics of thy children! Susceptible and self-distrusting, and yet vividly conscious of high endowments—slow to execute and quick to feel—pressing on amid the winning voices of human allurements, or the wailing cry of human weakness and want—as pilgrims bent on an errand of more than earthly import, through a night of dimness and trial, and yet ever beholding the star, hearing the angel-choir, and hastening on to worship!'

On one of the most beautiful evenings of my visit, I accompanied Greenough to the studio where he proposed to erect his statue of Washington. It was a neat edifice; which had formerly been used as a chapel; and from its commodious size and retired situation, seemed admirably adapted to his purpose.

The softened effulgence of an Italian twilight glimmered through the high windows, and the quiet of the place was invaded only by distant rural sounds and the murmur of the nearest foliage in the evening breeze. There was that in the scene and its suggestions, which gratified my imagination. I thought of the long and soothing days of approaching summer, which my companion would devote, in this solitary and pleasant retreat, to his noble enterprise. I silently rejoiced that the blessed ministry of nature would be around him, to solace, cheer, and inspire, when his energies were bending to their glorious task:—that when weariness fell upon his spirit, he could step at once into the luxurious air, and look up to the deep green cypresses of Fiesole, or bare his brow to the mountain wind, and find refreshment:—that when doubt and perplexity baffled his zeal, he might turn his gaze towards the palace roofs and church domes of Florence, and recall the trophies of art wrought out by travail, misgivings, and care, that are garnered beneath them: that when his hope of success should grow faint, he might suspend the chisel's movement, raise his eye to the western horizon, and remember the land for which he toiled."

It should be stated that the accomplished lady of Greenough is preparing a life of her husband for the press, and we learn it will appear in the course of the present autumn or winter. Her charms as a young lady, the writer once had an opportunity to judge of. Shall he say that they were transcendent? Even more; he believes Mrs. Greenough is eminently capable of fulfilling the most affectionate office, she has taken upon herself.

PANORAMA OF NEW YORK.

Mr. John S. Taylor, of New York, an old-time popular publisher, has just issued a neat little volume with this title. It is from the well-known and clever pen of Mr. Cornelius Mathews; and constitutes a *vade mecum*, for visitors to great Gotham, which, while it directs whither to wend their lion-hunting footsteps, at the same time furnishes them with useful thoughts and reflections as they pass from sight to sight. It is a good book to read. The style of the work is racy; indeed the whole contents seem to have flowed away from the author's pen in a free, smooth, and quickly moving stream. All the noticeable things of New York are touched upon, Phineas T. Barnum and, of course the Crystal Palace.

The following is an admirable hit at the importance which is too often given to every thing foreign, or rather at the little true American predilection which is to be found in our great cities, and particularly in New York:

"I propose to begin at the beginning, and to show, in my own simple history, the utter absurdity of being born an American: that in the creation of an American, Nature intends a huge joke; or, to sum up all in brief, that it may be fairly doubted, if not entirely demonstrated, whether, properly speaking, there is any such place as America. I am willing to admit that the title "America" does appear in various geographies, gazetteers, and other publications of a like kind; also, that there is a certain considerable superficial space marked off in many, perhaps in all of the maps or atlases in common use, which passes also under that designation; but whether there is any distinctive country, with its own proper customs, habits, self-relying usages, answering to that name, or any such characteristic creature, representing such customs, habits, and usages, called American, will appear or not, ladies and gentlemen, when we have advanced a little further in the subject.

I was first led to entertain doubts in this way. It was the custom of my father—peace to his memory!—to have me accompany him to the shop of the barber, where he submitted every other day to his quarterly shaving. In these visits, it happened, not rarely, when the shop was well attended with customers, that I, a lad perhaps some five or six years of age, was prompted to mount a chair, and recite or improvise a brief oration on some current subject arising at the moment; and my success was often so considerable that I received an honorary gratuity of a sixpenny piece—which altogether inspired me with the feeling that native talent was held in high esteem among my countrymen. This opinion I cherished and held fast till my tenth year, when my mind was disturbed by the unusual commotion in the same shop at the announcement of the death of the British Premier, George Canning, and the appearance, shortly thereafter, in an honorary gilt frame, of a colored head of the said Canning, assigned to the most conspicuous position on the wall. This shock was followed up with a pair of boots, purchased for my juvenile wearing, which I heard named Wellingtons, and which, vended as they were freely in my own city here of New York, I learned were so named in honor of a distinguished general who had spent his life in fighting the battles of the English Government.

As I grew in years, evidences thickened upon me. To say nothing of Liverpool coal, Kidderminster carpets, and such indoor importations, I found the same shadow crossing my path in the public streets, laid out by the same native corporation. I struck out to the east, and found myself rambling in Albion Place: I wandered to the west, and landed in Abingdon Square; I pushed on for the north, and came square upon the snag of London Ter-

race. I used to rub my eyes, and wonder whether I was in the New World or the Old : and was afflicted with the uncomfortable sensation of the man who went to sleep in the mountains, and waking up after a twenty years' nap, opened his eyes under a republican government, although his slumbers had begun under a royal rule. Mine was merely reversed : I fancied I had slept backwards to the good old times of George the Third, and was surprised to miss the statue of that excellent king from its old post of authority in the centre of the Bowling Green, next to the Battery.

"When I had grown up to be old enough to take an interest in books, I found the same happy delusion still maintained. I put out my hand, as I suppose boys do in other countries, to seize upon some ballad, history, or legend connected with the fortunes of my own people ; and I found twenty busy gentlemen zealously filling it with English publications.—Whatever my humor might be, to laugh or cry, for a glimpse of high life or low, for verse or prose, there was always one of these industrious gentlemen at my side, urging on my attention a book by some writer a great way off, which had no more to do with my own proper feelings or the sentiments of my country, than if they had been Persian or Patagonian—only they were in the English language, always English. I said to myself, as I began to consider these matters, I'll take to the newspapers ; surely these, as belonging to the country, published in the country, and by men like myself, must make me ample amends for being practised upon in the bound books : I will read the newspapers. Never was boy, thirsting after patriotic reading, more completely duped. One after the other, there were police reports, with slang phrases that certainly never originated in any of the courts or prison of the New World : elaborate accounts of prize-fights and cricket matches, what not of that sort : and withal, such an out-pouring of disagreeable associations, that the shadow fell upon my spirit again, and I was more than ever clear upon the point, that whoever had the naming of this quarter of the globe in the maps and gazetteers, had clearly committed an egregious mistaken calling it America ; he should have named it Little Britain.

In spite of these discouraging convictions, I saw that the people about me were given to laughter, and, in a way of their own, had something of a relish for merriment. I have it at last, I said to myself : they let these heavy dogs of Englishmen name their streets and edit the newspapers ; but when they come to anything elegant, sportive, and cheerful, they take the matter into their own hands. I'll go to the Museum and see what the Americans, my fellow-countrymen, are about

there. Will you believe it?—as I live, the first object I encountered in the hall was the cast-off state coach of Her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, so blocking up the way that I made no attempt to advance further ; but turning on my heel, I determined to indemnify myself at one of the theatres. I struck for the nearest, and, as if in conspiracy with the state coach, the first notes I caught from the orchestra were "God save the Queen," played with great energy by the musicians, and vigorously applauded by a portion of the audience. I tried another house immediately, where I was entertained during my short stay, by an old gentleman in a whig, (unlike any other old gentleman I had ever seen in my life,) who was denouncing somebody or other, not then visible, as having conducted himself in a manner altogether unworthy an "honest son of Britain !" There was still another left to me—a popular resort—where flaming bills, staring me in the face every time I passed, had promised abundant "novelty suited to the times." I have you at last, methinks : you cannot escape me now ; this is the theatre for my money. What was my astonishment, on entering and possessing myself of one of the small bills of the evening, to discover that they had taken one of those new books I had come away from home to avoid, and made a play of it ; it was really too much partridge by a long shot. There was not a mouthful of air, it would seem, to be had for love or money : the moment I opened my mouth, wherever it might be, at home or abroad, for health or pleasure, these busy dietarians were ready with their everlasting partridge, to gorge me to the throat.

Where was the use of repining ? Time heals all wounds of the youthful spirit. I grew to man's estate. Now (said I, chuckling to myself at thought :) I will set this matter right. These men mean well ; they would give just what you desire, but, poor fellows, they haven't it to give. That (I continued to myself,) is easily settled ; I will take an American subject, (allowing for the nonce, that there is such a place as America :) I will represent a man of character, a hero, a patriot. I will place him in circumstances deeply interesting to the country, and to which the republican feeling of the country shall respond with a cheer. No sooner thought than done. The play was written : an American historical play. With some little art a hearing was procured from one of these gentlemen—a stage manager, as they call him. I stuffed him, that all the pipes and organs of his system might be in tune, with a good dinner ; which he did not disdain : although I may mention that the greens were raised in Westchester, and the ducks shot on the Sound. I announced the title and subject, and proceeded to read : during this business he seemed to be greatly moved. At the con-

clusion of the MS. I found my manager in a much less comfortable humor than at the table. In a word, with ill-concealed disdain, he pronounced the play a failure, and wondered that anybody would spend his time on subjects so unworthy the English Drama, as little provincial squabbles like those of American History. He was right; American History is not a suitable subject for the English Drama. With doubts still thickening in my mind whether this was America, I paid the reckoning, thrust my play in my pocket, and hurried home, anxious to consult some authentic chronicle, to make sure whether there had been such an event as the Revolutionary War. Such an event was certainly there set down, at considerable length, and one George Washington was mentioned as having taken part in it. The printed book I read from was called the History of the United States; but from all I could see, hear, and learn, easily, about me, the United States, so referred to, was decidedly non-existent, at least so far as I had yet pushed my researches.

But I did not, even now, altogether despair. I said again, perhaps I am limiting myself to too humble a range of observation: why should I confine myself to the city of New York, Empire City though it be, and capital of this great Western Continent? I will change the scene: I will go a journey: I will strike for Bunker Hill: if I find that, all is safe. Boston is not at the end of the earth, nor is one a life-time in getting there. I found Bunker Hill: I could not easily miss it, for there was a great pile of stones, a couple of hundred feet high, which a blind man could not have missed if he had been travelling that way. You are mistaken, young man, (I again addressed myself, as I contemplated the granite pyramid:) there has been a Revolutionary War: the American Colonies fought it, and after a severe struggle, great waste of blood, treasure, and counsel of great men, they severed themselves from the Mother Country, and they were free! The little grievances which have irked you, such as names of streets, play-houses, and such trifles, are scarcely worthy of your consideration: politically, you are free. You have your own political institutions, with which no stranger can intermeddle: what more could you ask?

I was hugging myself in this comfortable conviction, pacing proudly in the shadow of Faneuil Hall, that venerable cradle of our boasted Independence, when a boy placed in my hand an "extra sheet," from which I learned that a steamer had just arrived from England, and had that moment landed, on the very wharf of Boston where the tea was dumped, an emissary, apparently authorized by the Mother Country, for he was a member of the British Parliament, who had come to resume in due form, the old political authority

of the Mother Country, and to direct us, *ex cathedra*, in the regulation of those very political concerns of which we fancied we had acquired the exclusive control by fighting through that old Revolutionary War. You see, my dear friends, it was all a mistake: the whole thing is a cunningly devised fable; there was no such man as George Washington, (facetiously represented as the father of his country;) and there is no such country as America. The sooner we reconcile ourselves to the facts, the more comfortable we shall all be. Christopher Columbus, in the order of Providence, was a great mistake."

SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

SKETCH TENTH.

The Indian—His Manners—Euphonious Language—Poetic Disposition—Mythology, &c.

The oak-grown mound, the charr'd decaying bone,
The well chip'd dart, the pipe, the neat-cut stone,
These all remind us of an ancient Race—
In each of these, their customs still we trace.

Anonymous.

Although the red men have probably forever bade a last farewell to many portions of this country,—localities at once beautiful in aspect, fruitful in vegetation, and endeared to them by the thousand ties of home, those holy bands which so firmly bind even the heart of a savage to the spot which gave him birth—although their camp-fires and war-cries, songs and dances, have died away in the forests, yet their remembrance still survives—and their memory will ever be associated with those regions whence they have been ruthlessly expelled by a more powerful race, or swept onward before the advancing tide of civilization. Their sweet native language is linked with the rivers and mountains, the valleys and waterfalls, and these will ever perpetuate the names which were so appropriately bestowed upon them, by that people who first gazed upon them, and admired their beauties. Yes, long after the graves of their chieftains shall have been levelled with the earth, when the sound of their footsteps shall no more be heard amid the forests, when even the plough-share shall have revealed the last stone which they had chiselled into symmetry and use, every Georgian will delight to preserve unchanged this euphonious local nomenclature, and cherish with interest the many legends which speak of their wars, their loves, their sports, and their deaths. The names of Savannah, Talulah, Toccoa, Alatomaha, Allatoona, Nannocooche, Chattahooche, and many others, all remind us of those, who beheld the objects which they designate long before the foot of the Anglo-Saxon had ever pressed the soil of

this Western World. Over these fields, now yellow with the ripening rice, or whitened by the bursting cotton, they roamed an ancient race. The surface of these calm rivers and arms of the sea was skimmed by their graceful canoes; in the depths of the forest rang the stern war whoop of the warrior or the shout of triumph from the successful hunter. Here by the limpid brook with its gentle murmurs, the Indian lover knelt in homage at the feet of some maiden beauty—and there with the thunder-tones of some water-fall, striking upon his ear, its foam gathering thickly upon his flowing locks, the chieftain invoked the protection of the Supreme Being, and swore perpetual enmity against the oppressors, of his nation. In every religious ceremony, under every form of worship, they acknowledged the controlling influence of but one divine intelligence, whom in reverence they denominated the Great Spirit. Paying their sacrifices to imaginary and fantastic sub-deities of the air, the storm, the woods, and the water, as other nations before them had done, and that far more blindly; they were still free from that corruption incident thereto, which in so marked a degree disgraces the history of the City of the seven hills, and her enlightened but degraded companions. In their wild native state, vice and immorality were seldom known, and never cherished with a fostering hand. Never did they amid debauchery and revelings, with boisterous songs shout in honor of Bacchus, God of the wine cup and emperor of drunkards, with his red cheeks, bloated body and licentious minions. The excesses of a love, were incompatible with that lofty purity, and those heroic perfections which they attributed to their own mountain Divinity. Many of the dreamy pleasures of Elysium would to them have proved wearisome, and devoid of all substantial enjoyment. The God of battle they could propitiate with the bloody trophies of war, implore the aid of him who watched over the feeble pulse, and the throbbing temple, catch the voice of the storm-god as he spoke in the deep-toned thunder, and revealed his majesty in the scorching, flashing lightning—view the mild face of the god of love, as seen in the pale moon-beams, but never would they yield obedience to him who would at one moment woo his sister Juno, at another overcome the innocence of Danaë, again fly into the arms of Leda, behave like a ruffian in the likeness of a wild satyr to Antiope, impose upon Alcmena by assuming the figure of her husband Amphitryon, in the shape of fire win the heart of Egina, or deceive Calisto by counterfeiting the modesty and countenance of Diana. No, never would the child of the forest receive him as his supreme ruler, who could thus compromise even the dignity of a man, and play the libertine at will. Well might

the “*Divum pater hominumque rex*” with his golden shoes and embroidered cloak, sitting upon a throne of ivory, brandishing thunderbolts in his right hand against the giants at his feet, veil his face before the noble image of the Indian God, attired in his unadorned majesty, enthroned upon his mountain chair. Not only were they remarkable for the exalted conceptions which they entertained of a religion, wanting it is true the fundamental elements of Christianity, yet purified from the debasing sensuality which so prominently characterizes that of other nations, whom men have esteemed wiser and more polished; but in their private conduct, brave, hospitable, observant of another's rights, mindful of a generous deed, a service rendered, they were a noble specimen of a people who had never enjoyed the privileges of civilization, and yet practiced many of its virtues. This nation once possessed the soil which we now inhabit. Shall we toil amid the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, shall the traveller with weary foot seek to gaze upon the falling columns of the temple of Minerva, shall the ponderous remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii be explored with enthusiastic zeal, and with immense labor be dragged forth to light, and will the American permit all traces of the Red man to lie neglected and unnoticed? Rather let the spirit of research, of generous investigation prevail: for these are the mementoes of those who were the Aborigines of our beloved land. No fluted columns of Cararra marble, no remains of what the hands of Phidias had once chiselled into beauty, no monumental piles of solid masonry, no “gates of rust coated brass” allure us on to the search, but the *Indian* is before us in all the native simplicity of his manners, customs, and utensils: in all the austerity, frugality and bravery of his soul. Let each and every memorial be collected, arranged, and preserved, for they will serve as leading data for the history and antiquities of North America. Already has the office been undertaken, and rapidly is the scheme advancing to the desired conclusion. While the pen of a Cooper, an Irving, and a Simms, have invested with an air of poetry the very name and nature of the Indian, Mr. Schoolcraft with indomitable perseverance, extended research, and distinguished ability, has succeeded in presenting us with such accurate statistics of the present and past condition of the various tribes, that while his work is an honor to him who executed it, and the general government which fostered it, no grounds, or excuse remains to any one, in justification of his ignorance upon the general features of the subject. He has not confined himself merely with collecting scattered fragments of their rude arts, but has deciphered their photographic inscriptions—introduced us at one

time into the wigwam, acquainting us with all that pertains to their social economy—again caused the bloody vision of the ambuscade, or the exciting rivalry of the chase to live afresh—presented the orator as with native, untrammelled eloquence, he enchained the attention of his council, at the same time investing each and every scene with such an air of truthfulness, and painting the varied pictures in colors so deeply dipped in the dye of poetry, that the imagination is delighted, while solid information is imparted.

The skies, the woods, the waters, were the Indian's books. He read them attentively, and his expressions, his language, his temperament moulded by such originals, were all necessarily poetical. Free and unconquered, they were always strikingly wild and bold in their expressions. Fragments of their oratory which have been perpetuated, are truly eloquent. But it is not our purpose to enter upon any analysis of the Indian mind—to mark these traits which were peculiar to them as a race, or to recount the numerous instances of their valor, intelligence, and achievements, which are so frequently to be found in the early history of our country. We have already alluded in a former sketch to the influence exerted by them upon the infant colony of Georgia. Our present design is to present a few of those traces, which after the lapse of many years still remain: silently, yet powerfully reminding us of those whose voices are now hushed and gone,—whose foot-prints have been erased by the flight of time, whose graves alone exist, mournful mementoes of the past. Probably the tribes of Southern Georgia possessed a temperament milder, and more peaceable than those which dwelt in sight of the bold mountains, and in hearing of the dashing waterfalls of the Cherokee Region. Although all possessed that vivid imagination, and open, daring character incident to their mode of life, yet their dispositions, it is reasonable to presume, sympathized more or less with the scenery by which they were encircled. The most prominent of those Indian remains which now are found in the southern portion of the State are the *mounds*. Numbers of them are still upon the islands, and along the coast generally. Hither they were probably attracted by the abundance of game, and fish,—here contests arose with reference to the possession and sole occupancy of certain localities, and hence the multitudes of burial grounds, which now meet the eye in every direction. Upon a small island lying between St. Catharine, and the main, near a very copious spring, whose exhaustless streams have with undiminished flow continued as long as the memory of the white-man extends, we have counted no less than twelve or thirteen now extant,—besides traces of others, al-

most level with the ground. Extended oyster banks, and creeks well supplied with every variety of scale and shell-fish, in addition to the advantages afforded by this abundant supply of pure fresh water, in all probability rendered this a very attractive spot to the Indian.

These mounds are generally circular in form, varying in height and extent. From the superior size of one, we are inclined to regard it as the resting place of some noted chief, although no local legends or traditions suggest the supposition. Many, from the combined effect of frequent storms, and the oft repeated furrows of the plough, are almost even with the earth, and whitened bones may be seen mixed with broken pieces of pottery, and other implements of sport and warfare, lying exposed upon the very surface. The mounds along the sea-coast are all composed of white sand, and on account of this, their soft and yielding character, are extremely liable to obliteration. The majority, if not all of them, are consequently much reduced in size, and it is reasonable to suppose, that those of oldest date are completely washed away. Bones are frequently picked up where no traces of burial places can be clearly perceived. After an examination of several of these, we have been led to the conclusion, that the mounds in this vicinity were generally, if not universally designed for *burial places alone*. If you will examine these, several interesting facts relative to their modes of burial will arrest the attention. In the first place it appears, that the body was placed upon the ground, and then this mound of earth was heaped above it. This is inferable from the fact, that in making a perpendicular opening through the centre, you will discover no remains of the dead until you descend to the level of the plain. Strange to relate, the Indians here burned their dead. The blackened, charred bones, a complete layer of carbonized pieces of pine and oak, with half consumed sticks and leaves immediately overlying these—together with the appearance of the earth beneath them, strongly indicating the presence of great heat, conclusively attest the truth of this assertion. In consequence of this, the bones are frequently, considerably injured, and no order is observed in their subsequent arrangement. There are some exceptions however to this general rule. Two in particular now occur to us. In one of these mounds, the tall figure of a man (probably he was a chief, because no other remains were there found) was discovered to be in a sitting posture, his hands apparently supporting his head, and his elbows resting upon the knees. No action of fire could be perceived. Possibly extraneous circumstances may have caused this disposition of the frame, but the supposition seems plausible,

that here was interred some character of distinction, and that as a mark of respect, the members of his tribe placed his body in a sitting posture, refraining from marring with fire that person, which they had regarded with so much respect and esteem. The other deviation from the afore-mentioned general method of disposing of their dead, was the following. The banks of one of those numerous short streams which do not extend into the main-land more than a few miles, on one occasion caved considerably. A gentleman shortly after the occurrence chanced to be examining the alteration in the features of the bluff, when suddenly his eye was arrested by what appeared to be two clay jars, the sides of which were visible, probably ten feet from the top of the bluff. Upon removing them, he found that they were tightly closed. The tops however having been forced off, immediately were seen the mouldering skeletons of two little infants. Placed there by a mother's hand, in fond hopes of preserving their tender forms from the revolting touch of the fell destroyer. Doubtless often had she shed copious tears of heartrending anguish over those small clay coffins, wherein rested perhaps the most, of what was to her, attractive on earth. The discovery was singular, and the vases with the mortal dust are carefully preserved. Affecting memorials of that sensitive attachment which even an uncivilized mother or father, entertains for her or his offspring. We remember while one evening opening a small mound which, with its red-sand, was lying immediately at the foot of a large live oak tree, blasted by lightning, and now stretching its giant iron arms perfectly denuded over the spot, the spade suddenly revealed the top of a skull, which was apparently quite entire. Carefully lifting it from its position, what was our surprise, to find it reposing within a pan, made of clay, neatly moulded, and just fitting it. Whether it was designedly placed therein or not, it is impossible to assert positively, although to all appearances, such seemed to be the manifest intention. These bones are generally quite brittle and soft, the necessary consequence of long exposure to the action of showers, keeping the earth moist. As a general rule we may say, that whenever a chieftain was buried, there they did not burn the dead,—but all others, being common members of the tribe, were burnt after death. This inference is deduced from the fact, that usually whenever you find a large mound with but a single skeleton; there little or no action of fire can be observed, and the bones are very nearly in proper position, but where upon examination, many fragments of limbs, skulls, &c., are discovered in one mound, there you are sure to find a layer of charred pine bark, oak leaves, and pieces of wood, while the remains themselves

clearly indicate the presence of fire, the bones being carbonized to such an extent, that they may readily be crushed between the fore-finger and thumb. In accordance with a custom which very generally prevailed among the Indians of this continent, they here deposited the bows and arrows, tomahawks, stone knives, pots, beads and other ornaments belonging to the deceased, with the body, entertaining the opinion, that when after the sleep of death, he should journey towards the green fields of the brave warriors who had gone before, then would he once more need these weapons and utensils, in order to the successful chase, and capture of those beautiful deer, which there wandered in such abundance. From some of these mounds, hundreds of beads have been taken. These are usually made of clay hardened, or polished stone—are regularly oblong in shape, with a neat hole drilled through the centre, in the direction of the major axis of the ellipse. As the plough glides through the fields, we descry the well chipped darts, which pointed their spears and arrows. The hatchet is turned up, while from their simple tombs we exume the pipe which they smoked in peace, and fragments of the culinary vases “around which the lodge circle gathered to their forest meal.” These hatchets are often found, and are deserving of notice. Usually they are of a dark color, although not unfrequently the stone used for their manufacture, is variegated, very hard, and capable of receiving quite a high degree of polish. Through the head an aperture is made for the handle—an operation which must have required considerable labor and skill, with the rude implements which were then possessed. We have seen many of them, however, entirely destitute of this. In such cases, a wide groove has been cut, by means of which the helve could be attached with the aid of sinews, or bark. Probably the most common purpose to which these stone-hatchets or tomahawks were applied, was that of warfare, as, from their shape, and character, they would be almost completely useless for cutting or splitting any thing else than a human skull. The arrow and spear heads are wrought with astonishing symmetry, and you may even say beauty—speaking commentaries on the skill and aptitude of the workmen who executed them. They vary in length from one inch to a foot or more, and in breadth, from the half of an inch to three or four. The shortest were employed in killing birds and small game, those of a medium size in the chase, while the larger and longest, were used as weapons of warfare, and for spearing fish. The form of these darts is familiar to us all. Some negroes have an idea that lightning is pointed and composed of these, and hence the reason why trees are so much bruised when

struck. Thus, when asking such individuals to hunt for "flints" (as they term them) for you, they will reply, "yes massa, soon as I kin find where de tunder strike, I will git you some." The ground, on these Islands particularly, is covered with the broken parts of pots, and earthen utensils of various designs. In consequence of their temporary nature, it is now a rare occurrence to obtain one of them perfect. Doubtless, if little Indian children were as careless as those of the present day, cups and the culinary vessels in general, suffered considerably, and needed frequently fresh supplies in places of those which the younger members of the household had fractured. The sides of these are impressed with various stamps, many of them displaying both ingenuity and precision in construction. It would appear from a close examination, that they first made a wicker work, arranging this according to some fanciful pattern, and then in the inside of this, spread the clay. This hardening, the reed or oak-work around it was removed, and then you would necessarily have the shape, and peculiar impression still remaining, which the utensil had received when in a soft state. We might proceed to notice several other articles, such as round hand stones for mashing parched corn, knives for skinning deer, polishing stones &c., but our sketch is already becoming too long. One other article however should not be omitted, as it is one of the most attractive of these relics. Perhaps a greater variety exists among the pipes, than among any other given kind of the numerous remains. The majority of them are formed of the same material as that which composes the pottery, to wit, a mixture of silex with alumina, colored incidentally by the peroxide of iron, which here abounds in plentiful, although weak portions. This red-clay is subsequently sun-dried, and then subjected to the action of fire, thereby rendered quite hard. You will at one time find these pipes presenting the face of a man, at another time exhibiting both head, arms, and stomach. These impressions formed when the clay was soft, are neatly executed. The perforation for the stem is often ingeniously arranged. Sometimes made in the arm, again in the breast, neck, or mouth of our clay companion. Those, however, most remarkable, and worthy of attention, are the *calumets*, or pipes of peace. We term them thus, because their peculiar conformation, size, identity of appearance, and scarcity, would seem to indicate that they were employed only on extraordinary occasions. You will not see one of these, where scores of the common clay pipes may be readily obtained. Their weight forbids the supposition that they were commonly carried about the person, and used for every day purposes. Besides, the capacity of the

bowl is such, that one individual could not reasonably be expected to exhaust it. The flattened surface of the bottom, and the size of the aperture for the stem, induce the supposition that they were generally placed upon the ground, and a long reed introduced. In fine, the entire conformation impels us to believe, that these pipes were those, used in the Council chambers, or among the delegates of various tribes, when in general assembly they would, in accordance with customs which ever obtained at such seasons, cement bonds of union, grasp the right hand of fellowship, and plight their mutual good faith for preserving the alliance. How simple, and yet how emphatic was this ceremony—as each one by turns smoked the pipe of peace! How much more appropriate and rational than that, which prevailed among the blood-thirsty followers of Odin! These calumets are made of soap stone, and sometimes even of a species of agate. The bowl is very large and forms a right angle with the stem-end. The many ornaments with which they were wont to decorate them, the long tapering stem adorned with eagles' plumes are all gone, and the simple pipe remains to remind us of days long since past, of scenes never again to be witnessed on these spots. Probably there were different classes among the Indians, to each of which, peculiar tasks were assigned. Thus, the squaws planted the corn and attended to the duties of the wigwam. Some men sought the mountains, and thence selected suitable stones. From them the workman purchased, and fashioned the implements of warfare. Others again formed clay vessels and pipes. Would the stern chieftain and his brave companions in arms, returning from a victorious campaign in the enemy's dominions—crowned with the spoils of the vanquished, condescend to chip the dart, or turn the potters wheel? We have confined our remarks to a brief notice of those Indian traces which are every where to be found in Southern Georgia. Were opportunity allowed we would be pleased to enlarge. In the upper part of the State, there are some remarkable remains of which we shall at least casually speak hereafter. Deeply interesting would it prove, to linger and meditate beside these oak-grown mounds, upon the memories of the past, with all their instructions, trace the analogies existing between this and other nations, with reference to their mutual advancement under similar circumstances, and with these mementoes before our eyes, recal each form that once free as the air roamed over these very fields, drank from these springs, plunged in these identical briny waves here lived, loved warred and died.

"By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase array'd

The hunter still the deer pursues.
The hunter, and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see,
The painted chief and pointed spear:
And Reason's self shall bow the knee,
To shadows and delusions here."

"Alas for them! their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from shore to shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds—
The plough is on their hunting grounds,
The pale man's axe rings thro' their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children—look, by power oppress'd
Beyond the mountains of the West—
Their children go—to die!"

MISUSE OF LEISURE.

We have hitherto observed, that the chief source of the many evils, which corrupt the youth of our community, is the misuse of leisure time. It is in the hours of recreation, or when unemployed that children indulge in vicious practices. The remedy, therefore, for the evils which flow from this source, will only be found in furnishing the young with agreeable amusements of an innocent character. As things now exist, most of the amusements of the young, are of a pernicious tendency. But the evil influences of these amusements are not always inherent, but more frequently the result of associations. For instance, theatres as they are now conducted have a corrupting tendency, but it is not because the drama itself is of a vicious tendency; but because of things associated with it, designed to pamper a corrupt taste. It is not the representations of heroic actions. It is not poetry, painting nor music, that corrupt the heart; but the evil things of the theatre are for the most part not *dramatic* at all. It is exhibitions &c., which are adapted to the most vulgar taste; and these things are prepared because they are more *profitable* to the proprietor of a theatre, than things of a more refined character would be. And it is so with most of our popular amusements, those who prepare such things, do so for the purpose of making money; and consequently the pecuniary profit, and not the improvement of the public morals, is the sole aim of those who provide such things.

Those who pamper the base appetites, and vulgar tastes of men, make a great deal more money, than those who strive to improve and refine the tastes and manners of their fellow men.

The powerful inducement of pecuniary interest leads thousands in our city to make a business of providing temptations and indulgences, to all who are willing to pay for them; and as we live under republican institutions,

where men may choose their business and pleasures, these things cannot be prevented by any coercive measures.

The only remedy is in providing counter attractions, to prevent young persons from habitually attending places calculated to corrupt their morals. Places should be prepared for them where they would find the requisite recreation without the evil influence.

In such places of amusement and recreation, our city is sadly deficient, and thousands of young persons, not confirmed in vicious habits pass their leisure time in the streets, in constant danger of temptations, merely because there is nothing more agreeable, to which they can have access.

We propose to offer a plan of a school, which we think, to some extent, would prevent the boys of our city from becoming rowdies. But as the name of *school* is not very attractive to boys, it would perhaps be better to call our institution by some other name. Suppose we should call it a "Military institute." Most boys love to *play soldiers* and even "children of a larger growth" may be kept out of mischief by amusements of this kind. There is one great advantage in putting such an establishment on a military footing, and that is, that the imagination, will greatly aid in the first efforts. A paper cap with a chicken feather in it; will easily enable a boy to imagine himself Julius Cæsar, and any kind of a drum will enable two boys to think themselves a regiment of soldiers.

If we wish to unite amusement, with instruction we must begin with amusement, and if we at first, do but keep boys out of mischief, we will accomplish one important object. But we will do much more.

Suppose we had a building like "the Chinese Museum," and would begin by forming classes for military instruction. What boy would not like to be a *cadet of the Philadelphia Military institute*; and have the privilege of wearing a cockade, on the 4th of July and other parade days? They could be taught military drill; and in this they would get some ideas of order and decorum. They could be taught music, and as many as would desire it might be instructed to perform on military instruments. As a taste for music is very common; there would probably be as many musicians as private soldiers. The boys could soon be taught to feel something of an *esprit du corps*, and it would be an easy matter to make them understand that a soldier should be a gentleman in manners and deportment.

Incidentally all the most important branches of instruction might be brought in, as parts of a military education. And the idea should constantly be inculcated that a soldier and a gentleman should possess some of the refinements of education.

Orders should be established, and decor-

tions arranged to indicate the progress and expertness of the cadets, and to stimulate an honorable ambition. Officers should be made of such as were most exemplary in conduct and skilful in exercises.

The prospect of a grand parade would create a great interest on the part of boys, and would keep their attention engaged, and make them industrious in efforts to appear to advantage on such an occasion.

We think that any person, who will give attention to the subject, will perceive that this fondness for military display, and love of military music, may be turned to great account, in the education of boys. With proper management an institution of this kind, would keep a great many boys out of mischief: and the very boys, most fond of "running with the machine," would be those most ready to come into such an institution.

We are aware that many will be ready to urge objections to the introduction of the military art, or any other really recreative amusement into education: but we have never yet seen an objection that has any force in it.

The idea that military instruction given to boys, will cause a disposition for war, when they become men, is altogether fallacious.

Those things which have made our amusements when we are children, do not excite our ambition when we are men. And the tinsel, noise, and display of military parades, have so much that is puerile in them, that a man of education, will generally regard them as things only calculated to gratify a childish vanity.

If we would keep "the boys" out of mischief we must give them recreations which they will take pleasure in. If we would do any thing to improve the public morals, we must first consider that we have human beings to deal with, and we must deal with human nature as it is. We gain nothing by setting up an ideal standard of what it should be, when it is not practicable to bring men to it. We must deal with human beings as they are, not as what they should be.

We have merely spoken here of the introduction of military instruction, as one of the means by which to make education attractive to boys. We do not consider this the only instrumentality which could be made operative in such a work, but other means of improvement which we might propose in connection with this would meet with perhaps more serious opposition. "Old fogysm" is in the way of any improvement. Many persons are interested in existing institutions, and popular prejudices are opposed to innovations. But is it not time to do something? Shall we rest satisfied, and say we have many splendid institutions, many noble charities, a magnificent system of public schools, besides other establishments designed to pro-

mote intellectual and moral improvement?

Will any one in Philadelphia have the courage to deny that the public morals are growing worse every day? Will any one pretend to say that the people of our city are educated as they should be?

Every candid person will admit that something should be done, and what better can we do, than to begin with an institution to keep boys out of mischief?

The prudential motto, "let well enough alone," will not do here; for things are not well enough, but progressing from bad to worse. We have grown to be a great city. So was Babylon; so was Rome: and where are they? While nations are poor, if they possess any virtue, they will command respect. But how many have heretofore continued to command respect when they have grown rich?

Prosperity, to nations, as to individuals is more dangerous than adversity.

There is yet virtue in the American people, but it is not properly stimulated, not properly directed. The great evil of money getting has so absorbed the more influential part of the people, that they see no good in any thing but wealth, no vice in any thing but poverty.

The people are not properly educated. We do not mean the "vulgar profane," but people of some pretensions, show continually a gross want of proper manners. We are not so educated as to understand the value of politeness. Modest merit meets no appreciation, while bare-faced impudence and ignorance, push themselves into high places of honor and emolument.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

But it needs no argument to prove the want of some means of improvement. We wish to show that the means now relied upon are insufficient. And that our citizens greatly deceive themselves, if they suppose that "prohibitory liquor laws" "The suppression of the fire department," and such other movements as now occupy the public attention, together with such means of education as are now in operation, are enough to cure the giant evils which are about to desolate our beautiful city.

We want something very different from what we now have, and we must realize that want before we will be like to make any improvement. We must enlarge our ideas of the importance and necessity of attention to this matter before any great good will be accomplished.

While the amusements of the people are neglected there will be no great improvement in their morals, and it is not the part of wisdom to overlook the amusements of little children. Give them something really pleasant and they will not show so great a disposition to "prey on garbage."

RES CURIOSÆ.

REPROVING A KING.

James Murphy, who travelled through Portugal in 1789 and 1790, relates the following anecdote of Alfonso the fourth, king of that country:

"Alfonso the fourth, on his accession to the throne, passed a month together (a royal palace contiguous to the village of Cintra, where we then were,) in hunting the wild beasts which in his time roved in numbers about the mountains. The severe reproof he received from one of his subjects, deserves, to be recorded.

"Whilst the king was enjoying the pleasure of the chase with his favorites, the affairs of the state were consigned to men who studied their own interest more than that of the public. The nobility, perceiving the abuses of the ministers, and the sovereign inattentive to the duties of his crown, held a council at Lisbon, to which they invited the prince. He accordingly appeared; but, instead of attending to their deliberations, he proceeded to recite his adventures at Cintra, with all the levity of a young sportsman. When he had finished his narrative, one of the noblemen stood up, and thus addressed the king:—"Sire, courts and camps were allotted for kings, not woods and mountains. When business is sacrificed to amusement, the affairs even of private persons, are in danger; but when pleasures engrosses the thoughts of a king, a whole nation must inevitably be consigned to ruin. Sire, we come here, not to hear the adventures of the chase, which are intelligible only to grooms and falconers, but to consult the welfare of the people. Your majesty will find sufficient employment in attending to their wants; and if you will remove the grievances with which they are oppressed, you will find them dutiful and obedient subjects; if not—" Here the king, starting up in a rage interrupted him saying, 'If not! what then?' 'If not,' resumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, 'they will look for a better king.' Alfonso hastened out of the room, and in the highest transport of passion, expressed resentment; but as passion always begins in folly, and ends in sorrow, his rage soon abated, and he returned with a serene countenance to the assembly, whom he thus addressed: 'I now perceive the truth of what you have thus advanced. A king who will not perform the duties of his throne, cannot have affectionate subjects. Remember, that from this day you have to do not with Alfonso the sportsman, but Alfonso the fourth, king of Portugal.' His majesty did not fail to adhere to this promise. He afterwards became one of the best kings that ever reigned in Portugal."

POLITICAL APOLOGUE.

At the time of the prosecution of Paine's Rights of Man, in England, the following witty satire upon the work appeared in an excellent Irish newspaper. It was entitled "Rights of Waters: a fable intended as a companion to Paine's Rights of Man;" and it bore this motto:—

Flumina: quid rides? Mutato, nomine de te. Fabula narratur.—HOR.

"From that famed well my watery precepts glib,
Where Naiad Truth is stated to reside.
Laugh not, ye wild reformists; those who view
My streams with care, will see reflected—You.

Then comes the fable as follows:—

"In I know not what century after the flood, the reader can look into Blair's tables of chronology,) a spirit of tumult and philosophy is said to have moved upon the face of the waters. Rivers, which (could it be from the want of reflection?) had been quietly gliding within their banks for ages, now discovered themselves to be in such a state of depravity, as required a recurrence to the first principles for its cure; and the *Rights of Waters* were making a rapid progress through the globe. It was argued, this confinement within banks was a restraint which they had heedlessly imposed upon themselves, contrary to the liberal intentions of Nature. They were created fountains with equal natural rights; and deemed it expedient to go back to their sources, as the only means of accurate investigation. They could not see why some particles of water should be thrust down by others no better than themselves. Their forerunners, it was true, had been submitting to this coercion time of mind. But what was this to them? The rights of living waters must not be thus be controlled and sported away. *Divisions of water, into lakes and waters, springs and puddles, they unanimously decried, as mere artificial and aristocratical distinctions; and pushed the researches to to that early period, when water came from the hands of its Maker. What was it then? Water. Water was its high and only title. †

"Now a rumor went, that in the days of Noah, a great aquatic revolution had taken place: when all things were reduced to philosophical level; beneath the sanction of which precedent, it was agreed on by the rivers, that they would not any longer be imprisoned within banks, nor driven headlong into one direction, at the arbitrary will of fountains, but would 'shed their last drop in asserting the rights of waters.

* Paine's fable of the *Rights of Man*.

† "If we proceed on, we shall at last come on right. We shall come to the time when man came from the hands of his maker. What was he then? Man. Man was his high and only title."—Paine's *Rights of Man*.

Obscure as to his origin, † ungovernable in his temper, and a leveller in principle, *Nilus* led the way, and Egypt was covered with an inundation. Every cultivated inequality was overwhelmed, and all distinctions assumed her rights and Philosophy admired the grand simplicity of ruin! When lo, the tide of tumult ebbed, and eminences were seen to get their heads above water. The party was daily continued to gain ground, and all things tended to a counter revolution. What had first been deemed the effects of enlightened virtue, was now looked on as the rush of vulgar and inconsiderate violence. What originally seemed calculated to promote the views of nature, was now seen to be directed in opposition to her will: while events had, in the meantime been suggesting her omnipotence—that to combat her was dangerous, and to conquer her, impossible. §

Such was the result, and the moral of this enterprize. His forces all subdued—impoverished and languid, the baffled Nile retreated to his channel, after having, by his hostile descent, reluctantly served and strengthened the landed interests of Egypt; though, like the commotions of the Seine || this also produced monsters.” ¶

BE CANDID.

The sad consequences of not being candid, are strongly shown in the following little story from a translation by Miss Gunning of the *Memoirs of Madame de Barneveldt*, published at London in 1795.

The wife of Vanderman, who entirely possessed his affections, had one brother, of whom she was dotingly fond. He was a young man of good natural parts, but played his brother-in-law many foolish tricks, for which, from time to time, he had received pardon through the mediation of his sister: yet he still persisted in giving new offence: till at length he could obtain forgiveness on no other condition than that of total exclusion from the family, which terms he was forced to accept, whilst Vanderman seemed glad of an opportunity to forbid him the house, because he did not approve his conduct; neither had he any personal liking for him.

“One evening, when Vanderman was from home the unfortunate youth called privately to see his sister; the still more unfortunate Vanderman returned sooner than he intended, and all the terrified wife could do, that he might not perceive the poor, proscribed visitor, was to extinguish the candle, giving him by these means, a moment of darkness to hide

himself under the table near which he was sitting, thinking no doubt, that her husband would go out to rekindle the light, and her brother in the meanwhile, make his escape unobserved. How weak, how impolitic, and sometimes how fatal, are, what we are apt to call, innocent deceptions, when in fact nothing that is deceitful can be innocent. In this particular instance, how much better would it have been, had the poor creature at once avowed to her husband an offence for which nature itself was accountable, than by trying to conceal what she had done so authorised, instead of receiving a short reprimand, to subject herself, her husband, and her brother, to the severest of evils.—These reflections, presented themselves to my mind—my mind gave them to my pen, and my pen gives them to my reader—that pen which would rather trace any other subject than the dark one it is about to enter.

“The brother of this ill-starred woman having placed himself in a posture extremely uneasy, gently moved to change his position, but not softly so as to prevent a little noise from alarming her husband, who supposing it proceeded from some thief concealed with no better design than to plunder his house, instantly drew a kind of poinard, such as Flamands are generally armed with, and made several passes directed to the spot from whence the sound had issued. The youth who, no doubt, felt the extremity of his danger, jumped up, drew his sword, and put himself in an attitude of defence: the wife, throwing her body between them to break the thrust they were making at each other, received two mortal wounds in her heart from the hands of her husband and her brother—and all this was the work of a moment!

“In falling to the ground, the scream she uttered reached the ears of the combatants, and penetrated their souls with horror. Vanderman raved for lights: lights were brought and showed to his aching sight the wife so dear to him pouring out her blood in the icy embraces of death, and her brother mad with despair. What a frightful apparition for the eyes of an affectionate husband to contemplate! He called upon the wretched cause of his rashness for the punishment of his crime—he conjured him with incessant cries to revenge the death of his sister, to pierce him with the sword yet reeking in the blood of his beloved wife; whilst the frantic young man had fallen down at his feet, and was entreating to receive from his hand the favor he solicited from him. At last, the dispute of who should die first was terminated by both at once throwing down their arms, and running together to present themselves before the chief magistrate, not to accuse each other, but as self-impeachers, separately pleading guilty of a crime intended by neither.

† Arcanum Natura caput non prodidit ulli;
Nec licuit populus parvum te, Nile, videre.—LUCAN.

‡ Expellas licet—usque recurrit.

§ An allusion to the consequences of the then recent French Revolution.

¶ The mud deposited by the Nile was supposed to engender monsters.

All other contest subsided between them, except who should have the happiness of being sentenced to partake of that fate they had administered to an object dearer than their own existence: but who should attend her martyred shade to another world, was a point for which they still contended with all the violence of opposition.

"The judge before whom a case so singular was presented happened to be a man of refined understanding and infinite humanity—one who heard with attention, saw without prejudice, weighed with precision, and decided with equity. He listened to the pair of miserable penitents, who threw themselves at his feet, not beseeching for mercy, but importuning for death. He considered their offence less a breach of the laws than a misfortune Heaven had directed against their own peace: he saw the punishment of the deed in the consequences it had produced; he adjudged it sufficiently severe, grieved at the pungency of their sufferings, and dismissed them from his tribunal fully pardoned."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

—His Majesty the King of Prussia has granted the great gold Medal for Science to Mr. Leone Levi, for his work on the commercial law of the World. The medal has on one side the effigy of the King surrounded by the emblems of Religion, Law, Medicine, and Justice,—and on the other side the Chariot of the Sun traversing the ecliptic, emblematic of the diffusion of knowledge.

—Among the papers of the late Gioberti, there are said by Turin journals to have been found two works of literary interest:—one a complete treatise on Ontology—the other on the great topic with his life, Catholic Reform. These works may be expected to appear soon.

—An Exchange paper tells of a certain Mr.—rather an ancient beau, who charmed by a youthful fair one, sent her a glove, with these lines:

"From Glove, cut off the initial letter G,
Then Glove is Love, and that I send to thee."

The lady considered her youth and beauty too valuable to be bestowed on a suitor so antiquated, and returned the glove with the couplet—

"From Page cut off the initial letter P,
Then Page is Age, and that won't do for me."

—**FERN LEAVES.**—We have received from Mr. Orton, of the enterprising firm of Derby Orton & Mulligan, Buffalo, this very saleable book. When we say "saleable," we are sustained by an announcement of the publishers on the imprint; that it is one of the *thirtieth*

thousand; a remarkable circumstance, when it is recollected that the book has only been out four or five months. The illustrations are very fine, and from the variety and spiciness of the contents, "*Fern Leaves*" is just the thing to take. The efforts of the author, as copied by the press, seemed to us, coarse, though clever; her book, however, satisfies us, that she can write for the refined also: for there are many, very many passages in its handsomely printed pages abounding in the highest order of delicacy as to thought and expression.

—**CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.**—Mr. J. S. Redfield, of New York, has just published a translation of Jomini's *Campaign of Waterloo*, which we have read with decided pleasure. It is a part of Jomini's great work called "*Vie Politique et Militaire de Napoleon*," yet is still itself complete. The translator is Mr. S. V. Benet of the United States Ordnance department and he has executed his task very cleverly. A map of part of Belgium illustrating the campaign is attached to the work which is very handsomely executed as is also the entire volume.

—**SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.**—The second volume of a new duodecimo edition of Shakespeare, comes to us from Redfield. It is very neatly gotten up in all respects, and cannot fail to have a large sale. The first volume has never reached us. Suppose it lies upon some city bookseller's shelf. How is this Mr. Redfield? This edition, by the way, has all the emendations and corrections of Collier's old folio, which is generally conceded by readers competent to judge in the premises, of the true catholic stamp.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

—Is decidedly a most admirable work. The last number, we find, too, unusually attractive, filled as it is with articles original and second-hand, but all interesting. Among the latter is "Uncle Bernard's story," which appeared in *Putnam*, of June, and which *Harper* copies without credit. *Putnam* is copyrighted, and there is some talk of a law suit, entitled, *Putnam & Co. vs Harper & Brothers*; indeed, a preliminary move has already been made by *Putnam & Co.* in a service of notice. Should the suit be tried, and should *Putnam & Co.* recover, they will, it is said be entitled to fifty cents on each copy of *Harper* for September, or the very snug sum of \$62,000. The *Harpers* are very liberal in their outlays of money for the success of their work, and should the \$62,000 be given against them, they will pay it and think no more about the matter. Never was the sen-

ior of the firm, Dr. James Harper, in better spirits. All who were at the late Trade Sales of Messrs. Thomas & Sons will certify to this. Wit and humor flowed from his lips in perfect rivulets, his eyes sparkled like a pair of brilliants; all about him there was an atmosphere of most cheerful quality, to breathe which, was to be inflated with the best kind of fun. If all the partners are in as delightful a frame of mind as the Doctor the firm will yield to the lancet of law,—and justice too, we think—as applied by Putnam & Co., not to the amount of \$62,000 but twice that sum, and relish their dinners quite as well hereafter as ever.

THE PRESIDENT CONDEMNED.

— *Putnam's Monthly*, for August, is an excellent number. Among the contents, "Our New President," is a strong and trenchant article. It takes General Pierce as it finds him, and so dissects him. It presents him as he is: in other words, quite alone, without any harmonious support: something as was Napoleon, according to Phillips, on the Rock of St. Helena, "Grand, gloomy and peculiar." The knowing ones, about us, we find, are rather inclined to coincide with the writer of this article. Gen. Pierce, they think, is the representative of no distinct party as he now stands; the expounder and enforcer of no distinct doctrines. He dispenses favours to unionists and disunionists, hunkers and barnburners, secessionists and abolitionists. He stands upon a platform supported by all kinds of timber, no stick being really of the true stuff, and our knowing ones urge that it will fall from under him in 1856. We shall see. The article in question, we are told, was written by a prominent democrat of New York, perhaps Mr. Brady. The circulation of *Putnam* is constantly increasing, and we announce the fact with pleasure.

LETTER FROM O. G. LELAND, ESQ.

— In the last number of our paper we published a poem, which as we stated came to us anonymously, entitled "Ladies' Boots." A visitor dropping in informed us that he believed it to have been the production of Charles G. Leland, Esq., and hitherto published. In these degenerate times of newspaper thefts, we considered it particularly our duty to inquire into the correctness of this statement, and to act upon the information we should receive: we accordingly propounded our inquiry by letter in direct language to Mr. Leland, stating at the same time that we would in our next number make a statement in accordance with his response, if necessary. Mr. Leland, who, (we state this by way of explanation to part of the following letter,) far from being a grey-beard, has appeared before the public under three different names, *his own*,

"*Meister Karl*," and "*The Chevalier*," and has gained a distinct *renommée* under each, returned us the following reply, which as it embodies what could say, and nothing more, we take the liberty of here inserting.

Monday, September, 5th, 1853

Dear—

Meister Karl was the real inventor, the "Original Jacobs" of Ladies' Boots." The piece has had an excellent "run," but in every instance the initials, C. G. L. which tailed it off in "*The Illustrated News*," have been omitted. If I am to have a benefit in BIZARRÉ, I will give you the full piece. After the 28th line, "as flowers from a vase," the following came in:

No other sign had I of her
Who kept my soul fast bound,
Saw when at eve, or early morn;
I heard her knocking round:
And then I'd wake, as up she rose,
And listen while she washed;
And tears of love ran down my cheeks,
When e'er the Croton *sposhed*.

In BIZARRÉ the concluding verse is omitted.

Enough, enough, my song is sung
Love's tree bears bitter fruits,
Beware of Beauty reader mine,
And oh! beware of boots.

Line 6 read "as they 'd order."

Line 13, read "*Clarnadon for Washington*."

Line 22, read "other brutes," instead of "mutes."

Line 28, read "as flowers *grow* from a vase."

Line 32, read "some other name was on the books."

Yours very truly,

C. G. LELAND.

NEW BOOKS.

G. P. Putnam & Co., have sent us the following publications: "The Story of Mont Blanc" by Albert Smith; "Pedestrian in France" by Barrell; "The Exiles" by Talvi; and Nos. 5 and 6 of the "Illustrated Record of the Crystal Palace," a superb work. Messrs. Harper & Brothers favor us with the following, their latest issues:—"Theory of Politics" by Hildreth; "Elements of Rhetoric" by Archbishop Whately; "Frankford" by the author of "Ruth;" and "Stuyvesant" by Abbott.

THE SEVENTY-SIX SOCIETY.

— This Society of which we spoke in BIZARRÉ week before last, was organized on Monday, the 5th instant, the anniversary of the meeting of the first Congress, by the election of the following gentlemen as officers, for ensuing year: Henry J. Williams, Esq., *President*, Thomas Balch, Esq., *Secretary*, Wm. Duane, Esq., *Treasurer*, and Messrs. Edward D. Ingraham, John Jordan Jr., Aubrey H. Smith, Edward Armstrong, Townsend Ward, Ed-

ward E. Law, Leonard R. Koecker, M. D., Henry Penington, Horatio G. Jones, Jr., and James H. Castle, members of the Council, in addition to the other officers, first named.

This Society is after the model of the English Publication Societies, and has selected works relating to the American Revolution, as those which it will distribute among its members. Old works now scarce, will be republished and rare matter brought to light. None of its publications will be sold. The annual subscription has been fixed at five dollars, for which every member will be entitled to the publications made during the year.

It is desired to make this a National Society: persons residing in any part of the United States, being eligible as members. The movements of the Society will be regularly recorded in our pages.

ANECDOTES OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

— A person called one day upon the late Sampson Levy, Esq., and after stating his case, added "Now Mr. Levy what do you think I had better do?"

"Why! (replied Mr. Levy) I think if I were you, I would go home and put Ten Dollars in my pocket-book and go to some lawyer of my acquaintance and ask his advice."

The man took the hint.

Two young men waited upon the late Peter S. Duponceau, Esq., to ask his professional assistance.

One of them commenced: "Mr. Duponceau, our father died and made a will."

"Is it possible? I never heard of such a thing," answered Mr. Duponceau.

"I thought it happened every day," said the young man.

"It's the first case of the kind," replied Mr. Duponceau.

"Well," said the young man "if there is to be any difficulty about it, we had better give you a fee to attend to the business."

The fee was given and then Mr. Duponceau observed,

"Oh! I think I know now what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died. Yes! yes! that must be it! that must be it!"

The late Mr. Chester being about to take a verdict, sat down to make a calculation of interest to hand to the jury.

"Charge! Chester, charge!" cried D. P. B. Esq., to him.

WHAT A NAME!

— We notice in circulation the bills of a bank located in Providence, called the 'What Cheer Bank.' 'Phœbus, what a name! They will be starting a 'Trust in Providence Bank,' there next.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

— Sanford's excellent Troupe of Serenaders are performing burlesque opera, nightly, and with great effect. "Cinderella" is the piece, now given. It will soon be followed by many other operas arranged on the best manner by Nelson Kneass. Sanford's company, is without exception the best we have ever had in Philadelphia. They embrace some of the best solo vocalists and musicians now in the city. The new Opera House at Twelfth and Chestnut Street, where it exhibits is beautifully fitted up.

— Heller's Spirit Rappings at the Lecture Room of the Chinese Museum, are truly wonderful. He tells you, that they are all deceptions. and you marvel to know how such a deception is accomplished. No one can believe that the Fish and Fox rappers are any thing but humbugs who see Heller. He exhibits every evening, at Chinese Museum, Lecture Room, which is fitted up very beautifully for him. Another fact should not be omitted in speaking of Heller, viz: the is assisted by a very beautiful young lady. Melle. Marie Heller. Mr. Jarvis, too, it should be stated presides at the piano and with fine effect, as a matter of course.

— The Arch Street Theatre, under Messrs. Wheatly and Drew, continues to draw full houses every night. The pieces are well done, indeed with the admirable company now at the Arch, it could not be otherwise.

— Oakford's new Autumn Fashion issued September 3d, is a charming conceit, like every thing which Oakford produces. tasteful in design and finish. Oakford is selling the new mode, of course, very rapidly; indeed as the season advances his new and beautiful store, 158 Chestnut Street, becomes more and more crowded with buyers. He has various new styles besides the one to which we have alluded, which is particularly his own, and they will be appropriated by customers as tastes shall prompt. Our citizens have long known Oakford and delighted to deal with him.

— Col. Wm. H. Maurice, at 123 Chestnut st, offers one of the best stocks of Cheek Books, Stationery &c., to be found in the Philadelphia, and he sells more largely than ever now that the trade season has opened. Any man who deals with Maurice once, is sure to do so the second time.

— Dr. Hunter as will be seen by advertisement, will be in Philadelphia, September 19th and 20th. We invite attention to his card.

— Elliott, the Phrenologist, has returned to town, and may now be found at his rooms 194 Chestnut Street.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP!"—*Farquhar*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1853.

THE ALPINE SURPRISE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Before the hand of republican power had levelled all distinction in France, and sunk the proudest families to the humiliating condition of the meanest peasant, in the gay neighborhood of Versailles the Marquis d'Embleville owned a sumptuous hotel, where he lived in epicurean luxury and princely splendor. His mind possessed all the imperious vanity of the ancient *regime*; and placed by fortune at an awful distance, he looked down upon the *canaille* as unworthy to hold with him a rank in the same scale of being. His only son, Lewis, in the prime of youth, had made the tour of Switzerland: he had visited every part of those wondrous regions, where nature reigns in all her grandeur, and displays to the enthusiastic mind that sublime and majestic scenery, which attracts and gratifies the most unbounded curiosity. So remote from the haunts of courtly pleasure—so distant from the giddy circle of high life—he felt the impression of that tender passion beneath whose controlling power mortals of all degrees are indiscriminately doomed to bow.

The object of his admiration was a lovely Swiss, fresh from the hand of nature, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, like the mother of mankind, in the state of primeval innocence; honesty, was the only wealth her friends possessed:—her charms and virtues were her only portion. With this lovely maid, Lewis had sought and cultivated an acquaintance. He weighed her mental graces against the frippery of Parisian belles, and with pleasure saw them greatly preponderate. She felt the congenial passion, but from disparity of circumstances, suppressed the kindling hope. The shaft was fixed too deep in his bosom, to be eradicated without lacerating his vitals. Although despairing of success, he returned to his father, and on his knee besought him to confirm his happiness by an assent to this unequal union.

Degrading information! Should the honorable tide of princely blood, long flowing down the channel of an illustrious ancestry, be contaminated by mingling with plebeian streams? No! He spurned him from his feet, and, with

a niggard hand, reluctantly conferring a scanty annuity, bade him retire again to ignominious exile, and see his face no more. He was too well acquainted with the inflexibility of his father's temper, when once arrived at a certain point; he knew that the moment of expostulation was forever past. He was forbidden to return to seek a pardon, even by the narrow path of duty: he therefore felt himself not unhappy that, without a direct breach of parental obligation, he could by the trivial sacrifice of his fortune obtain the object of his desires. He bade adieu to the scenes of departed affluence, and flew to repose himself on the faithful bosom of domestic affection. The inhabitants of the happy valley celebrated their nuptials with the usual ceremonies, and Lewis soon forgot that he was born to higher expectations.

The storm which had long been gathering over devoted France, at length descended, involving in one general ruin all the pride of prerogative, title, and family. The sanguinary streams that flowed from the throne, swollen by a thousand rills, had deluged the nation, and the horrid engine of death (the guillotine) still frowned tremendously over its innumerable victims. Not with less terror than the trembling traveller, when he sees the accumulating *avalanche* thundering from Alpine precipices in its progress tearing up towering pines, and crushing into atoms the obstructing cottages, the Marquis d'Embleville beheld the approaching desolation. His lady died of a broken heart, to observe the splendor of her family eclipsed; and rescuing a comparative trifle from the wreck of affluence, he hastily left his proscribed country in disguise, and fled towards the regions of ancient Helvetic liberty; where, after long and weary wandering among those eternal mountains, which form the barrier of nations—whose heads, crowned with snows old as the creation, view the turgid clouds rolling round their base amid the wildest scenes of nature, he experienced the bitter pangs of reflection, without a beam of distant hope to cheer him in his exile. In order to divert the cares that wrung his bosom, he had visited the stupendous cataract of the Rhine, he had marked the wanderings of the Emmen and the Reuss, and arrived at length at a charmingly romantic valley in the neighborhood of Lugano. The evening sun shot his yellow rays over orange and citron groves which clothed the sides of the far stretched mountains, when he reached a neat little cottage, seated on a gentle declivity, which terminated in the tranquil waters of an extensive lake, over which gentle zephyrs wafted the softened notes of rustic joy—the villagers were returning from the labors of the day; and here and there appeared in distant groups winding down the avenue of vine-clad hills. At the cottage door he

was met by two buxom little girls, on whose cheeks bloomed the roses of health, and their dress was such as served not to decorate but display the fine symmetry of their figures. They made a low and graceful curtsy, and then ran in to announce the approach of a stranger.

The charming mother came out, and modestly welcomed him to her cottage, where she set before him the best her simple larder afforded, together with the choicest fruits the children could procure. He took the infants on his knee, and encouraged their artless prattle by familiar questions and endearments; and from them he learnt that papa was gone to take a long walk on the mountains, on which account they were unable to accompany him as usual. Their pleasures, their pastimes, and their mode of education, became the general topics of conversation; and the Marquis discovered in this little group more natural ability and good sense, than he had frequently found in the most polished circles. The mother was an intelligent, liberal-minded woman, and delivered her sentiments with the most agreeable and unaffected simplicity—her whole deportment and conduct evinced the most secret attachment to the maternal and conjugal duties, and she spoke with enthusiasm of the enjoyments of retirement and domestic life. The mind of the Marquis was much affected, and it was with apparent difficulty he could conceal the various emotions which struggled in his bosom.

The little mountaineers, who had been on the "tip-toe of expectation" for the arrival of their father, now recognised his footsteps as he approached the door: and running out to welcome him, hung around his knees, and danced with excess of rapture, while he distributed between them some flowers and other natural curiosities indigenous to the soil, which he had picked up in his way. A sudden pleasure seemed to irradiate the lovely countenance of the mother, as she introduced her consort to her guest. Had a clap of thunder that moment torn from the summit of the neighboring mountain the eternal rock, which then cast a length of shade across the lake, and hurled it into the vale below, a greater degree of astonishment could not have been depicted on the faces of both at this unexpected rencontre.

A momentary silence prevailed, conscious remorse touched the heart of the Marquis at the appearance of a son whom he had so deeply injured, while Lewis stood awed beneath the heretofore authoritative eye of a disobliged parent. The roses fled the cheek of the amiable Maria, while the husband on his knees implored the forgiveness of that father of whose displeasure she had formerly heard with so much emotion, and who, she

now fully expected, was come to destroy her happiness forever. He perceived their agitation: adversity had softened his heart, and all the father returned; for a while he could not speak; but taking their hands and joining them together, lifted his eyes to heaven as if in the act of imploring blessings on them both. He then snatched the wondering infants to his bosom, and shed over them involuntary tears.

The first tumult this interview had occasioned subsiding, a calmer but more solemn scene ensued. The death of Lady Embleville, and the family misfortune, engaged all their attention; and while they listened to the "tale of woe," they mutually paid the tribute due to human calamity. The Marquis having now experienced the vicissitudes and fallacy of fortune, acknowledged the superior prudence of his son in making so judicious a choice, and blessed the power that so mysteriously disposed him to provide this calm retreat and those domestic comforts, amidst which he resolved to spend the evening of his days.

PHILADELPHIA CELEBRATION OF THE PEACE OF 1783.

The Pennsylvania Legislature (then sitting in Philadelphia) provided as follows for the celebration of the triumphant issue of the American Revolution. It will amuse us Philadelphians of the present day to hear Market street between Sixth and Seventh streets called "*the upper end of High or Market street.*"

Philadelphia—In Assembly, Tuesday December 2d., 1783, A. M.

The report of the Committee read November 2th., relative to the preparations to be made for public demonstrations of joy was read the second time and adopted as follows, viz:—

The committee appointed to confer with Council, concerning the public demonstration of joy it may now be proper to authorize in this State, upon the definitive treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, beg leave to report as the joint opinion of that Board and your committee—

That a triumphant arch be erected at the upper end of High or Market Street, between Sixth and Seventh streets to be embellished with illuminated paintings and suitable inscriptions; and that some fireworks be prepared for the occasion.

That such an exhibition in point of elegance, as well as in regard to the convenience and safety of the spectators, will prove most generally acceptable; it being intended there should be no other illumination in the city: that these preparations may be completed in three or four weeks, and will require, by the

most exact computation they could at present make, about five or at most six hundred pounds: and therefore,—

Resolved. That a sum not exceeding six-hundred pounds, be and the same is hereby appropriated for the purpose of enabling the supreme executive council to make public demonstration of joy upon the definitive treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain.

As these demonstrations of joy are prescribed and regulated by the directions and at the expense of the State, it is expected that no person or persons whatever will presume, in defiance of the authority of the Commonwealth, to require or to make any other demonstrations of joy upon the occasion, than those directed and authorized as aforesaid.

A Description of the Triumphal Arch and its Ornaments.

The arch is fifty feet and six inches wide, and thirty-five feet and six inches high, exclusive of the balustrade, which is three feet and nine inches in height. The arch is fourteen feet wide in the clear, and each of the small arches nine feet. The pillars are of the *Ionic* order. The entablature, all the other parts and the proportions correspond with that order: and the whole edifice is finished in the style or architecture proper for such a building and used by the Romans. The pillars are adorned by spiral festoons of flowers in their natural colours.

The following devices and inscriptions are distributed in the several parts appropriated by the ancients to such ornaments.

I. Over the center arch, the temple of Janus shut.

Numine favente

Magnus ab integro sæculorum nascitur ordo*

By the Divine favor

A great and new order of ages commences.

II. Over the south side of the balustrade, a bust of Louis XVI.

His merit makes us remember him.

III. On the other side of the balustrade, a pyramidal cenotaph to the memory of those brave men who have died for their country in the late war.

These received their wounds for their country.

IV. On the south side of the prize, three lilies, the arms of France.

They exceed glory.

V. On the left of the former, a plow, sheaves of wheat, and a ship under sail, the arms of Pennsylvania.

A land contented with its own blessings.

VI. On the left of the preceding, a sun, the device of France—and thirteen stars, the device of the United States.

Allied in the heavens.

VII. On the left of the last, two hands joined, holding branches of olive and the (caduceus) of commerce.

The concord of nations.

VIII. On the south panel, confederated America, leaning upon a soldier, military trophies on each side of them.

The fidelity of the army.

IX. On the other panel, Indians building churches in the wilderness.

Their savage hearts become mild.

X. On the dye of the south pedestal, a library, with instruments and sunbeams of arts and sciences.

These soften manners.

XI. On the dye of the west pedestal, a large tree bearing thirteen principal and distinct branches loaded with fruit.

By the strength of the body these will ripen.

XII. Upon the dye of the pedestal on the right hand in passing through the center arch, Cincinnatus, crowned with laurel, returning to his plow—the plow adorned with a wreath of the same—the countenance of Cincinnatus is a striking resemblance of General Washington.

Victorious Virtue.

XII. On the dye of the next pedestal, militia exercising.

Protecting they shall enjoy.

On the spandrels of the centre arch these letters, S P. Q. P.

The Senate and People of Pennsylvania.

The top of the balustrade is embellished with figures representing the cardinal virtues, Justice, Prudence, Temperance and Fortitude.

The whole building illuminated by about twelve hundred lamps.

Directions will be put up in Market street near Fifth street, for having the following regulations observed, in order that the citizens may have an opportunity of viewing and examining the exhibition with the greatest convenience and satisfaction to themselves.

1st. Persons walking will please to advance towards the exhibition by the ways on the outside of the footpavements, which lead in straight lines from Fifth street through the side arches. Those that advance on the south side, after passing the south arch, will turn on the left hand down Market street to Fifth street. Those who advance on the north side, after passing the north arch, will turn on the right hand down Market street on the footpavement to Fifth street. In this manner they may pass and return as often as they choose.

2d. Persons on horseback or in carriages are to advance in the middle of Market street, and passing through the centre arch, continue on to Seventh street: then turning to the right or left, return by Arch Street or Chest-

*In the original account the Latin of all the other mottoes is given. We have contented ourselves with copying only the translations,

nut street to Fifth street, and so pass and return as often as they please.

Any boys or others who disturb the citizens by throwing squibs or crackers or otherwise, will be immediately apprehended and sent to the workhouse.

THE GRIMALDI SHAKESPEARE.

John Bull will have his fun, albeit he is sometimes rather dull, and rude at the expense of his own kith and kin. His last spasm is a burlesque on Collier's admirable Shakespeare emendations: and entitled "The Grimaldi Shakespeare Notes and Emendations on the Plays of Shakespeare from a recently discovered annotated copy by Joseph Grimaldi, Esq., Comedian." Grimaldi, as many of our readers know, was a pantomimist who flourished some thirty or forty years ago, and whose great fame, was based upon his supple limbs and droll contortions of physiognomy. The idea of his dipping into Shakespeare as an annotator is hence ludicrous enough.

According to a London paper, the story of Mr. Collier's discovery is parodied in this brochure. The author, who boasts a copy-right in his corrections,—which, according to him, give him the exclusive future property of Shakespeare, since no edition can henceforth be good without his corrections, and no editor dare take them,—on his way to Sadler's Wells Theatre, stops at a bookstall, and there stumbles on an annotated copy of a shabby folio edition of Shakespeare. On reaching his home, what is his delight to find that this is the copy used by the great Grimaldi—the Tarlton of our times! This precious folio, it appears, has the autograph inscription—"Joseph Grimaldi, his book. Here we are!" This inscription, the London editor adds, "is humorously given in fac-simile:—as are one or two stage-directions of the old school of 'Well-mouthed Booth,' and of the late 'John Philip Kemble,' as his admirers still continue to call him at full length. Our Clown's corrections are, of course, worked out in the peculiar spirit of Mr. Collier's old emendator. Thus, two or three of the corrections put forth as happy in Mr. Collier's folio are parodied with skill,—and their scope and tendency is mimicked with clown-like sagacity.

Here is an extract from this new edition of Shakespeare:—

"As a specimen of the strong common-sense of the comments by immortal Joe, and of the elisions which he has made in the text with an amount of taste and judgment only equalled by 'Perkins' (Collier's old commentator) himself, I give the dialogue between Malcolm and the Doctor in 'Macbeth' (act

iv, sc 3), which alludes to the mysterious royal gift of healing diseases by touch —

Malcolm. Comes the king forth I pray you?

Doctor. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls, That stay his cure: their malady convinces The great assay of art; but at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

Malcolm. I thank you, Doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

This passage is altered in our amended copy by the substitution of *gulls* for *souls*.—

There are a crew of wretched *gulls* That stay his cure.

The blundering confusion in the next sentence is at once got rid of, as well as the rest of the speech, by drawing the pen vigorously through the whole; and so ending the scene with Malcolm's polite acknowledgment to the medical practitioner of Macbeth's household."

The stage directions, considered of such importance in Mr. Collier's copy, are rather happily ridiculed thus:—

"Macbeth has received much attention from Grimaldi. He has not only corrected the text, but has added minute stage directions, of the most important and elucidatory nature. Thus, in the famous scene where the Thane exclaims—

—Is this a dagger which I see before me?

Grimaldi has written in the margin, opposite that line, 'Dagger hanging, O. P.' which, for the benefit of non-professional readers, I may say means that a dagger must be suspended above Macbeth and opposite the side where the prompter is stationed, and where the actor stands, in order that the meaning of his alarm may be at once apparent. I trust our eyes will never more be offended by staring at vacancy when this scene is acted at the theatres; for why are we not to see the dagger as well as Banquo's Ghost, both being equally the result of the Thane's 'evil conscience?' and common-sense requires that the audience should see what Macbeth sees, to fully comprehend and appreciate his terrors. In 'Hamlet' we have another valuable instance of the attention paid to stage effect, and again feel the great value of the commentator's practical mind. In act iii, sc. 4, where the Prince is surprised by the sudden appearance of his father's spirit, the following piece of what is technically called 'stage business' is noted for his use,—'chuk over the cheer,' i. e., *throw the chair down* upon which Hamlet has been seated, which will add to his apparent consternation, and produce a startling effect upon the audience. It is remarkable that this is an antique stage-tradition, and the frontispiece to 'Hamlet,' in Rowe's Shakespeare, 1709, exhibits the practice, so that we have no doubt it was handed

down from the time of the dramatist himself, who may also have taught the grave-digger to 'make the groundlings laugh,' by pulling off twenty waistcoats, a practice which has improperly ceased of late years, but which we hope our indignant remonstrance may again revive."

This is good. Then follows what the *Athenæum* calls "an older 'Joe' than 'Joe Grimaldi,' but it will bear repeating:—

"There is another passage in this play, which by the simple omission of a comma has been much altered in its significance. It occurs in the speech of Ratcliff (act v. sc. 3), when he abruptly enters the tent of Richard and answers his query 'who's there' by

——'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.

The query, when once put by Kamble, was answered thus:—

My lord 'tis I the early village cock.

The actor who thus replied has been subjected to much absurd odium."

Upon the whole from the specimens of the Grimaldi Shakespeare furnished us we should think it was after all rather a tame joke; that its wit, as the *Athenæum* hints, is not dangerous. It emanates it is said from one of the Shakespearian annotators, where light Collier has put out. We do not think he will succeed either in reasoning or quizzing Collier into disrepute; but that his admirable work must become standard on both sides of the ocean. The name of Collier's annotator—Perkins—has already furnished more than one joke to the London wags, one of whom reported that there was a pamphlet forthcoming entitled "Barclay's Apology for Perkins;" and raised a laugh thereby, no doubt, at least among the lovers of good ale. Here we leave the new "Grimaldi Shakespeare."

ABOUT POETS-LAUREATE.

A book just published in London professing to give the "Lives of the Poets-Laureate," of England, gets pretty roughly handled by the literary papers. It is from the joint pen of Messrs. W. S. Austin Jr., and John Ralph: the former of Exeter College and the latter a barrister of law in London.

One critic says:—"It was said by Dryden of one of his Oxford prologues—and the saying is quoted by Messrs. Austin and Ralph—that 'it is easy to pass anything upon a University,' but we doubt if Oxford or the Inns of Court will accept these 'Lives of the Laureates,' by a graduate of Oxford and a graduate of the Temple, as contributions of any importance to our literary history. 'The Life of an Oxford Student,' either Mr. Austin or Mr. Ralph informs us, 'affords indiffer-

ent materials for the writer of biography:—if we were to judge by these Lives, it might better have been said that the life of an Oxford student is a very indifferent education for even a decently good biographer."

Ben Jonson was the first Laureate; yet in reading his biography by Messrs. Austin and Ralph, not a single allusion is made to what Cowper has called;—

His quit-rent ode, his peppercorn of praise.

Ben received his laurel wreath, his pension, and his "one tierce of Canary Spanish wine yearly," especially to encourage him in those services of his wit and pen which were enjoined upon him, and of course which we expected from him.

Ben subdivided poets into four heads—Poets, Poetaccios, Poetasters, and Poetitos; and Poets-Laureate have been divided by Shenstone and Southey into Poets-Laureate and Po-Lauries. The *Athenæum* says that of the fourteen poets to whom the Court laurel has been given seven may be called Poets, and seven Po-Lauries. The seven Poets, it adds, were Ben Jonson, Davenant, Dryden, Warton, Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson,—and the seven Po-Lauries, Shadwell, Tate, Eusden, Rowe, Cibber, Whitehead, and Pye. We except to the position given to Tennyson by our learned London critic; he belongs most decidedly to the Po-Lauries. The gift of the office was originally in the Crown; and we agree with our critic who says that Kings have been more fortunate generally in their nominations than Lord Chamberlains since the office was in their gift. King Charles the First selected Ben Jonson and Davenant,—King Charles the Second chose Dryden, and King James the Second continued him in the same office.

The Earl of Dorset appointed Shadwell, a very indifferent poet. Cibber succeeded Shadwell: at a period, too, when Pope and Thompson were flourishing! When Cibber felt he was no longer young he wrote to the Lord Chamberlain, asking that the Laureate, at his death, should be given to a certain Mr. Jones. Now Mr. Walpole asked Lord Chesterfield who this Mr. Jones was, and got as a reply "that a better poet would not take the post, and a worse ought not to have it." Rather expressive that.

The Poets-Laureate, used to sing the praises of the royal family, but of late, or during the laureates of Wordsworth and Tennyson the practice has been honored more in the breach than the observance. Ben Jonson was full of grateful bursts. Witness 'An Epigram Anniversary' to King Charles the First on his birthday:—

This is King Charles his day. Speak it thou, Tower,
Unto the ships, and they from tier to tier,

Discharge it 'bout the island in an hour,
 As loud as thunder and as swift as fire,
 Let Ireland meet it out at sea, half-way,
 Repeating all Great Britain's Joy, and more,
 Adding her own glad accents to this day,
 Like Echo playing from the other shore.
 What drums or trumpets, or great ordinance can,
 The poetry of steeples, with the bells,
 Three kingdoms' mirth, in light and airy man,
 Made lighter with the wine. All noises else,
 As bonfires, rockets, fireworks, with the shouts
 That cry with gladness which their hearts would pay,
 Had they but grace of thinking, at these routs,
 On the often coming of this holy-day:
 And ever close the burden of the song,
 Still to have such a Charles, but this Charles long.
 The wish is great, but where the Prince is such,
 What prayers, people, can you think too much?

—Nor was the Queen (Henrietta Maria) allowed to escape. Here is an 'Epigram' on one of her confinements:—

Hail, Mary, full of grace! it once was said,
 And by an angel, to the blessed'st maid,
 The Mother of our Lord: why may not I,
 Without profaneness, as a poet, cry,
 Hail, Mary, full of honour! to my queen,
 The mother of our prince? When was there seen,
 Except the joy that the first Mary brought,
 Whereby the safety of mankind was wrought,
 So general a gladness to an isle,
 To make the hearts of a whole nation smile,
 As in this prince? let it be lawful so
 To compare small with great, as still we owe
 Glory to God. Then hail to Mary! spring
 Of so much safety to the realm and King!

With Ben, we are told, commenced the annual custom not recognised, however, by several of his successors—of writing Birthday Odes: we agree with an author who says he set an example of bad poetry as well:—witness a verse of 'An Ode or Song of all the Muses in Her Majesty's Birthday, 1630.'—

Up, public joy, remember
 This sixteenth of November,
 Some brave uncommon way;
 And though the parish-steeples
 Be silent to the people,
 Ring, show it holy day.

MONT BLANC AGAIN.

Albert Smith's book about Mont Blanc, which we noticed a week or two since as having appeared in London, G. P. Putnam & Co. of New York, have issued in a very handsome volume. It is extremely interesting, and will unquestionably meet with a lively sale here as it did in London. We subjoin two extracts, which are very fair specimens of the whole book.

BIVOUAC ON THE GRANDS MULETS.

As soon as we had arranged our packs and bundles we began to change our clothes,

which were tolerably well wet through with trudging and tumbling about among the snow; and cutting a number of pegs, we strewed our garments about the crannies of the rocks to dry. I put on two shirts, two pairs of lamb's-wool socks, a thick pair of Scotch plaid trousers, a "Templar" worsted head-piece, and a common blouse; and my companions were attired in a similar manner. There was now great activity in the camp. Some of the guides ranged the wine bottles side by side in the snow; others unpacked the refreshment knapsacks; others, again, made a rude fireplace, and filled a stewpan with snow to melt. All this time it was so hot, and the sun was so bright, that I began to think the guide, who told De Saussure he should take a parasol up with him, did not deserve to have been laughed at. As soon as our wild bivouac assumed a little appearance of order, two of the guides were sent up the glacier to go a great way ahead, and then return and report upon the state of the snow on the plateaux. When they had started, we perched ourselves about on the comparatively level spaces of the rock, and with knife and fingers began our dinner. We kept high festival that afternoon on the Grand Mulets. One stage of our journey—and that one by no means the easiest—had been achieved without the slightest hurt or harm. The consciousness of our success thus far, the pure transparent air, the excitement attached to the very position in which we found ourselves, and the strange bewildering novelty of the surrounding scenery, produced a flowing exhilaration of spirits that I had never before experienced. The feeling was shared by all; and we laughed and sang, and made the guides contribute whatever they could to the general amusement, and told them such stories as would translate well in return; until I believe, that dinner will never be forgotten by them. A fine diversion was afforded by racing the empty bottles down the glacier. We flung them off from the rock as far as we were able, and then watched their course. Whenever they chanced to point neck first down the slope, they started off with inconceivable velocity leaping the crevices by their own impetus, until they were lost in the distance. The excitement of the guides during this amusement was very remarkable: a stand of betting men could not have betrayed more at the Derby. Their anxiety when one of the bottles approached a crevice was intense; and if the gulf was cleared they perfectly screamed with delight, *Voici un bon coureur!* or *Tiens! comme il saute bien!* burst from them; and "*Le grand's arrette!*" "*Il est perdu—dommage!*" "*Non—il marche encore!*" could not have been uttered with more earnestness had they been watching a herd of chamois. The sun at length went

down behind the Aiguille du Goutte, and then, for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendor—burst upon me, that, spell-bound, and almost trembling with emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw far more than the realisation of the most gorgeous visions that opium or *hasheesh* could evoke, accomplished. At first, everything about us, above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold, so brightly dazzling that, now our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendor. As the twilight gradually crept over the lower world, the glow became still more vivid; and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints,—first orange, and then bright, transparent crimson, along the horizon, rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its color from these changes: and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly explained cause, at high elevations—such, indeed, as I had seen, in early summer, upon the Furka and Faulhorn. These beautiful hues grew brighter as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers, until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher still it drove the lovely glory of the sun-light before it, until at last the vast Dome du Goutte and the summit itself stood out, icelike and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light. Although this superb spectacle had faded away, the scene was still even more than striking. The fire which the guides had made, and which was now burning and crackling on a ledge of rock a little below us, threw its flickering light, with admirable effect, upon our band. The men had collected round the blaze, and were making some chocolate, as they sang *patois* ballads and choruses: they were all evidently as completely at home as they would have been in their *chalets*. We had arranged ourselves as conveniently as we could, so as not to inconvenience one another, and had still nothing more than an ordinary wrapper over us: there had been no attempt to build the tent with batons and canvas, as I had read in some of the Mont Blanc narratives—the starry heaven was our only roofing. Mr. Floyd and Mr. Philips were already fast

asleep. Mr. West was still awake, and I was too excited even to close my eyes in the attempt to get a little repose. We talked for a while, and then he also was silent. The stars had come out, and, looking over the plateau, I soon saw the moonlight lying cold and silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily, that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light. One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes. And then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world. Often and often, from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grands Mulets, and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for men to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness. And now I was lying there—in the very heart of its icebound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of the actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary train of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self-perception of abject nothingness, alone rose above every other feeling. A vast untrodden region of cold, and silence, and death stretched out far and away from us on every side: but, above, Heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all!

THE TOP.

For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the *calotte*, as it is called—the “cap” of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition: and everybody was so “blown,” in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides: but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about, as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my “team,” because they did not go quicker; and I was excessively indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last, one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found

myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc! The ardent wish of years was gratified: but I was so completely exhausted, that, without looking round me, I fell down upon the snow, and was asleep in an instant. I never knew the charm before of that mysterious and brief repose which ancient people term "forty winks." Six or seven minutes of dead slumber was enough to restore the balance of my ideas: and when Tairraz awoke me, I was once more perfectly myself. And now I entered into the full delight that the consciousness of our success brought with it. It was a little time before I could look at anything steadily. I wanted the whole panorama condensed into one point: for, gazing at Geneva and the Jura, I thought of the plains of Lombardy behind me; and turning round towards them, my eye immediately wandered away to the Oberland, with its hundred peaks glittering in the bright morning sun.

RES CURIOSÆ.

DANGER OF EARLY BURIALS.

Le Clerc, in his History of Medicine, and also other able physicians, affirm, that in Hysteria, a woman can live thirty days without respiration. I know, says Calmet, that a very honest woman continued thirty-six hours without any sign of life. Every one thought her dead, and her funeral was prepared; her husband steadily opposed it. At the expiration of thirty-six hours, she recovered, and lived a long time afterwards. She related that she heard perfectly all that was said of her, and knew that they wished to bury her; but such was her torpor, that she could not overcome it, and would have suffered all without resistance; which accords with what St. Augustin says of a priest, who during a syncope, heard what was said, as if at a distance, and yet allowed his flesh to be burned and cut without opposition or sensation.

The case of Rev. William Tennent, late pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Freehold, (N. J.) may also be set up against the practice of early burial. It seems, according to his biographer, that intense application affected his health, and brought on a pain in his breast and a slight hectic. He soon became emaciated, and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now threatened. In this situation his spirits failed him, and he began to obtain doubts of his final happiness. He was conversing one morning with his brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul,

when he fainted and died away. After the usual time, he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country, and the neighborhood were invited to attend his funeral, on the next day. In the evening his physician and friend, returned from a ride into the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain; and on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body, thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh, under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavoured to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into warm water, to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral should be requested not to attend. To this the brother objected as absurd; the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success, but by the doctor, who never left him, night or day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request for delay to one hour, then to half an hour, and finally to a quarter of an hour. He had discovered that the tongue was much swollen and threatened to crack. He was endeavoring to soften it by some emollient ointment, put upon it with a feather, when the brother came in, about the expiration of the last period, and mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed him, manifested some resentment, and, in a spirited tone, said, "It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse;" and insisted with earnestness, that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him; and every effort was again employed in hopes of bringing about speedy resuscitation. In about an hour, the eyes opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour, life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and no small astonishment and conviction of very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body. Mr. T. continued in so weak and low a state for six weeks, that great doubts were entertained of final recovery. It

was full a twelve-month before he was completely restored.

Other examples of persons buried alive, or about to be, may be found in Winslow.

Plutarch relates, that a man having fallen from a height, was thought to be dead, without, however, the slightest appearance of a wound. At the end of three days, as they laid him in the earth, he suddenly came to himself.—And Asclepiades meeting a large concourse of people following a person to the grave was allowed to see him. He found in him signs of life, and by appropriate means, immediately recovered him and restored him to his friends.

There are numerous instances of persons, who, having been buried, have afterwards recovered, and lived in perfect health a long time. In particular we are told of a woman of Orleans, buried in a vault with a ring on her finger, which could not be taken off when placing her in the coffin. The following night, a servant, attracted by this ring, opened the tomb, broke the coffin, and not being able to draw off the ring, attempted to cut off the finger of the woman, who cried out, and thus put him to flight. She then divested herself as well as she could, of her burial clothes, returned home, and survived her husband.

M. Bernard, a surgeon at Paris, affirms, that being with his father at the parish church of Rael, they drew from his tomb, alive and breathing, a priest of the order of St. Francis, who had been interred three or four days, and who had gnawed his hands around the ligature that bound them together. He died, however, almost instantly on being brought into the air.

Many persons have mentioned the wife of a Counsellor of Cologne, who having been buried, in 1571, with a valuable ring, the grave digger opened the grave the following night, in order to steal it. But the good woman seized him, and forced him to take her from her coffin. He disengaged himself and fled. She then went home and knocked at the door; thinking it was her ghost, she was left a long time at the door. At last they opened it, warmed her, and she was perfectly restored, and had afterwards three sons, all clergymen.

Francis de Ceville, a Norman gentleman, was captain of a hundred men in the town of Rouen, when it was besieged by Chas IX., and was then twenty-six years of age. At the conclusion of an attack he was wounded, and fell into the ditch: some pioneers placed him in a grave with another body, and covered it with a little earth. He remained there from eleven in the morning, to half past six in the evening, when his servant took him out. Having observed some signs of life, the servant put him into a bed, where he remained five days and five nights without speaking, or giving any sign of sensation, but having a violent

fever.—The town being taken by assault, the servants of an officer of the victorious army, who was to lodge in the house, threw him on a straw bed in a back room, from whence his brother's enemies pitched him through a window upon a heap of dirt, where he remained in his shirt more than three days. At the end of this time, a relation, surprised to find him alive, sent him a league from Rouen, where he was attended, and finally recovered.

In a great plague that ravaged the town of Dijon, in 1558, a woman named Nicole Lentillet, being considered as dead from the disease, was thrown into a large ditch, where the dead were buried. The following morning she came to herself, and attempted in vain to get out of it: but her weakness, and the weight of the bodies above her, prevented it. In this horrible situation she remained four days, when she was drawn out, carried home, and perfectly recovered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

When the Science of Phrenology was first broached by Gall, it met with much ridicule both in prose and verse. A specimen of the latter may be found in the following:

To seek our heads of every shape,

Baron and Shakespeare, ass and ape,

Phrenologists take pains:

And in this search they are surely right,

For ne'er was system brought to light,

So much in want of brains.

Mr. Elliott, the Phrenologist, in Chestnut Street, we may say here has one of the best collections of charts and busts, we have ever seen.

Rome is at present well known to be almost constantly affected with *mal'aria*, a kind of intermittent fever: it is ascribed to the marshes and stagnant state of the waters in the neighbourhood, as also to the putrefaction of animal and vegetable substances, which always exists in great abundance in her streets. Even as far back as the consulate the government found it very difficult to preserve cleanliness, as is manifested by the various edicts passed for that purpose: two of them are here inserted.

"Quominus illi cloecam quæ ex ædibus ejus in tuas retinet, qua de re agitur, purgare reficere liceat vim fieri, veto, damni infecti quod operis vitio factum sit caveri jubeo."

"Ne quis aquam oletato dolo malo ubi publice salit. Si quis oletarit sextertiorum X millium mulcta esto."

In undergoing long marches, it has been found very serviceable to soap the inside of your stockings.

In Allen's "Synopsis of Medicine," under the article Plague, he presents us with Diemerbroek's *prevention*, which will prove efficacious in all epidemics:

"Flight, with the fear of the Lord."

He also gives us a Latin distich to the same effect, with its translation.

"Hæc tria tabificam tollunt adverbia pestem,
Mox, longe, tarde, cede, recede, redi!"

"These words prevent the plague's infectious pain,
Go quick, fly far, and slow return again!"

The following examples have been given of those unaccountable antipathies to which Shakespeare alludes :

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat."

Mr. Vaughein, a great huntsman in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away at the sight of a roast pig.

Henry III. of France, could never sit in a room with a cat.

The Duke of Schomberg had the same kind of antipathy : nay we read of a gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand, who bled at the nose on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the distance might be from him. The same happened to Chesue, secretary to Francis the First, if an apple was shewn to him.

Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Uladislaus, king of Poland could not bear to see apples.

Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk.

Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting.

Erasmus, though a native of a seaport (Rotterdam) had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it gave him a fever.

King James I of England had an utter aversion to the sight of a naked sword, so that when he conferred knighthood, the blade was placed on the shoulder of the person "whom the king delighted to honor" by one of the royal attendants.

Henry Bolders, a London banker has fainted at dinner in consequence of a footman's bringing and placing on the sideboard the half of a large Cheshire cheese, although Mr. Bolders did not see the cheese.

We have read of a gentleman who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

The following table shows the weight of the largest church bells in England :

	tons.	cwt.
The Mighty Tom at Christ College, Oxford,	7	15
The Great Tom at the Cathedral, Exeter,	5	11
The Tom Growler at St. Paul's, London,	5	0
The Great Tom at the Minster, Lincoln,	4	15
The Cathedral Clock Bell, Canterbury,	3	10
The Minster Clock Bell, Beverly, (Yorkshire,)	2	10

LIFE'S MOMENTS.

Life has its bright hours
Of softness and bloom,
Bending like spring-flowers
O'er the edge of the tomb;
They cheer us in gladness,
So joyful though brief,
And blight us with sadness
Oft melting in grief.

Tints of the morning
Gilding the sky,
By sunbeams adorning,
Then lingering die;
Shadows of moonlight
Cast on the shore,
Darkness encircles
They fade evermore.

Thus life's happy hours
In brilliance appear,
Fragrant with flowers
Our pathway to cheer;
Round us they hover,
Like shadows of night,
Then sadness is over
Joy comes in delight.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

— "Boiling to death," Blackstone says, vol. iv. p. 196, "seems to have been adopted from the peculiar circumstances of the crime which gave rise to it; for the preamble of the statute (22 Hen. VIII. c. 21) informs us that John Roose, a cook, had been lately convicted of throwing poison into a large pot of broth, prepared for the Bishop of Rochester's family, and for the poor of the parish : and the said John Roose was, by a retrospective clause of the same statute, ordered to be boiled to death. Lord Coke mentioned several instance of persons suffering this horrid punishment." This Act, however, did not live long, for it was repealed by the 1st Edw. VI. c. 12.

— Cobbet giving an account of a debate in Congress in 1796 "upon the appointment of a stenographer, says that those who appeared most anxious for the appointment of the stenographer, if we except one or two, are amongst the few whose speeches can do them no sort of credit with any party. This is the way of the world. Animals, whether endued with the faculty of speech or not, seem to fly in the face of Nature. The ugly woman is everlastingly at her glass; the owl thought her frightful brood the prettiest little creatures in the world; and the insipid orator, while his voice is drowned in the hemmings, coughings, snorings of his drowsy audience, thinks that he is uttering sentences that ought to be written in letters of gold."

—The following humorous account of the soporific speeches of a medical member of the legislature of Pennsylvania, is also from the caustic pen of Cobbett.

"I allude to one Dr. Morpheus, who finding his neighbors determined not to die under his hands is now endeavoring to assassinate the state. The state, however, seems to partake of the obstinacy of his neighbors, turning a deaf ear to all his prescriptions. At the end of the second paragraph the chairman was perceived to yawn, the third rocked him off and the fourth laid the whole assembly fast asleep. The fifth reached the doorkeeper at the further end of the passage; and before the sixth was half finished, an old woman who sells apples at the gate, dropped from her stool. Should this quack in politics as well as physic be suffered to continue his lectures, the Assembly of Pennsylvania may write over their doors, as the French do over those of their burying grounds, 'This is the place of everlasting sleep.'"

—A writer states that when the railroad from St. Louis to San Francisco is completed, a traveller may make the circuit of the earth, by railway and by steamer, in the space of ninety-three days. The detail he gives as follows:

From New York to San Francisco,	4 days.
From San Francisco to Hong-Kong,	25 "
From Hong-Kong to Calcutta,	6 "
From Calcutta to Bombay,	13 "
From Bombay to England,	35 "
From England to New York,	10 "

—A book has recently been published in London, entitled: "Progress of Russia in the West, North and South." The author states that Russia, when resisted with a will, is not all-powerful even within her own territories, as the following anecdote testifies:—

"The Cossacks, little as it may be suspected abroad, are not a mere troop of irregular horse, but a constituted republic, separated from Russia in a far more distinct manner than the Duchies from Denmark. They admit no Russian to civil or military rank or post, and utterly repudiate the ecclesiastical pretensions and usurpations of the official Russian Church. An ukase was published assimilating their administration to that of the other provinces of the empire; their contingent had by precaution been already dispatched to distant frontiers; nevertheless the Deputy Hetman instantly sent orders for the regiments of reserve to rendezvous at the point of their territories nearer to Moscow. The Emperor did not accuse them of beginning the war; but, with an army of 1,200,000 men at his disposal, explained the ukase as a mistake."

—A COSTLY NECKLACE.—A rich case of jewelry is exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace,

containing, among other articles, a necklace set with thirty-eight pearls weighing 885 grains, and one diamond, weighing forty-two grains. The pearls are perfect in shape and color, and are well known to all the gem dealers in Europe. They are valued at ten thousand dollars! The Diamond is of the first water, free from flaw, and possessing great fire. It is known in Europe as the "Sovereign Diamond." This magnificent necklace, it may be proper to add, is from the establishment of Tiffany, Young and Ellis, and probably surpasses anything of the kind ever before seen in this country.

—Hon. George Poindexter, formerly United States Senator from Mississippi, died at Jackson, in that State, on the 5th inst. He was the first delegate to Congress from Mississippi, and on her admission into the Union was immediately chosen United States Senator, which position he held for a great number of years. He was likewise at one time Governor of the State. In early life he was a supporter of Gen. Jackson, but in later years he became an inveterate opponent of the hero of New Orleans and his party. Gov. P., retired from public life many years before he died.

—Commencement at Brown University, Providence, (R. I.) took place on Wednesday Sept. 7th., and was celebrated with great spirit after the old style. Judge Thomas of Worcester, delivered an oration before the *Phi Beta Kappa*. An oration and poem were also pronounced before the College Societies, the latter by Rev. S. Dryden Phelps. Honorary degrees were conferred upon the following gentlemen:

Augustus F. Day, of Norristown, Pa., Bachelor of Philosophy.

A. M.—Rev. Zaca. Eddy, of Warsaw, N. Y.; Joshua T. Meryward, of East Douglass, Mass.; Andrew Pollard, of Taunton; D. Shepardson, Cincinnati; Joshua Hunt, Terra Haute, Ind.

D.D.—Thos. Shepard, of Bristol, class 1833; Ezekiel G. Robinson, Prof. of Theology in University of Rochester; Rev. Francis Mason, Taroy, Burmah.

L.L.D.—B. F. Thomas, Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Mass., 1830; Geo. T. Chase, Prof. of Chemistry and Physics, in Brown Univ.; Hon. Daniel D. Barnard, U. S. Minister to the Court of Prussia; Hon. Henry S. Randall, Secretary of State, Albany, New-York.

—A LIFE OF FRANKLIN, with Selections from his Writings by EPES SARGENT, of Boston, is in press and will shortly be published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. We are told by a writer that in preparing the Memoir, Mr. Sargent has procured some valuable materials from recent French sources, which will be

quite new to readers in this country. He has also obtained facts from the Diary of John Adams, which are found in no previous life of Franklin. An elegant portrait of Franklin, now engraved for the first time from a picture in the Gallery of Versailles, accompanies the volume.

— C. J. PRICE & CO., No. 7 Hart's Buildings, have sent us the last issues of several of Mr. Alexander Montgomery's beautiful illustrated publications, among which are the following: "The Illustrated History of Hungary," Part 3, by Edwin L. Godkin. "The Popular Educator," No. 5; "The Alps, Switzerland, Savoy and Lombardy," Part 4; and "Cassell's Natural History of the Feathered Tribes," Part 2. Messrs. Price & Co., are agents for the greater part of Mr. Montgomery's works, and we are happy to learn, though a new firm are rapidly acquiring a large business.

— An entertainment was given last week at Newport, by Gottschalk and the Germanians, which is said to have netted \$1,500. The artists played admirably, and according to an Editor. M. Gottschalk showed himself the rival of Thalberg. His execution of Listz's arrangement of Donizetti's Sestet, left nothing to be desired. It was the perfection of high art.

— DISCOVERY OF A WORK OF ART.—*Le Courrier de la Gironde*, a French newspaper, says that a short time ago a painting was sold at a testimonial sale for 50 francs. An innkeeper became its owner, and decorated his dining-room with it. Eight months afterwards, the name of the painter and the date, 1595, was discovered on a hat in the picture. It is the work of Otto Venius (Vanveen,) a Flemish Painter, the master of Rubens. The subject is Abigail coming to meet David. The painting is five feet high and three feet wide, it is on a panel and has never been retouched. Its owner sold it to a distinguished Parisian amateur for 25,000 francs.

NEW BOOKS.

— "THE SCHOOLFELLOW" for September, is full of delightful articles from the pens of "Cousin Alice," "Mrs. Manners," and the excellent editor Mr. Richards. Evans and Brittain, of New York, are the publishers of this beautiful little magazine. Terms only one dollar per year.

— "The Pedestrian in France." Putnam has just published a book with this title, which emanates from the pen of George Barrell, Jr., author of "Bubbles of Fiction." It is a pleasant book, for the most part about the working classes of France and Switzerland, for the author passed along on foot and mingled with toilers: thus becoming acquainted

with their habits and amusements. His narrative is as he meant it should be, an unpretending account of humble life, and will be valuable as imparting information of an useful and practical character.

— "Cranford." The Harpers have given us this, another story from the author of "Mary Barton" and "Ruth," which of course will be read with interest. It touches off false pride, to a charm; it shows up in a most satisfactory manner many absurdities with which society abounds; and gives to substantial merit its proper due. The satire is capital, "Cranford" is shown up, and with "Cranford" the world. There are Miss Jenkyns' and Capt. Browns', and Hon. Mrs. Jamiesons all about us. "Cranford" is a lesson, pleasantly given, and none can read it but with profit. We, through the whole of its absorbing pages, see pictures of ourselves. The commencement is good; better, far, the continuation; and the winding up the best of all. We are told that a few of the Cranfordians were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet, but that they were like the Spartans and concealed the smart under a smiling face. We learn, also, that when Mrs. Forrester gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little charity maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world; and talked on about household forms and ceremonies, as if they all believed that their hostess had a regular servants' hall, second-table, with housekeeper and steward: instead of the one little charity-school-maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray up stairs, if she had not been assisted, in private, by her mistress; who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew, that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge cakes!"

Reader do you know any Mrs. Forresters? We do, several of them. You will find in "Cranford" a plenty more of your acquaintances, and we advise you to get it at once and read it. We are sure, too, hours or so will be most pleasantly, yes and profitably, passed by you in so doing.

— ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC.—The Harpers have published Dr. Whately's "Elements of Rhetoric." Seven editions have appeared in England, and the book cannot fail to have an extended popularity here. It treats of rhetoric mainly as applied to public speaking, and forms a guide which cannot be followed but with profit.

— THEORY OF POLITICS.—We have received

from the Harpers, an inquiry into the foundations of governments and the causes and progress of political revolutions, from the pen of Richard Hildreth, author of the History of the United States of America &c. The book was, as the author states, composed about twelve years ago, and its views have been confirmed by subsequent readings and reflections. We shall read it attentively and notice it hereafter.

— THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, for September comes to us from the Philadelphia agent Mr. J. W. Moore. It abounds in rich engravings, and excellent letter-press. Among other attractions are illustrations of articles in the Dublin Crystal Palace. It seems astonishing to us that this work can be afforded for only \$3 per year.

— STUYVESANT.—Here is another Franconia story by the author of the Rollo books, and of course comes from the Brothers Harper. As an able contemporary says "it is a welcome book for the young, who will be ready listeners to its minute graphic style, and ever-welcome incidents of rural life and scenery. The best criticism of such a book is the judgment of children themselves; and we can answer for the avidity with which some good appreciators of this kind have seized upon the volume."

— The following books lie on our table unnoticed:—

"Lorenzo Benoni," from Redfield New York; Hilliard's "Six Months in Italy," from Ticknor, Reed and Fields, Boston; "De Quincey's Autobiographic Sketches," from the same; "The Orphans of the Suides or Rum-Plague," translated from Zschokke—from John S. Taylor, New York. All will be attended to at the earliest possible period.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

— SIGNOR PERELLI, as may be seen by advertisement, re-commences his classes on the 27th instant. We learn his *Soirees* the coming winter will be more brilliant than ever. Among the novelties, he proposes introducing amateur opera performances, when his pupils will have an opportunity of displaying their proficiency in the lyrical drama. The first opera fixed on, is "The Barber." More of this, however, anon.

— Ole Bull, little Patti and Strackosch, give a concert on Monday Evening, at the Musical Fund Hall. The Hall has, by the way, been greatly improved during the summer, by the introduction of new and splendid gas fixtures, and the improvement of the *entree* and *exit* to the orchestra. Mr. Becket the obliging superintendent, of course, arranged all the im-

provements: or rather, they were executed under his particular direction.

— Sanford's New Orleans Opera Troupe perform nightly at the new and beautiful bijou Opera House, Twelfth below Chestnut. "Cinderella" burlesque has closed the entertainments during the past week. The performances of Sanford's company have an artistic excellence of the most emphatic kind, and the entertainment he gives is well deserving of the very high fame which it enjoys.

— We are told that Madam Sontag has quarrelled with Maretzke, and will hereafter give operas and concerts independent of that celebrated artist. Mr. Ullman, is hence, we suppose, again director supreme. We do not ourselves know anything prejudicial to Mr. U.—certainly nothing on the score of amiability, complacency and courtesy,—but there are others connected with the press who talk very bitterly of him. The Countess evidently holds him in high esteem. We have some recollection of this gentleman as connected with Strackosch. We never heard anything to his discredit then, though we think Strackosch discharged him.

— Julien is coming. Prepare!—So are the Germanians.

— There is a rumor that Gottschalk, the wonderful young Creole pianist, is shortly to be married, and to a Philadelphian. We hope it is true. Nought but delicious harmony can attend such a match, we presume. Gottschalk favors us with a concert very soon, we hear.

— James Bellak has just published, through J. E. Gould, No. 164 Chestnut street, a new and beautiful piece which he calls the "Comet Schottische." Mr. B., is a popular composer, indeed, he has written some of the prettiest waltzes, polkas and schottisches of the season. Gould sends us a large budget of music, in addition to the above, which we will notice hereafter.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

WHO IS HE?

— "THE HIGH literary taste of many of our booksellers, enables them to publish, as a general thing, good books. Now and then they get imposed upon, of course, but not often. It has been hinted to us that the senior of a large and flourishing book firm is writing a series of essays on Style. He makes Cicero as his model. His fine classical attainments and sterling good sense, fit him for any position he may aim at as an author. We must not mention names." So says a morning paper. Who can the bookseller be? Mr. Lippincott, of the firm of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., a friend suggests.

QUITE ORIGINAL

— The following "Fragment" sent to us by M may be said to be *original* poetry:—

With a frail reed I traced upon the sandy shore
The lonely name of one my heart did most adore,
The waters fiercely rising swept it all away,
Leaving behind no tracing, of words I wrote that day.
Not to be thwarted in my conscious power,
Or let the tide again, wash off in one short hour,
The *spell* of her I loved: I hit upon a better plan,
To record high the name of my own Abby Ann—
So, seizing a giant poplar from Lombard's waving host.
I strode along in triumph by the Adriatic coast,
I gained Vesuvius' crater belching forth its ire
And dipt my ponderous pen, in ink of liquid fire;
On the vault of Heavens' blue in burning letters deep,
I traced my Abby's name in flame, with one single sweep,
There! by St. Grimbald let no rude Iron hand,
Erase from ethereal space what'er is Love's command.

OLD FRENCH FASHIONS.

— There was a time when the ladies in France received their visits whilst they performed their toilette. Wrapped in a huge robe de chambre, they conversed, dictated letters, or conspired against the popular minister, whilst two hairdressers, and two *femmes de chambre* were occupied at their heads, in constructing on the frail foundation of the hair, an immense edifice of gauze, pins, flowers, pasteboard, and diamonds. The head-dress finished, the vast envelope was removed, and an elegant deshabelle displayed, that could not alarm the most scrupulous modesty. One artist now traced the eye-brow; another shaded the cheeks; a third converted into alabaster a neck of ebony; whilst the hands were smeared with pastils, soaps, and almond-pastes. Then came robes and hoops, and brandenboughs and buffantes, gauzes, and tippets; and the bust, and the rest of the body was adorned with as many yards of drapery as would be sufficient at present to furnish a milliner's magazine. All this performed in the presence of visitors, without offending the laws of decorum. When at last the favorite *femme de chambre* exclaimed, like a stage-coachman, "all right," acclamations and applause echoed from every corner of the drawing-room. Abbes spouted madrigals and impromptus; colonels breathed raptures, and graces, and butterflies; the rose and the rainbow were exhausted to prove practically, that madame was charming, and that her toilette was the *ne plus ultra* of taste and loveliness.

How times are changed! now the toilette resembles the budget and diplomacy: secrecy is its soul. Profane eyes no longer penetrate the mysterious asylum of coquetry. Nothing is now the effect of routine and habit. The toilette is at present the produce of the most profound meditation, and very often of the happiest inspiration.

GRAMMATICAL ERRORS.

— *No doubt but—No doubt but that—No doubt but what.*—When we say, that "there is no doubt that the sun shines," every one can understand what we say. The sentence is grammatically correct.

Some persons instead of using the above form would say, "there is no doubt *but* the sun shines." This is unmeaning. Substitute for the word *but* the word *except*, which is its equivalent, and the absurdity of it becomes manifest.

Others would say, "there is no doubt *but that* the sun shines." This means directly the reverse of what they intend to say. It means that there is nothing doubtful except the shining of the sun.

A few others would use this form, "there is no doubt *but what* the sun shines." This is rank nonsense, being in other words "there is no doubt *except that which* the sun shines!"

This last most absurd mode of expression is a favorite with the Washington correspondent of one of the big Philadelphia papers. In his letters we frequently find such statements as "there is no doubt but what the bill will pass." He is most probably an Englishman, as he writes "different to," instead of "different from."

"This is the man *whom* I supposed *was* her father." This is a specimen of an error which is very frequent in our newspapers, especially in the reporter's column. It would be correct to say, "this is the man *whom* I supposed to be her father, but the verb *has* cannot have the *objection whom* for its nominative.

"This is one of the handsomest houses that *has* been lately built."

We ought to say, "this one is of the handsomest houses that *have* been lately built." The relative pronoun *that* refers to the word houses, is, consequently in the plural and requires the verb to be in the plural also.

The meaning is that there are certain houses that are the handsomest houses that have been lately built, and that the house in question is one of them.

"Mr. Dobbs with his family *have* fallen victims to the yellow fever."

He have! have he?

The speaker doubtless, supposed that not only "Mr. Dobbs," but also, "family," was the nominative to the verb "have fallen:" but the word family cannot be the nominative, because it is in the objective case, being governed by the preposition with.

A BATHING SCENE.

— A most amusing circumstance occurred last month at a town in our ken upon the Susquehanna.

The heat had been overwhelming all day, and, night being come, numbers of people of both sexes sought coolness in the waters of

the Susquehanna. A terrible thunder storm arose whilst the river was populated with bathers, and then commenced a general *saute-qui-peut*. The wind bore away the clothing in every direction, and every one to gain his, or her own habiliments, joined in an impetuous race clad in a single garment. This one, where he had left his coat found only a corset, and where that young girl sought her fresh toilette and her sweet tulle bonnet, she discovered a pair of pantaloons or an old sack. Many were obliged to enter the town in the most bizarre costume, and some even without any. The next morning the clothes that had been collected were divided as equitably as possible.

THE PRINCESS BELGIOJOSO.

— The *New York Tribune*, says "a correspondent inquires how it is that this distinguished lady writes for *The Tribune* from Asia Minor, when the *The Philadelphia Bizarre* describes her as living in Paris. The answer is simple: she lived in Paris for many years, (during which period the writer in *The Bizarre* visited her house) until 1848-49, when she went to Italy to aid the Republicans: after their downfall she took refuge in Turkey, where the Sultan made her a grant of land, and where she has since resided." The *Tribune* adds that it lately received a package of letters from Madame Belgiojoso, which it shall lay before its readers as soon as it has room. The correspondence of the Princess is one of the most interesting features, of the very interesting *Tribune*.

THE SEVENTY-SIX SOCIETY.

— The Council of this new society met last week and made arrangements for commencing their series of publications. During a late visit to the south, one of their members became possessed of a collection of papers relating to the doings of Silas Dean in France. They were formerly in the possession of Henry Laurens, President of the congress. These the society resolved to publish, and Mr. Ingraham has agreed to edit them.

Some other works were spoken of at the meeting as deserving of the attention of the society. "The Campaign against Quebec," by Judge Joseph Henry of Lancaster, (Penn.) will probably be an early re-publication, and we understand that the papers of George Mason, of Virginia, a member of the Continental Congress, will be placed in the hands of this society for publication.

RINGS.

— A writer in "Notes and Quarries" gives the following account of the meaning of the Wedding Ring.

"A ring, whenever used by the church, signifies, to use the words of liturgical writers 'integritatem fidei' the perfection of fidelity, and is 'fidei sacramentum' the badge of fidelity. Its form, having no beginning and no end, is the emblem of eternity, constancy,

integrity, fidelity, &c.; so that the wedding ring symbolises the eternal or entire fidelity, the wife pledges to her husband, and she wears the ring as the badge of this fidelity. Its office, then, is to teach and perpetually remind her of the fidelity she owes to her husband, and swore to him at the marriage ceremony."

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

— Col. MAURICE has lately added to his capital stationery stock, 123 Chestnut street, a superior inkstand, which is called Whitney's Patent Hydraulic Air-tight Inkstand. It is so constructed that the ink retains its purity, or freedom from mould or sediment. To use the language of the Colonel, "it is destined soon to drive all other inkstands out of use: its construction is so simple, yet perfect, that a child can understand the principle thereof."

— OAKFORD'S Metropolitan Hat Store, at 158 Chestnut Street, is as much a lion in Philadelphia as is the Crystal Palace in New York. The fitting up is truly gorgeous, while the stock of hats, caps, children's jockeys, furs, &c., is one of the richest and most various we have ever seen. The last autumn style of Oakford, we notice, is greatly in demand. One of these days we propose to outline the career of Oakford, from the time he commenced business in an humble shop down town. The story will be read with profit as well as pleasure.

— The "Comedy of Errors" has been admirably performed at the Arch Street Theatre, during the past and the present week. A good cast has been given the comedy; all it wants to be effective. Mr. Fredericks, the stage-director at the Arch, has no superior in his way: while Messrs. Wheatley & Drew, the managers, and the treasurer, Mr. Matthias, are all well calculated to advance any dramatic enterprise with which they may be connected.

— That base libel upon the South, not to say Truth, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is every night acted at one of our theatres, and is received with yells of delight, from the sans-culottes who frequent such places. The Rev. Mr. Stowe's lady is, of course, in fine odor just now among the polished *habitués* of the circus gallery! The man who walks on the ceiling, head downwards, and equestrian monkeys, are literally shelved.

— MR. JOHN OWENS' Mont Blanc opens in this city next week. Mr. O., did not reach the summit of Mont Blanc, but he attained the "Grands Mulets," the last bivouacking place of tourists. He saw enough of the elephant, still, to make a good tale.

— Mr. Perham has got up in New York a new gift enterprise, of which we shall speak hereafter.

NEW VOLUME OF BIZARRE.

ON THE FIRST OF OCTOBER,

Will be issued with many improvements

PART FIRST, VOL. IV., OF "BIZARRE."

THE successful publication of three semi-annual volumes, augurs well for the permanent establishment of this paper. Volume IV. will be engaged in with all the energy and good will, attendant upon the general appreciation that has heretofore rewarded our labors. BIZARRE will still be conducted on its original principle, so well sanctioned by the public in the case of *Putnam's Monthly*, as well as in our weekly. In presenting nothing but what is original, unless otherwise stated, and in appearing before our readers anonymously from first to last, we thus avoid making our journal the eternal vehicle of *puffs* of our contributors, to which ignoble ends too many American Magazines and Newspapers would seem to be prostituted. Though all our articles date as it were from our office, by no means do they all originate there. We have many faithful contributors who are content to write with some other than the vulgar and too frequent *animus* prompting writers of the day of beholding their names constantly exposed to the public. To those impelled by a higher incentive than this, we gratefully open our columns. But that the envious may not charge indeed, that their professions are made to hide the meagreness of our literary support, in justice to ourselves we may be allowed here once for all to state, but without specifications that the following writers

HAVE ALREADY FAVORED OUR BANTLING FEUILLETON WITH CONTRIBUTIONS.

REV. HERMAN HOOKER, D. D., author of "Popular Infidelity," "Portion of the Soul," "Uses of Adversity," &c.
HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, L. L. D., author of "The Indian Tribes of the United States."
REV. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, D. D., author of "Poets and Poetry of America."
"Prose Writers of America," &c.
REV. H. H. WELD, author of "Women of the Scriptures," "Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles," "Sacred Quotations," &c.
FREDERICK TOWNSEND, Esq., author of "Musings of an Invalid," "Fancies of a Whimsical Man," "Fun and Earnest," &c.
REV. EDWARD C. JONES, author of "Echoes of a Heart," the "Romance of Blockley."
REV. E. C. STEARNS, author of "Notes on Uncle Tom's Cabin."
SAMUEL A. ALLIBONE, Esq., author of a "Review of New Themes," &c.
J. B. JONES, Esq., author of "Wild Western Scenes," "The Monarchist," &c.
JAMES REES, Esq., "Mysteries of City Life," "Dramatic Authors of America," &c.
CHARLES C. JONES, Esq.; J. W. BURNS, Esq.; DR. L. R. KOECKER; WILLIAM DUANE, Esq.; EDWARD D. INGRAHAM, Esq.; D. H. BARLOW, Esq.

AMONG OUR LADY CONTRIBUTORS HAVE BEEN WE ARE PROUD TO SAY

MRS. MARY H. EASTMAN, author of "Aunt Phillis' Cabin."
MISS DARLEY.
MRS. SAMUEL A. ALLIBONE.
MISS ELLA WATSON.

It will be the aim of the Editors to give the paper in some way the character of the London "*Notes and Queries*," and to combine therewith the amiable discussion of all topics of Philadelphia Society; in short, fired by the best resolutions of an energetic, honest, but not stolid caste of conduct, we aspire to become by our *works* and not by *patronage*, the organ of the intelligent, the learned and refined of a city too well satisfied of its worth to be engaged in advertising itself to the world.

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CHURCH & CO.

Philadelphia, September 10th, 1853.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farguhar*

Bizarre.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1853.

THE FELON BRAND.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Grown gray in the military profession, the Count de Montreal thought that he might justly aspire to honorable repose: but what scenes was he destined to witness in his old age! The throne was overturned: terror reigned from one extremity of France to the other. The count was descended from a family which had given heroes to the state: and had distinguished himself by the important services which he had rendered: he was still more revered for his private virtues, and beloved by the army and by the people. His children Octavius, and Emmeline, were his pride and his happiness: he retired with them to an obscure habitation, situated at a small distance from a town near the Rhine. There, under an assumed name, he hoped to be able to await unmolested the conclusion of the troubles, or to find without difficulty an asylum beyond the river, if they should extend to his humble abode. He soon had but too good reason to congratulate himself on the prudence of the new plan of life which he had adopted. Not a letter, not a newspaper arrived, without informing him of the deplorable fate of some relative or friend. He trembled for his children, whilst their hearts felt no uneasiness, except on his account. Convinced that the mere name of their venerable parent could not be pronounced without instantly becoming his death-warrant, their affection was incessantly studying how to heighten the obscurity which encompassed his retreat.

But while thus anxious for their father's safety, they were perhaps not sufficiently attentive to their own. They often walked into the little woods which surrounded their house. In these moments of liberty, they indulged in those reflections and effusions from which they cautiously abstained in the presence of the count, lest they should aggravate the griefs which he endeavored to conceal from them. One evening, seated at the foot of a tree on the skirt of the wood, they surveyed the current of the Rhine, tinged by the rays of the setting sun. "Do you see," said Emmeline to her brother, "do you see those vine-cover-

ed hills on the opposite shore? Methinks I hear strains of joy proceeding from them. On this side what a sullen silence? It is impossible that the mere breadth of this river can make such a cruel difference between the lot of those who inhabit its banks? When I consider that a single moment would carry us beyond that simple barrier, I figure to myself all three of us in security on the other side. My father, I know, considers it as his duty to continue on this bank, to preserve his possessions for us; but what avail fortune and wealth, if we are not at liberty to think, to act, to feel; if, in short, we must hide ourselves, to love one another?" Not less affected than his sister by those delicious images of liberty and happiness, Octavius promised that the very next morning he would join her to entreat their father no longer to oppose the realization of them.

At the moment when they were rising to return home, Emmeline hastily grasped the arm of her brother, and called his attention to a detachment of armed men, crossing the plain, and apparently advancing towards the wood. Octavius, without manifesting any alarm, turned into the valley which led to the house: but he had scarcely proceeded twenty paces, when soldiers, with fixed bayonets, rushed out from the thickets on the right and left. They demanded his papers—he had none. They seized and began to drag him away. Though unarmed, the dignity of his countenance was sufficient to protect the young lady from insult; while she, pale and trembling, hid her face in her brother's bosom. Octavius soon discovered that they took him for one of the banditti, who just at that time were ravaging the province: and he further learned, that they were going to escort him to the prison of the nearest town. Happy, under his misfortune, on account of this double mistake, which at least satisfied him respecting his father's safety; he pressed the hand of Emmeline, and found, by the return which he received, as well as by her look, that they understood one another. They reached the town; the people crowded round them: the youth, the beauty, the innocent look of Emmeline excited general interest. At the turning of a narrow street, the escort was obliged to open its ranks. Octavius, more anxious about his sister than himself, took advantage of the circumstance, pushed her with force against a group of women, which immediately opened, and again closed around her. In the twinkling of an eye, her hat was snatched from her head, and one of the large black mantles commonly worn in that part of the country, thrown over her in its stead. The darkness favored her escape; guided by one of her female deliverers, and in the disguise of a village girl, she left the town and flew back to her father.

It is impossible to conceive the uneasiness experienced by that affectionate parent, from the hour at which his children had been accustomed to return home. Emmeline, throwing herself into his arms with a feigned joy, related, that, through a most extraordinary mistake, her brother had been apprehended as a captain of banditti: "but," added she, with a forced smile, "when they find themselves deceived, they will soon send him back again to us, depend on it. Octavius himself desired me not to forget to tell you so." The count affected to have as little doubt about the matter as Emmeline; and thus, from the suggestion of mutual tenderness, both the father and daughter strove to practise an innocent deception on one another. Listening only to the dictates of paternal love, the unhappy old man was on the point of quitting his retreat to claim his son. Emmeline, however, exerted all the power of her caresses and her tears, to divert him from so imprudent a resolution; she declared, with a spirit above her age and sex, that she would go and ascertain what had befallen Octavius. Accordingly, and without stopping to take any rest, attired in her peasant's dress, she sallied forth to the town, and inquired her way to the prison. She arrived before the terrific gate; at sight of the iron bars and of the sentinels, her heart throbbed; she could scarcely stand, and was incapable of uttering a word. The jailer's wife suddenly appeared: her open countenance somewhat revived the spirits of the poor girl, who timidly went up to her, and, with a curtsy, offered a basket of fruit which she carried on her arm. Her appearance and manner prepossessed the woman in her favor. "What do you want, my lass?" said she. "Ah! madam," replied Emmeline, "I should be glad to know something about a——a gentleman who was to be brought here last night." "A gentleman, heh! why, ay, one of the robbers, who plunder the whole country." "Oh! no, indeed, the one I mean is a very honest man: he is my——my——cousin." The jailer's wife could not help smiling. "Come along, my poor girl," said she, "while my husband is out of the way, I'll let you see your cousin, but make haste." Emmeline could have hugged the good woman; she followed her, and as soon as she perceived Octavius, ran and threw herself into his arms. The jailer's wife again smiled, and left them together.

"My dear Emmeline," said Octavius, "I have but a moment to concert with you how to save our father's life, therefore listen to me attentively. On my arrival in this dreary place, I found that I was preceeded by a report, that the leader of a numerous band of robbers, whose principal members were already taken, had just been apprehended. Being surrounded and minutely examined by

these banditti, they all saluted me aloud as their captain. I began to explain their mistake, but repeated signs warned me that I had best be silent. You know whether I have not other motives to induce me to be so. As soon as I could desire an explanation of the strange honor that had been thrust upon me, I found that my silence, taken for consent, would, by deluding justice, save the leader whom its officers were in quest of: and lastly, I was assured, that, in return for so signal a service, I should be the first released by the joint efforts of the whole band. Return then to our dear father, and keep up his spirits till I come back to you once more." At these words the jailer's wife came to apprise Emmeline, that it was time to retire; and she departed with a lighter heart, under the idea that she might next day perhaps be able to see her brother again. But what a thunderbolt was it for her when she had learned, on the morrow, from the lips of her protectress herself, that no person whatever was allowed to see the prisoners, and that their captain was more closely confined than the rest. She had scarcely strength to return home. It was absolutely necessary for her to muster up the difficult courage of disguising the truth from her father, and of filling his heart with cheering hopes, when her own was rent by the keenest anguish. Several visits to the town, questions repeated even to imprudence, served only to convince her, that farther attempts would infallibly draw down destruction on two objects whose safety engaged all her thoughts.

Meanwhile the trials of the robbers commenced. Octavius persisted in his magnanimous imposture. The court exercised all the rigour of the laws against the criminals; but, as no proof of murder was brought against their supposed chief, he could not be doomed to the scaffold. The sentence pronounced on him was, to be imprisoned for life and branded. At this dreadful idea, Octavius's courage began to fail; he was on the point of discovering himself, when the sudden recollection darted across his mind, that the mere mention of his name would be a death-warrant to his father. He accordingly submitted to the execution of the horrid sentence. Some days afterwards the convicts were marched off for the fortress where they were destined to be employed in the public works. As they passed through a forest, the guards were attacked and put to flight, and the prisoners released. Octavius flew to his father. While the old man pressed him to his bosom, the hero of filial piety, in the feelings of the ignominy which he had undergone for his sake, could not forbear asking himself, if he was still worthy of the author of his existence?

The extent of his misfortune was known to none but himself. In the absolute seclusion

in which Emmeline and the old count had thought it prudent to live, since the fatal moment which parted Octavius from them, they had scarcely heard even a rumour of the fate of the culprits with whom chance had so singularly associated him. They therefore gave full scope to their joy on seeing him again. Emmeline was still more pleased when she heard him conjure his father to remove, without delay, to the other bank of the Rhine. Besides the wish to ensure the safety of all that was dear to him, the unfortunate youth was secretly swayed by another motive, which he took good care not to divulge. An inward voice whispered incessantly, that the son of the Count de Montreal, branded with the mark of infamy, however undeservedly, ought not to allow himself to live. The war presented the means of fulfilling a resolution which no human affection had power to shake. A few days were sufficient to fix his father in a town of Germany. He consigned him to the care of Emmeline, and hastened to enrol himself in a corps of volunteers. The extraordinary valor displayed by him in many engagements, attracted the notice of his superiors. Escaping, in spite of his wishes, from every danger, and surviving all his brother officers, he was promoted, at the conclusion of the second campaign, to the rank of colonel, and honoured with the decoration of the brave. The head-quarters were fixed in the very town where the count and Emmeline resided; and he flew to their embraces. Though nothing was capable of attracting him to life, yet, while he lived, his heart could not dispense with their affection.

Plunged, even in the midst of the great world, into an habitual melancholy, he felt no relief for his woes but in the society of his sister. A perfect conformity of character had closely connected her with a young lady of her own age. Amelia von Selnitz thought herself obliged, out of regard to her friend, at first to love Octavius as a brother. She soon loved him, as she figured to herself, a wife ought to love a husband when he is handsome, intelligent, and affectionate. Octavius was not so complete a misanthrope as not to perceive that Amelia was equally beautiful and accomplished; but was it not a profanation in his own eyes, to think, for a moment, of a union from which he was for ever cut off by the terrible sentence he had pronounced on himself? Amelia, listening, without fear, to the suggestions of her ingenuous soul, was, on her part, engaged in very different calculations from those of Octavius. She made no scruple to acknowledge to her young friend, that she should have attained the summit of her wishes, if she were united to her by still closer ties. Emmeline hastened to acquaint her brother with a circumstance which filled her own bosom with such intoxicating delight.

But how great was her surprise! He grew pale, shuddered, and turned away his face, while burning tears trickled down his cheeks. Emmeline, alarmed and trembling, mingled her tears with his; she begged, she conjured him to open his heart to her. Affection finally triumphed over the obstinacy of her unhappy brother, and the fatal secret at length passed his lips.

He imagined that his story would have overwhelmed his sister with confusion and horror; he beheld her, on the contrary, animated with the warmest enthusiasm. The exaltation of her soul was transfused into her language: and, in a few words, she proved to Octavius, that what he considered as a mark of dishonor, he ought, in fact, to look upon as his best title to glory. "Did it not require," cried she, "a hundred times as much courage to save your father, at this price, as to seek a glorious death on the field of battle?" She forced him to confess, what he had not yet acknowledged to himself, that he adored Amelia: and that her hand would restore him to peace and happiness, but that he should never have the courage to reveal to her the horrid mystery which embittered his existence. Emmeline endeavoured to convince him that his honor did not oblige him to disclose it; she even made him give her a solemn assurance, that it should be for ever buried in their two breasts only: and love powerfully seconded her efforts. Endowed with that candour which forms one of the principal charms of the females of Germany, Amelia herself communicated to her father the wishes of her heart. The family of the young Count de Montreal, his rank, his military renown, appeared to the Baron von Selnitz a sufficient compensation for the fortune which he had lost, and he gave his consent to the ardently desired union.

Scarcely had Octavius begun to taste its pleasures, when hostilities were suddenly resumed with new fury. The enemy was but a single march from head-quarters. A sanguinary engagement ensued: Octavius displayed his accustomed intrepidity, but received a dangerous wound, and was carried back to the town. Amelia would not suffer him to have any other nurse than herself. One morning, after a night passed in violent pain, Octavius fell asleep, but his slumbers were extremely restless. Amelia anxiously watched him: by a violent motion, one of his shoulders became uncovered. The mark of ignominy caught her view; she started, drew nearer, assured herself that her eyes had not deceived her, and sunk, bereft of strength, on her knees, beside the bed of Octavius. He awoke: several times he had surprised Amelia in that attitude praying for his recovery. He held out his hand to her with a tender smile; she threw herself into his arms, and

bathed his bosom with her tears.

Ever since this unwelcome discovery, death seemed to be imprinted on all the features of the unfortunate Amelia. Melancholy and silent, she passed whole days with Octavius. If he questioned her concerning the declining state in which she appeared, he obtained but a few incoherent words in reply, and sometimes nothing but sighs and sobs. Emmeline, greatly alarmed at her situation, endeavored, as well as her brother, to ascertain the cause. Her entreaties and caresses at length prevailed, and she drew from her friend the fatal secret. Emmeline gave her a faithful account of all the circumstances connected with the terrible event. "I alone am to blame," cried she: "it was I who made my unfortunate brother promise to keep the matter an everlasting secret: forgive me for having for a moment doubted—" Amelia did not suffer her to proceed. Her face beaming with joy, she led her friend to the bed of her brother. "Dear and generous Octavius," said she, grasping his hand, "till this day I loved you as the first man for whom my heart felt a preference: henceforth that sentiment will be mingled with admiration and respect for the noblest, the most magnanimous of mortals." "From this day too," replied Octavius, "I shall be completely happy, since I have now no secret that you are unacquainted with. One favor, however, I have to request, and that is, that my father may never be informed of what I have suffered for him."

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

"All is the gift of industry, whate'er Exalts, embellish-
es, and renders life delightful."

Industry may be regarded as the concomitant of all that is good in human character, and indolence the associate of all that is vicious.

Show me an indolent man, and I will show you an unprincipled one.

Show me an industrious man, and I will show you one possessing some virtue, if not, in all cases, all that could be wished.

And yet industry is, to a great extent, a thing of habit.

How important, therefore, is it that children should be educated in habits of industry. Man was made to work; and the man who does not work, does not fulfil the conditions of his creation. He perverts nature, and the result of such perversion must necessarily be unhappiness, for the laws of nature may not be broken with impunity.

From an early age children should be taught to do something; and that something should have an object: for no one will feel inclined to persevere in any work unless he has some object to stimulate his efforts. It is true

that a person may work diligently for the mere wages which he receives for his work, but he cannot feel the same satisfaction in working, as he will feel if at the same time that he gains the means of subsistence, he is engaged in the construction of some object which will be a thing of admiration, or of utility, when it is accomplished. The shipwright who hews the timbers for a beautiful vessel, feels an interest in the object which is, to some extent, the work of his hands. The mason who places and cements the stones of a fine building, feels an interest in the structure, which stimulates his efforts and enables him to work with more satisfaction than he could do, if he had no object in view, but the mere pecuniary reward of his labor. An anecdote is related of a wealthy citizen to whom a laborer applied for work. Having no employment for him, he directed him to remove a pile of stones from one place to another. The man having completed this work, asked what he should do next; and was told to carry the stones back to their place from which he had taken them. This so disgusted him that he refused to continue such work. It had no object.

In the education of children, care should be taken to give them such work to do as will stimulate their efforts.

It is better to teach a little boy how to make a kite for himself, than to make it for him; and he will love the kite the more because it is the work of his own hands. The mental and physical exercises and employments of children, should be so arranged that excess in either should not disgust them. One should always relieve the other; and where exercises and amusements can be so arranged as to combine, pleasantly, physical exercise with intellectual culture, both may be made more agreeable. The mental and physical powers of a child both require continual exercise, or at least occupation; and the first effort of education should be to prevent those injuries to mind and body which always result from a want of such occupation. From the time that children notice things and feel that they possess physical powers, both mind and body are in continual exercise; and we may say that the education of children from this early age is continually going on, just as in a field vegetation will be as rife if the culture be neglected, as if it be attended to; but the quality of the product will depend entirely upon the skill, care and industry, of the cultivator. We cannot prevent a child's mind from growing, we cannot prevent it from forming habits. And all that education can do is to direct the development of its powers, and keep them properly exercised. A rich soil will produce vegetation of some kind, but it depends upon the cultivator's art and attention to determine whether the product shall

be useful and pleasant fruit, or rank and noxious weeds.

A want of industry, is not a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, and consequently the evils and disorders which afflict our country at the present time, are much more the result of a want of direction of the industry and energy of the youthful portion of the community, than any real dislike of honest employment. We may say indeed, that the disorders of which we complain, are the natural result of the *chrysalis* state, if we may so term it, in which the American people are now placed.

We have established a government which pre-supposes, and which requires for its successful progress intelligence and virtue in the people: and the great mass of the people are not yet sufficiently educated to understand fully the principles upon which our government is based.

Ignorant people must be governed by a powerful police, standing armies, and an established religion. These restraints in our republic are so modified or wanting, that they do not sufficiently restrain men from vicious indulgences and disorder. The strength of a republic consists in the understanding of the people: and if the people lack understanding, a republic will have but little strength. An ignorant person confounds the idea of liberty with that of freedom from the restraints of law; whereas, the real principle of republicanism is *willing* obedience to law; and consequently a people not sufficiently enlightened to know that men should yield implicit obedience to those laws which themselves have made, cannot maintain a republican form of government. People must have some real knowledge of the science of government, or they will make bad republicans. Look at the French republic of '98, and look at the more recent efforts of the people of Europe. Within a few years we have seen the people of most of the countries of Europe, rise in their strength and drive their kings from their thrones; but through their ignorance and want of understanding of the true principles of rational liberty, they have lost all they had gained by their efforts: and now find themselves in a worse condition than before. It is an easy matter to overthrow a despotism and set up a republic. But a people must be educated before they can establish and maintain a truly republican government.

People must be educated while they are children, or generally speaking, they will not be educated at all. The first things, too, that children should be taught, are industry and perseverance; they should also be made to know that their happiness, influence, and respectability in life, depend upon these things. Children do not understand the value of intelligence and industry, and therefore they

should in early life be stimulated by every proper means; and we may regard it as the worst feature of our existing institutions of education, that they offer no stimulants to excite or encourage industry, energy and improvement in artistic skill. The young find everywhere temptations to evil, and nowhere *temptations* to good.

Why have we no institutions to offer rewards, certificates and medals to encourage children in honorable efforts. The drones in society are those who grow rich and possess the land, while honest industry drags out its existence in obscurity. Perhaps it will be said that as society is constituted there is no remedy for this condition of affairs. We regard it as the natural result of a want of a proper system of education. In all our large cities we have institutions to encourage the industry and stimulate the inventive powers of men. Why have we none—where they would be so much more efficient—to stimulate and encourage children?

A few years ago the order of "Sons of Temperance" was established throughout our country, and it soon became exceedingly popular. Many hoped that it would redeem our land from the blight of intemperance. It seemed particularly attractive to boys; and large numbers of them were initiated into the *mysteries* of the order; but like many other modern institutions, it went up a rocket and came down a stick. Now why did this institution, from which so much was hoped, fail so signally? A little consideration will satisfy a candid observer of human affairs. *It had no object.* Nothing to engage and occupy, nor to amuse its members. Boys were attracted to it, expecting to find some great secret. In this they were disappointed. They got into the order, and there was an end to the matter. There was nothing in it for them to do, and consequently, when they were tired of singing temperance songs, they cared no more about it. Now suppose that the founders of this association had made a judicious arrangement of degrees, with corresponding badges, and regalia to show, in parades, the progress of each youth in the knowledge of his art, and also in scientific and literary studies. If intelligent mechanics had arranged in each mechanic art, a set of certificates, to be given to boys as they advanced in skill, and when they had acquired a sufficient degree of skill; a *diploma*, setting forth the merits of the youth to whom it should be given; and if it were given with ceremonies, and ribbons of a color to show *the graduate*; and if for extraordinary skill in any art, still higher honors had been prepared; and if similar inducements had been held out to those who had studied and made favorable progress in any science or in any branch of learning proper for young persons: would not such an insti-

tution have accomplished much for the benefit of society? And if the same institution had afforded every facility for acquiring skill and knowledge, comfortable places of resort, agreeable means of instruction; *manly amusements* and recreations; if it had arranged grand parades, with all the "pomp, pride and circumstance" of military display; if it had provided exhibitions of works of art, &c., where all the creditable efforts of the young could have been exhibited, and the names of such as deserved meritorious mention and reward, could have been pronounced in the presence of a great assembly; would there not have been something to have excited ambition of an honorable kind? Such an institution might have lived and flourished, to the great benefit of our community.

It is the reproach of our age and country that we have no *manly amusements* nor pastimes, for the young; and there is nothing in our institutions to excite an honorable ambition. Who are those who get into offices of honor and emolument under our government? Is it those who have deserved such things by honorable efforts to benefit the people of our country? Is it those who inculcate virtuous principles, in the minds of youth? Those who endeavor to improve the intellect or the understanding? Is it those who in any way benefit the people? No! It is such as we see *loafing* in front of the State House, and forming partizan schemes, beer-house brawlers and gamblers. The unscrupulous tools of designing politicians. Low cunning, bold face and an utter want of principle, are the qualities which recommend men to the favor of those who hold, or who desire to get into important offices. Demagogues have ever been the curse of republics and always will be, until the people are better educated.

CIBBER'S DAUGHTER CHARLOTTE.*

The career of his daughter Charlotte was so eccentric, replete with such singular vicissitudes, that we cannot resist devoting a paragraph to her memory. She seemed to labor under a deficiency in some one faculty, which more than neutralised the unusual activity of all the rest. Ardent, intelligent, and preserving, her conduct ever bordered on the extravagant: a Lola Montes in her days, though with greater virtue, and, therefore, not so fortunate as to win the favor of kings and guardsmen. The principal materials of this sketch are to be found in a narrative written by herself, and dedicated to herself, to which she affixed the following appropriate motto:

This tragic story, or this comic jest,
May make you laugh or cry, as you like best.

In very early life she gave indications of an excitable temperament, and an unruly will. Among her juvenile pranks, she relates how one morning, when but four years old, she got up early, put on her father's wig, dressed herself as well as she could in male attire, and mimicking the paternal strut, went out to receive the obeisances of the passers-by: how, on another occasion, her father was awoken by deafening acclamations, and, on looking out of the window, beheld his hopeful daughter making a triumphal entry into the village, sitting astride upon an ass, and attended by a retinue of screaming urchins, whom she had bribed to take part in the procession. At eight years of age she was sent to school, and devoted herself to her studies with passionate vehemence. The needle, woman's ordinary weapon against inactivity, she could never learn to manage; but every masculine pursuit or amusement had for her an irresistible attraction. She would hunt, shoot, ride races, dig, drink beer, do anything, in short, that a young lady ought not to do. At fourteen, she went to live with her mother at a house near Uxbridge. There she became a capital shot, would rise early, spend the whole day at her sport, and return home, laden with spoil. Her gun, at the suggestion of a good-natured friend, was soon taken away from her, and she revenged herself by attempting to demolish the chimneys of the house, by firing at them with a huge fowling-piece that had hung over the kitchen mantel-piece. To the gun succeeded the curry-comb, and she became an adept in all the mysteries of the stable. She next applied herself to the study of physic, obtained some drugs, and with formal gravity practised among those poor people who were credulous enough to swallow her concoctions. Her next employment was gardening, which she pursued with her usual enthusiasm, and after two or three hours' hard work would not allow herself rest even for her meals, but with some bread and bacon in one hand, and a pruning-knife in the other, continued unremittently her self-imposed labor. At this time her father was abroad, and the man who acted in the double capacity of groom and gardener was for some irregularity dismissed. Charlotte was in ecstasies, as she was now arch-empress of his twofold domain, and unceasing were her manoeuvres to prevent the engagement of a successor. The dismissed servant having been seen straying near the house one evening, suspicions were aroused, which Charlotte skillfully inflamed by her dark suggestions, and then boldly undertook the defence of the leaguered house. The plate was carried up into her room, which she garnished with all the weapons of war the establishment could afford, and then sent the household to bed. After a long vigil, to her great mortification, no attack was made, universal

*Lives of the Poets-Laureate, Austin and Ralph, London.

silence prevailed, when luckily a cur began to bark. Up went the window, and volley after volley was poured into the unoffending void, while her mother and the domestics lay below in trembling consternation. While still a girl, she married Mr. Charke, an eminent composer on the violin; but he was a worthless libertine, and after the birth of a daughter they separated. She then obtained an engagement on the stage, and relates, with childish simplicity, how for a whole week she did nothing but walk from one end of the town to the other, to read her name on the bills. Her success was such as to justify expectations of her becoming a most accomplished actress, and as Lucy in *George Barnwell* she attracted considerable attention; but she soon quarrelled with the manager, and afterwards satirised him in a farce she wrote, termed *the Art of Management*. She then tried a new sphere, and opened a shop in Long Acre, as oil-woman and grocer, and her whole soul was absorbed in the fluctuations of sugar. The shop did not pay, and she quitted it to become the proprietress of a puppet-show, by which she lost all she had, and was arrested for a debt of seven pounds. Her release was effected by the contributions of some acquaintances, when she dressed herself in male attire, and assumed the name of Mr. Brown. Under this disguise, she engaged the affection of a young heiress, to whom, in order to escape a private marriage urged by the amatory damsel, she was compelled to disclose her secret. Shortly afterwards, she exhibited her valorous spirit by knocking a man down with a cudgel for having fabricated some story at her expense. She next obtained a situation as valet-de-chambre to a nobleman, where she appears for a short time to have known something like comfort; but on being dismissed from this place, she became extremely reduced, her child fell ill, and ruin stared her in the face. A timely supply from a friend relieved her from her more immediate necessities, and with some small remainder she set up as an itinerant sausage-seller. This, like her other avocations, did not prove remunerative; and we next hear of her as a singer at some musical entertainment, then as a performer at Bartholomew fair, then as assistant to a master of legerd-main. She next, by means of some advances made by an uncle, opened a public-house in Drury-lane, the first she saw vacant, which of course failed: and her next employment was as a waiter in a tavern at Marylebone. Here she made herself so useful that a kinswoman of the landlady intimated that her hand would not be refused if applied for, and the captivating waiter, to escape a second involuntary marriage, was obliged again to reveal the secret of her sex. She next engaged to manage Punch at a puppet-show, and afterwards joined a band of strolling players.

Tired of wandering, it would seem, she settled at Chepstow, and opened a pastry-cook's shop. When she had built her oven, she had not wherewithal to heat it, and when she had obtained the fuel, she was without the necessary materials for her trade; but every obstacle gave way before her ingenuity and perseverance. After a short trial, she removed her business to Pell, a place near Bristol, received a small legacy, with which she paid off her debts, and commenced life afresh. She wrote a short tale for a newspaper, and obtained thereby a situation as corrector of the press: but her earnings at this toilsome occupation being insufficient to support her, she obtained employment as prompter at the theatre at Bath. She afterwards returned to London, and kept a public-house at Islington; but, as we here lose the aid of her narrative, her movements at this epoch are uncertain. She finally had recourse to her pen for subsistence, and began the publication of her memoirs. Her next production was a novel, and a graphic picture has been given of her home at this period. When the publisher with a friend, called for the purpose of purchasing her manuscript, she was living in a wretched hut near Clerkenwell prison. The furniture consisted of a dresser extremely clean, ornamented with a few plates; and a fractured pitcher stood underneath it. A gaunt domestic guarded the establishment, while on a broken chair by the grate sat the mistress in her strange attire. A monkey was perched on one hob, a cat on the other, at her feet lay a half-starved cur, and a magpie chattered from her chair. The remains of a pair of bellows laid upon her knees served as a desk, her inkstand was a broken teacup, and her solitary pen was worn to the stump. On her visitors seating themselves on a rough deal board, for there was not a second chair in the room, she began with her beautiful, clear voice to read from the manuscript before her, and asked thirty guineas for the copyright. The grim hand-maiden stared aghast at the enormity of the demand. The iron-hearted publisher proposed five pounds, but finally doubled the sum, and offered in addition fifty copies of the work. The bargain was struck, and the authoress was left in temporary affluence. From this time Mrs. Charlotte Clarke disappears from our view, and she died shortly afterwards, on the 6th of April, 1760.

DE QUINCEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.*

Some years ago,—it was during Coleridge's lifetime,—a certain critic said, that this same Samuel T., was the sole living *thinker*. By

* Autobiographic Sketches, by Thomas De Quincey: 1 vol. Do ton, Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

this term he meant, that the man so designated pierced deeper than others into the *subtleties* of thought. It is strange, that he should have overpassed De Quincey, since he seemed to be tolerably well versed in cotemporary writers.

The first we knew of De Quincey was through his "Confessions of an Opium-eater," and, succeeding that, his "Suspiria de profundis," or "sighs (he might more fitly have said *groans*) from the depths."

An inexplicable life that of our author! Physicians insist, that opium-eating produces *idiotcy* in a few years. But this delicately organized scholar has passed his seventieth year having, for at least forty years of this duration, used quantities of this gum almost incredible: and yet he has, the while, written articles, which, collected, already fill *twelve duodecimos*; and many others, I understand, are still ungathered! These articles, too, are marvellous alike for their affluence of learning, their keen penetration, and their exquisite expressions.

In their day the "Confessions" produced a strong sensation both by their substance and their frequent tremendous force of utterance.

The present volume is nowise inferior to that first named in its subtlety of thought or its power of utterance. The reflective scholar will be delighted to find, on every page, the rarest gems of thought presented in a setting fully worthy of their beauty.

The only writer of the present day, who reminds us of De Quincey, so far as concerns the magic of lingual utterance, is James Martineau, a brother of the celebrated Harriet. And we are inclined to think, that even *he* more resembles De Quincey in mastery of language, than in fathoming the daintinesses of thought.

In running through this little volume, we have pencilled scores of passages, which we should like to point out to our readers. We did intend to cite several of these passages, but our "sober second thoughts" demonstrated the absurdity of this intent. Peruse the book, good reader. In no other way can you get any idea of its exquisite quality. Because there was *once* a "Scholasticos," who carried about a "brick," as a specimen of the symmetric beauty of an edifice, it is no reason why we should reiterate the same "scholasticism."

RES CURIOSÆ.

IDENTITY OF PERSONS.

Shakespeare, in penning the inimitable "Comedy of Errors," has but exhibited examples of extreme resemblance, which, although probably often noticed, has never before been so well depicted. Numerous in-

stances have, since that comedy was written, appeared, to show that however infinitely varied is man, yet nature does not always break the mould. The deceptions this singular coincidence has led to, are well evinced by the details of trials, on the subject of Identity. If any one desires to see an outline of the fact, he will find some singular cases in Fodere's excellent "*Traité de Médecine légale*," Vol. I. derived from authentic sources,—and some of which we may, perhaps, introduce hereafter, as the subject is not sufficiently known in this country. We have frequently had cases of a similar character in our courts, which appeared to have been nearly as perplexing to our lawyers as the Dromios and Antiphuses of Shakespeare to each other.

We saw a case reported in the papers, as occurring in Baltimore, in which the resemblance of one person to another had nearly involved an innocent man in the penalties due to the guilty: and as was the case in one unfortunate instance detailed by Fodere.

In old times persons were mixed up and mistaken for each other, just as they now are. Pliny has written a chapter under the title of *Exempla Similitudinum*.—Scarcely, says he, could the great Pompey be distinguished from the plebeian Vibius, and Publicus the freeman, so great was the resemblance; Cneus Scipio, from a vile slave called Serapion: the pro-consul Sura, from a fisherman of Sicily: the consuls Lentulus and Pamphilus, from two actors, Sphinter and Pamphilus; the orator Cassius Severus, from a leader of cattle, named Mermillo, &c;—and he cites likewise the fact of the impostor Artemon, whom Laodice, wife of Antiochos, king of Syria, put in the place of her husband, lib. 8. c. 12. Valerius Maximus, lib. 9. c. 14.—giving the details of this last fact, relates that Laodice having got rid of her husband, in order to reign in his stead, placed Artemon in her chamber, whose resemblance was so perfect with that of Antiochos, that having introduced there the nobles and the people, as if to hear his last will, they were completely deceived by the similarity of his voice and face, and really believed that the dying Antiochos recommended Laodice and her children to them.

Among the great number of impudent impostors, who have given themselves out for other persons, in consequence of some resemblance, none have so much embarrassed the judges as *Arnold Dutille*, in the case of *Martin Guerre*, adjudged by the parliament of Toulouse, in 1560.

This last was absent only 8 years. An adventurer named *Arnold Dutille*, who somewhat resembled him, succeeded so far as to obtain possession of the property and wife of the real *Martin Guerre*: he lived more than three years in the family under his assumed name, with 4 sisters and 2 brothers—

in-law of *Martin Guerre*, who had no suspicion of their errors. At the trial 300 witnesses were examined: 30 or 40 affirmed the arraigned person was really *Martin Guerre*, with whom they had from their infancy been in the strictest intimacy; others in nearly equal number certified that this man was called *Arnold Dutille*; and others found so striking a resemblance between them, that they dared not affirm whether the person presented to them, was the one or the other. The reporter of this celebrated cause, relates, that the perplexity of the Judges was extreme, and that, in spite of very strong reasons against the prisoner, they were on the point of adjudging in his favor, because of the marriage and the legitimacy of the children; but the arrival of the real *Martin Guerre*, prevented the success of the imposture. Yet the assurance and effrontery of *Arnold Dutille* seemed to disconcert *Martin Guerre*, when confronted with him. The Judges were still more uncertain than before, until at length Martin was recognized by his sisters and wife, to the great satisfaction of the Magistrates.—The principles laid down in the relation of this memorable affair, by Mr. de Coras, counsellor to the parliament of Toulouse, the relater of the process, are, “that we require proofs more clear than the day to condemn an accused person; and that when any doubt exists, it is infinitely better that a criminal should escape, than that the innocent should be condemned.”

ORIGINAL LANGUAGE.

Some years ago a book was published in Edinburgh written by Lacland Maclean, to prove the Celtic to be the language of the first man. It is entitled “*Adam and Eve; or, the Genalogy of the Gael.*” The announcer of the work remarked:

“Our readers will, perhaps, be inclined to smile at this title page, and to say that the author cannot seriously mean to establish the point which he professes to prove. But we assure them that Mr. Maclean does really proceed to demonstrate the position; and if every one will not agree with him in the conclusion at which he arrives, all who carefully peruse his book, will admit that he has made out a pretty strong case for the Adamite origin of the Celtic tongue. The plan of the work is both original and ingenious. After adducing the opinions of several celebrated scholars, such as Bayly, Blair, Malcolm, and the late professor Murray, as to the antiquity and affinities of the Gaelic language, and advertising to the first state of man, the author brings the animals before the common parent of our race, and shows that the different names which he assigned them can be traced to a Celtic root, and are expressive in that language of some prominent characteristic of the species. He then goes on to demonstrate that every word in the great dictionary of nature is to be found

in the dictionary of Gael. The arguments of a reverend gentleman in Perth, as to the Hebrew being the language of Paradise, are next combated with remarkable success. This, indeed, may be considered one of the ablest parts of the book. Our author gives a very lengthened specimen of the Gaelic, as written by the Gael in the nineteenth century after, and as written by Moses and others, 2000 years before the Christian era: and those who had not previously considered the subject would really be astonished at the similarity which he traces between them. But it is unnecessary to analyse the book farther. We are sure that, from what our readers will see may be expected, their curiosity will be excited, and no Celtic scholar will be long without a copy. Indeed, every Highlander should be proud of ‘Adam and Eve.’ We think that the derivations are sometimes rather fanciful, and that the connection between some of the words is not always sufficiently clear, but that is just the fault which might be expected in any work of the kind. The Gaelic is admirable; and the language occasionally rises into eloquence. Mr. Maclean is already well known as the author of a History of Iona, but the present production we venture to predict, will considerably enhance his fame.”

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1774, has the following:

“Some gentlemen of the Society of Antiquaries, being desirous to see how far the actual state of Edward I's body answered to the methods taken to preserve it by writs issued from time to time, in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV. to the treasury, to *renew the wax about it*, several of which are printed in Rymer's *Fœdera*, obtained leave to open the large stone sarcophagus, in which it was deposited, on the north side of Edward the Confessor's chapel. This was accordingly done this morning, when, in a coffin of yellow stone, they found the royal body, in perfect preservation, wrapped in two wrappers, one of them of gold tissue, strongly waxed, and fresh; the outermost more decayed. The corpse was habited in a rich mantle of purple, paned with white, and adorned with ornaments of gilt metal, studded with red and blue stones and pearls. Two similar ornaments lay on his hands. The mantle was fastened on the right shoulder by a magnificent *fibula* of the same metal, with the same stones and pearls. His face had over it a silken covering, so fine, and so closely fitted to it, as to preserve the features entire. Round his temples was a gilt coronet of fleurs de lis. In his hands, which were also entire, were two sceptres of gilt metal; that in the left by three clusters of oak leaves, and a dove on a globe: this sceptre was about five feet

long. The feet were enveloped in the mantle and other coverings, but sound, and the toes distinct. The whole length of the corpse was five feet two inches. As it does not appear that any of the above-mentioned wrtts were issued since the reign of Henry IV. the body must have been preserved above three centuries and an half, in the state in which it was now found, by virtue of the embalment originally bestowed on it; and, as every thing was restored with the strictest care, and the tomb secured beyond a possibility of ever being opened again, it may continue, at least, as many centuries longer.—Edward I. died at Burgh upon Sands, in Cumberland, in his way to Scotland, July 7, 1307, in the 68th year of his age."

PRECIOUS STONE CHARMS.

Charms were once imputed to certain precious stones:

"The *Diamond* was supposed to possess virtues against poisons—panic terrors, plague, wakefulness, prestiges and enchantments.—To calm anger, maintain affection between married persons; and to render the person who wore it, victorious over his enemies.—*Diamond powder* was, however, at the same time, regarded as one of the most pernicious poisons, and incapable of being corrected by any means.

The *Carbuncle* was supposed to resist fire, to stop defluxions of the eyes, and to be an antidote against the corrupt and pestilential air.

The *Ruby* resisted poisons, preserved from the plague, banished sorrow, repressed luxury, and averted ill thoughts.

The *Amethyst* hindered drunkenness,—it diverted ill thoughts, and made the mind joyful;—as an amulet it was used in the plague; it was a preservative against lightning, and could augment, in its possessors, riches, honor, prudence, and wisdom.

The *Emerald* prevented epileptic fits, but if the disorder was so violent as not to be conquered by it, the stone broke! It powerfully remedied the bites of venomous animals, and performed many other cures.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

—The application of the word *Capitol* to the building in which a legislative body sits, appears to have been a novelty in the year 1796, as we learn from the following paper in one of Cobbett's political essays.

"I thought I heard the word *Capitol* mentioned during the debate. For the love of modesty, I hope the Congress-House is not to be called a *Capitol*! If this be the case, it will be necessary to go a step further, and assume the masquerade dress of the French Romans. How pretty we should look in long

white robes, descending to our toes, a blue girdle about our waists, a scarlet cloak on our shoulders, and a red liberty cap on our heads!

* * * The idea of a *Capitol* seems to be borrowed from the State of Virginia, the Assembly House of which has taken that mask. For what reason it was there adopted I know not, unless it be that there are such members as *Cæsars* and *Pompeys* in the neighbourhood, against whose ambitious projects the grave and virtuous senate are ever vigilant to preserve the liberty of their country."

—The *Gazette de Trieste* says that a great sensation had been produced at Hong-Kong, by the arrival of a Russian squadron, composed of a frigate of fifty-two guns, and two steamers, one of ten and the other of four guns, stopping to take provisions, and sailing thence for Japan, to act in concert with the Americans. It will be recollected that there exist certain commercial relations between the Russian possessions in North America, and the northern ports of Japan.

—A mail from the Cape of Good Hope announces the death of *Lady Sale*, the historian of the vicissitudes and sufferings of the captivity in Afghanistan. She expired at Cape Town on the 6th of July. Since her return to the East, *Lady Sale* had resided chiefly in the hill country, on the pension granted by the Queen.

—Two Greek inscriptions are said to have been found in Bulgaria, one of which,—in a locality called in this day *Analdolkios*—reveals the site of the ancient *Tomes*, celebrated as the place of exile of the poet *Ovid*. The other, found at *Varna*, establishes the identity of that town with the ancient *Odessus*. This last inscription is bi-lingual. The site of *Tomes* had hitherto been placed, sometimes at *Temeswar*, sometimes near the mouth of the *Dneiper*. To this latter site also the ancient *Odessus* had been transported.

—It is asserted, in a journal of Rome, that six stones, with paintings representing the incidents in the voyage of *Ulysses*, as related by him to *Alecinous*, in the *Odyssey*, were recently found in the demolition of some houses in that city; and that, according to good authorities, one of them proves that the city of the *Læstrigons*, where the hero was so scurvily treated, and the precise whereabouts of which classical geographers have never yet been able to fix, is no other than the modern *Terracina*, in the Roman States. The pictorial representation on the stone exactly corresponds, it is alleged, with the main features of *Terracina*, as is now to be seen, and with the description of the bay of *Læstrigonia* in the *Odyssey*.

— A foot race against time was run on Mount Washington lately, as we learn from a Portland paper. A gentleman bet with one of the proprietors of the Summit House that he (the proprietor) could not run a mile in *eight minutes*, starting from the very top of Mount Washington. The bet was a gold watch. The proprietor is a man weighing 190 lbs., and out of practice, but full of courage. He got well off at first start, and the way he leapt from rock to crag, and from crag to cliff, was admirable. Some travellers going up, as the runner was on his last quarter, liken the scene, as he opened on them, to a mountain goat on the full rush. On this quarter he broke, making a misstep and coming on his knees, but recovering himself in a moment, and unharmed, pushed on with lightning speed to the goal. The result was, that he reached the judges' stand alive and unhurt, (which was almost miraculous,) in *six minutes and fifty-seven seconds*. Any one who has been over the mile run must be satisfied that it was a most perilous feat—the road being in some places so rough and precipitous as to be almost impassable. The travellers ascending, who saw the flight of the landlord, say it took them nearly an hour to ascend the same distance. The editor adds, "it was a queer race, and a bold one, and Boniface well deserved his watch, for he risked his neck for it."

— The *London Critic* says:—"From the press Lord JOHN RUSSELL's new edition of the *Life of Lord William Russell* has fallen,—*come corpo morto cade*;" and that "'FATHER PROUT' is bringing out a sketch of MOORE, which need not be very good to drive his Lordship from the field.—THACKERAY's new serial, to be entitled *The Newcomes*, is on the verge of publication, and will reconcile us to the sere and yellow leaf. Still another aristocratic contribution to "Wellington literature"—is my Lord DE GREY's "*Characteristics of the Duke of Wellington, apart from his military talents*!"

NEW BOOKS.

— W. Tyrone Power—son of the lamented Irish comedian—has just given the world his "*Recollections of a Three Years' Residence in China*, which is well spoken of, and from which we extract the following, touching the Chinese ladies.

"The wife and daughter of the Chinese farmer walk about the world with such feet as it pleased God to give them, and very pretty feet and ankles they generally are. In fact, whatever beauty of feature there may be among the Chinese women, no one can deny them the credit of remarkably beautiful feet, ankles, hands and arms. Of the rest of the figure one can judge but indifferently from

their peculiar though not ungraceful costumes. In the country villages the young girls and matrons may be seen at their doors, or grouped together beneath the trees, or in the yard attached to the house, engaged in household or farm occupation, laughing the while in merry chorus to their work. I have often, from the back of my horse, looked over the low walls at such a group, but the result was rarely complimentary: for on some coy damsel suddenly catching sight of my Saxon face, she would scream an alarm to the rest, who retreated to the house with a general screech. On reaching the threshold, however, they would generally stop to giggle at the object of their fears, on finding him not pursuing with savage intent, or sometimes the respectable bearded patriarch would take them by the shoulders; and, in spite of their affected resistance, push them all out again into the yard, calling jokingly to me at the same time, in some incomprehensible gibberish probably, 'to eat them up.' I flatter myself, however, that I was not sufficiently frightful to alarm them very much, with a stout wall between, and the whole village within call; far different, however, was the case when 'the foreign devil' happened to come upon one solitary matron, pursuing her way from one village or farm to the other. Her fears were really terrible, and she fled as fast as her legs could carry her: if, however, the unprotected female happened to be of the small-footed kind, she staggered off, with the aid of her bamboo, till an unlucky trip would usually leave her sprawling on the path, or not impossibly into the mud and water of a paddy-field. To rush to her assistance was the natural impulse, but the approach of the monster was a signal for the most tremendous shrieking, and one could only persevere at the risk of throwing the matron into hysterics. It was a disagreeable dilemma, but it invariably ended in my walking on, and leaving the lady to scramble out of the mud in her own way. If I had a Chinese attendant with me, I usually sent him on to conduct any fair one I might meet into a secure byepath, or to assure her of the harmlessness of my general character and habits."

— LORENZO BENONI. This very interesting book, which records real transactions, but under a fictitious garb, as to the names of those who figure in its pages, has been for some days on our table. It was written by an Italian exile, now resident in London; one, too, who occupies a high and honorable stand among those who have bravely struggled for freedom abroad. He writes with great ease in our, to him, a foreign tongue; indeed, there are force and naturalness in his style which many of our own writers might study with profit. Italian despotism is pictured by this writer in the most striking manner. We are, by his developments of wrong and outrage

perpetrated by it led more than ever to detest the tyrant who exerts so baneful and crushing an influence over so fair a land. Mr. S. S. Redfield, of New York, is the publisher of this sorrow-engendering but very admirable work. It ought to have an immense sale here, where practical freedom is known and felt; and where its tales, though full of painful incidents, will impress us with the importance of holding on to the blessings, which are vouchsafed by republican institutions.

—**BLANK HOUSE.** Messrs. Getz and Buck, our neighbors, have just published this work entire, getting it out in advance of every other publishing house in the country, and in very fine style. The publication is uniform with Messrs. G. & B.'s well known excellent edition of Dickens' complete works, and will unquestionably have an immense sale. The price is fifty cents: cheap enough certainly, for so capital a story from so capital an author.

—**SACRED QUOTATIONS.**—We are indebted to Messrs. Lindsay and Blakiston for a copy of the "Dictionary of Sacred Quotations," by Rev. H. H. Weld. It is a sterling book; of its kind, without a superior; and very justly, as we learn, enjoys a large sale.

The extracts are made with excellent taste; and, for reference, will be found to be all that can be desired.

—We have several new books lying on our table, which we shall notice hereafter. Among them are—Collier's small edition of Shakespeare, Vol. V., published by Redfield, also Nos. 11 and 12 of the same publisher's elegant octavo edition:—"Notes on the XXV. Articles," from Applegate & Co., Cincinnati, —the "Mysterious Parchment, or Satanic Licence," from Jewett & Co., Boston.—We had prepared a review of "Hilliard's Six Months in Italy, but it must lie over until our next.

—**LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.**—Messrs. Philips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, have published the third volume of this substantial work, which embraces that strikingly interesting period from the accession of King John, to the death of Edward I. We have already expressed our opinion of the author, and his production; and we see no reason to change it as the work progresses. Considering his position and predilections Dr. Lingard has written a very truthful account of his country's rise and progress; indeed he may be said to be quite as honest and impartial as any who have preceded him. He possessed authorities with which others had not been favored, and his history will, for this, as many other causes, be all the more acceptable to be readers of history. It is got up in the

exceedingly chaste and substantial style of the enterprising Boston house who issue it, and will be completed, as we learn, in ten volumes. Dr. Lingard was a Roman Catholic, but never took any interest in the Ecclesiastical government of the Church.

—**WOODWORTH'S AMERICAN MISCELLANY.**—Another volume of this very handsomely printed and embellished miscellany has just been published by Philips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. The holidays are approaching, when such books will be in demand. The author is skilled in the kind of literature which his "Miscellany" embraces. Like the venerable Peter Parley he has acquired a popularity therein, under the *nommes des plumes* of "Uncle Frank," and "Theodore Thinker," a voucher of which, we doubt not, could be easily obtained from any of the youthful readers of our times. All honor, say we, to the "Peter Parleys," and "Uncle Franks" of the 19th century. They have unquestionably changed the current of many an experience, leading into good channels those who otherwise might have been borne on to ill-doing, perhaps crime.

—Mr. John S. Taylor, of New York, has just published a little work, entitled "The Orphans of the Suicide, or the Rum Plague," which is intended to be a narrative for the admonition and instruction of the young. It is a translation from the German of Zschokke, and partakes of his well-known power as a writer. We are told by the translator that the narrative was written twenty years ago; that although the facts detailed belong to that remote period, and the scenes described lay in a foreign land, yet that the principles they embody and the instructions they impart are in every way applicable to the present age, and to the condition and wants of our country.

—**THE COUNTESS OF CHARNY.**—We have here a thrilling story of the fall of Louis XVI. from the pen of Dumas, the chief horror-limner among French authors of the present day. It is the conclusion of the "Memoirs of a Physician," "The Queen's Necklace," and "Six Years Later, or the Taking of the Bastille." One reads it with nervous interest. Like every thing from Dumas it engrosses your whole thought, while you are occupied with it, and you feel relieved when you have finished the last page, because you have time to think of something else than tales of blood and horror, which still, while they remain unfinished, hold your attention as it were in a vice.—T. B. Peterson, of our city, is the publisher of this book. It "goes like hot cakes" among the peddlers of course. Just such books as those of Dumas' and Reynolds' (forgive us, Monsieur D.) our friend T. B. P.

for the most part publishes, and of just such books people buy most largely. Taking a pecuniary view of the case, T. B. P. knows on which side of the bread the well churned cream lieth.

— **THE MIND AND THE EMOTIONS**, considered in relation to Health, Disease, and Religion, by W. Cooke, M. D., M.R.S.C.

Messrs. C. J. Price & Co., No. 7, Hart's Buildings, some time since favored us with a 12mo volume, bearing the above title, which commends itself to all who think that "the proper study of mankind is man." It very clearly and satisfactorily shows the influence of the different emotions upon the physical condition of the body, and the connection that exists between them. The author, being a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and in extensive practice, is enabled to illustrate his arguments very forcibly by adducing cases from his extended experience. The topics introduced, are treated in masterly style, and all thinking persons may derive important information from a perusal of the work.

— **MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN**.—Redfield, of New York, has just published a beautiful edition of this work, in two 12mo volumes. It will, of course, be in demand among our book folks, first for its inward, second for its outward merit. Redfield never published an indifferent book; and what is more, the merits of the interior is ever well sustained by a beauty and fitness of exterior peculiar to him. There are publishers in the country who get up books which are most distasteful to the eye; thus very much injuring the sale, at least, so far as first impressions go. There are those who always impart a charm in externals to their publications; and who, if they do put forth a poor book, send it out with such a taking outside, that you must say some good things of it.

There are those who do not admire Moore's Sheridan. We are not one of these, however. To us it is a book of fascinating interest, and we have run it over in the handsomely printed pages of the edition in notice with renewed zest.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

— Ole Bull, assisted by Adelina Patti, and Strackosch, gave a concert at the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday evening, the 19th inst. The entertainment was well attended, and gave unequivocal satisfaction. The great Norwegian himself was in excellent play; that little marvel, Patti, sang divinely; while Strackosch far surpassed himself, in his best previous efforts. The concert was the first of the musical season, and really was well worthy the distinction of leading. We have not space

to note the items of the entertainment. Another concert, and the last, was to be given by these artists on Thursday evening, too late to admit of our saying anything of it in the present issue of BIZARRE.

— The Germanians open a series of concerts on Saturday evening, when they will be assisted by Camilla Urso and Jaell. These admirable performers always have met with favor in our city, and will do so unquestionably during their present visit. They appear, of course, at Musical Fund Hall, which has been very much improved in its orchestral appointments and arrangements during the recess. We shall not pause to particularize these improvements. It must be enough for us to say that they are well worthy of Mr. Beckett, the excellent superintendent of the Musical Fund, under whose direction they were made.

— Ole Bull's arrangement touching the securing of seats for his concerts is an excellent one, and should be adopted by all the artistes who hereafter come to the city. It gives to all the right to secure a seat, without the payment of a bonus. One has only to be on the alert, and to purchase one's tickets at an early moment, to have the choice of one's seats. The extravagant system of paying a large sum to enter a concert room, and then twice that sum to secure a good seat, should be discountenanced. Two or three dollars for a concert ticket,—we care not what may be the attractions,—are too much. One hundred cents is money enough to hear the best combination that can be presented in our days. If Madam Sontag, and her noble husband, and retainers, cannot stand this, they ought to be permitted to return to Europe, and if they can, get something more to their mind. The system of extravagant charges, to hear the best of singers the world knows, when in their prime, is bad enough: it is outrageous when exchanged for worn out, used up voices, the remnants of old-times. Again the foreign artistes, who come here in their dotage, cannot expect to create the furore they did, at home, in their youthful days; and if they were as fresh, elastic, exquisite, in all respects, as ever they were, they should not be sustained at the exorbitant prices which they ask of the public.

— Sanford, with his excellent Ethiopian troupe, is performing Opera Burlesque, at a very handsome place in Twelfth Street, below Chestnut. The houses he attracts are full and fashionable, and the pleasure afforded seems to be of the most decided kind. Ethiopian entertainments, if carried out as they are by Mr. Sanford and his company, merit favor; for they are, as a general thing, refined, while they are calculated to develop new features

of musical genius. The operas of "Cinderella" and "Sonnambula" have been well burlesqued, much of the original music being retained and rendered with decided skill, while, as we go to press, Julien's *monstre* concerts are being caricatured in fine style. Success to Sanford!

— Maretzec has commenced an opera season at Niblo, in New York, which promises to be a very brilliant one.

— The Philharmonic Society have organized for the present year, and we learn, will resume their concerts, probably next month. This society has been the means of affording our citizens much entertainment, and we are happy to learn, acquires vigor with age.

— Gottschalk is in town. He was noticed the other evening at Ole Bull's concert, and appeared to be highly delighted with the performances, and especially, we may add, with that of Straakosch. No one, indeed, applauded more heartily than did the talented young Creole. He was the cause of an *encore* of Strackosch, as we know by the evidence of our eyes.

EDITORS' SANS-SOUCI.

FOREIGN NOTABLES.

— We translate from the *Nouvelliste de Marseille*, that letters received from the interior of Asia announce that the Princess of Belgiojoso, who lives at Tchakmakoglon, a village near Safranboli, barely escaped assassination, at the hands of an individual said to be an Italian. Her escape was almost a miracle, as she received seven poinard stabs. Her condition is not supposed to be dangerous. Her assassin has been sent to Constantinople, for trial and punishment. This monster, far from exhibiting any repentance for his crime, the motives of which are unknown, expresses his regret at not having killed both the Princess and her daughter, a girl of fifteen.

— The *Patrie* announces the arrival of the Prince and Princess Murat at Marseilles, in these terms:

"His Highness Prince Murat, who came to Marseilles on a visit to some old friends, officers upon the American frigate Cumberland, gave a grand dinner on the 29th of August, to which were invited the American Commodore, and all the other officers of the frigate, as well as the U. S. Consul. On Monday, their Highnesses visited the Cumberland, where a magnificent fete was given in their honor."

— The *Nouvelliste de Verviers* states that the rumour spread that the cashier of M^{me}. la Duchesse de Brabant, upon his arrival at *Aix la Chapelle* had lost 80,000 francs at a gaming saloon, and had then blown out his brains, is

false. The facts were true, however, of another person, a Dutch courier.

PETRA CAMARA AND ALEX. DUMAS.

— We translate from a letter of M. Gaillardet to the *Courier des Etats-Unis*, that the Belgian journals, in the vivid language of Dumas, describe a nocturnal fete given by that illustrious author, in his retreat at Brussels, to to Petra Camara and several other Spanish dancers. It is Monte Christo resuscitated. The *Theatre-Francais* has at the same time received from his fertile pen a new drama, of which, "The Youth of Louis XIV" forms the title and the subject.

But apropos of Petra Camara and Dumas: a biographical sketch of Camara, from his pen, written to his friend, M. Perrot, *relateur en chef* of the *Independance Belge*, contains the following characteristic passage.

"You ask me, my dear Monsieur Perrot, for a few words about the flower of Andalusia, the butterfly of Granada, the bee of Seville, the queen of Spanish dance, whom we had the joy of applauding this evening at the Vandeville, Petra Camara. You do well to address yourself to me: for she is one of my old and most excellent friends. I have a crowd of old friends, of twenty-two years old, whom I have known for a *lustre*, as they say at the Academie, when one is seized with a strange desire to be admitted there. She is the most admirable humming-bird from Ceylon to Cashmir! She is the most brilliant bird-of-paradise from Bombay to Chandernagor!"

M. Dumas then goes on to relate how that in 1847 he was at Seville, was at the opera, and was charmed on beholding Petra for the first time; how he walked behind the curtain, where, "with the exception of the eunuchs, I was received like a sultan in his harem." Here he was introduced to Petra, attempted to kiss her hand, but received a sound box on the ear for his temerity. Who is this Frenchman that dares to kiss the hand of a dancer? Alexander Dumas! "That excused everything." The great romancer is permitted to kiss not only Petra, but also Anita and Carmen, her sisters in the dance, and their lovers look on approvingly. A ball is got up in his honour, at which these three *dansseuses* are to illustrate the national dances of Spain. The *vito*, the *ole*, the *fandango*, are described in the warmest and most highly-coloured Dumasque style. Here is the *fandango*:—

"Imagine two butterflies, two humming-birds, two bees, circling and wheeling, round, and after each other: two undines, who, on a spring night, on the borders of a lake, play about the tops of the rushes, which their rosy diaphanous feet do not so much as bend; then, after a thousand turnings, flights, retreats, they gradually approach till their tresses mingle and their lips meet. That kiss

is the culmination of the dance. And the dance vanishes, like the two undines, sinking into the bosom of the lake."

Petra is at Paris, dancing at the Vaudeville. The story would not be perfect without a dramatic ending for Anita and Carmen: so the former dies of consumption, the latter runs away with *un beau jeune homme*.

Jules Janin has a finger in the Spanish pie; noticing in the papers of Paris the "butterfly of Granada," the "bee of Seville," with remarkable spirit. Other Fueilltonists are in ecstasies about her. One of them M. Theophile Gantier says, that, *shaking the hoar frost from her Peri's wings, diamonded by the northern snows, she will consent to give a certain number of representations!*

COMPLIMENTS.

— We take the liberty of copying the following compliments which BIZARRE has within a week or two received: and, in doing so, would also direct attention to the programme of Vol. 4, to commence October 8th, which will be found in our advertising pages:—

— *Arthur's Home Gazette* says:—"BIZARRE, an 'Original Weekly Journal for the Fireside and the Wayside,' published in this city, continues to be conducted with marked industry, taste and ability. There is a dignity and refinement about this work that is worthy of remark. As to the matter of interest, that is always well sustained."

— The Ellsworth (Me.) *Herald* says of our paper—"It is something in the style of Dickens' Household Words, but being an American work, we think there is no apology for giving it our preference. It takes a high stand in morals, literature, &c., and is unquestionably the best American work of the kind now published."

— The Rushville *Prairie Telegraph* says:—"BIZARRE.—This very interesting miscellany we have been lately in the regular receipt of. It is a weekly in pamphlet shape of twenty-four octavo pages, and will form a volume at the end of the year of largely over 1000 pages of well selected, ably edited, instructing and entertaining matter, well calculated to enliven the family circle around the winter evening's hearth."

— The Lincoln (Me.) *Democrat* fires the following shot:—"BIZARRE.—This brilliant weekly comes to us loaded with bright and lively things. The Editor's 'Sans-Souci' is well worth the costs of the work."

— Last, but not least, the editor of the *Lancaster Express* says:—"BIZARRE.—It is conducted with creditable ability, and is distinguished by a high literary and moral tone. Those who wish to subscribe for a valuable weekly magazine, at a remarkably low price,

should enclose \$1.25 to Church & Co, Philadelphia, for which they will receive 'Bizarre' weekly, for one year. The fourth volume will commence in a few weeks."

AN ENIGMA.

— What do careful women constantly seek, and yet never hope to find?

Intuition will probably teach our lady readers the answer, but until next week we will let it remain a riddle.

BUSINESS MEMO

— Oakford's "Palace Hat Store," 158. Chestnut Street, continues to be one of the lions of Philadelphia. It is beautifully fitted up certainly, and we are not surprised that crowds should surround its windows, particularly in the evening. Oakford has a variety of styles of hats, among which are the latest London and Paris. His own, for the present Fall, fills our eye, and, we presume, enjoys as much popularity as any of the others. Success to Oakford.

— Mr. William T. Fry, late of 227, Arch Street, has moved into his new store, nearly opposite, and will, when all is in order, hold out greater attractions than ever to the purchasers of the beautiful goods he gets up.

— Col. Maurice, at 123, Chestnut Street, is often waited on by customers who declare they have gone to his store, "just to get a look at one who makes so much noise in the business walks of the city." They then gratify their eye by taking a good long look at the Colonel, after which, as likely as not, they are induced to buy a bill of goods from his stationery stock. The Colonel has no objection to being talked about in the newspapers, when it pays. He takes the true philosophical view of the case.

— The success of the "Comedy of Errors," at the Arch Street Theatre is truly marvellous. It has now been performed for some twenty consecutive nights, and there appears to be as great a desire to witness it as ever. Messrs. Wheatley and Drew have struck a Californian mine. They well deserve it, moreover.

— Owen's Ascent of Mont Blanc is exhibiting at Concert Hall, and, as it deserves, attracts good houses. The painting is said to be very fine, and Mr. Owen's story accompanying it highly entertaining.

— Heller continues at the Lecture Room of the Chinese Museum, where he is creating the greatest excitement by his Second Sight and Mysterious Rapping performances, as well as by his very admirable feats of legerdemain. We think Heller is the most skilful wizard we have ever seen in the country; it is certain he has no superior.

Wills' coffee house:

"Here at Will's Coffee-house it was, that if he, Dryden, gave a rising young man a pinch from his snuff-box, the patronised aspirant was deemed to have taken a degree in literature and wit. Here it was that Southerne and Congreve spoke to him with confidence and familiarity, while Sir Henry Shere, Moyle, Motteaux, Walsh and Dennis did honor to him with a more distant deference. It was here that Pope, with boyish enthusiasm, gazed full of reverent admiration on the poet, who was at once his exemplar and his idol. It was probably here that Dryden, after he had read some of the bombastic and obscure Pindaric Odes, which the youthful genius had sent to him, told Swift, with great candor, what Swift never forgave, that he would never be a poet. His relations to his publisher Tonson are worth a brief notice. Sometimes we find Dryden thanking him for his presents of fruit and wine, and writing to him about his snuff and sherry as Byron did to Murray about his tooth-powder. Then again he is quarrelling with Tonson, writing to him to accuse him of meanness and rapacity, abusing Tonson himself, and among others, one Richard Bentley, who, as Dryden writes to Tonson, 'has cursed our Virgil so heartily,' and launching anathemas against the whole tribe of publishers. 'Upon trial,' he says, 'I find all your traders are sharpers, and you not more than others; therefore, I have not wholly left you.' There is also the rather well-known anecdote of our poet begging Lord Bolingbroke, who was calling on him, to out-stay Tonson: 'I have not completed the sheet which I promised him,' said Dryden to his Lordship, 'and if you leave me unprotected, I shall suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue.' 'It was probably,' says Scott, 'during the course of these bickerings with his publisher, that Dryden, incensed at some refusal of accommodation on the part of Tonson, sent him three well-known coarse and forcible satirical lines, descriptive of his personal appearance;

With leering looks bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, and Judas-color'd hair,
And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air.

'Tell the dog,' said the poet to the messenger, 'that he who wrote these can write more.' But Tonson perfectly satisfied with this single triplet, hastened to comply with the author's request, without requiring any further specimen of his poetical powers."

— Singapore journals announce, that the enterprising Madame Ida Pfeiffer had arrived at Batavia. After a short stay in the Dutch settlement, she quitted that place, in an American ship, on the 3rd of July, for California. We shall probably soon have the venturesome Ida in our country.

OSTINGUIS-ED DEATHS.

— The French papers announce the demise of General Charles Tristan, better known by his title of Count Montholon. He was the faithful friend of Napoleon, the sharer of his exile, and the executor of his will. After the death of the Emperor, Count Montholon returned to Europe, where he lived in great obscurity for many years, until his connection with the Bonaparte expedition of Louis Napoleon brought him once more into notoriety. After the return of the Bonapartes to France, the veteran follower of the family shared their councils and profited by their fortunes.

— A London paper says of the death of Sir Charles James Napier:

"Sir Charles served in the Peninsula, in American war of 1814, in the final campaign against Bonaparte, and in the East. His most notable actions were—at Corunna, for which he obtained a gold medal—at Meanee, where he defeated a force eight times the numerical strength of his own—and at Dubba, near Hyderabad, where he completed the reduction of Scinde. Few men have ever received so many wounds;—he was literally seared and hacked from head to foot. Yet all these historic titles would have given Sir Charles no claim to a place in our columns had he not also taken service with the Muses. It is as Cæsar the commentator, not as Cæsar the soldier, that he comes into our category,—though it must be said, that in his hands literature lost its proverbially peaceful character. The pen in his grasp grew a weapon of offence:—he charged under cover of his inkstand."

BUSINESS MEMS.

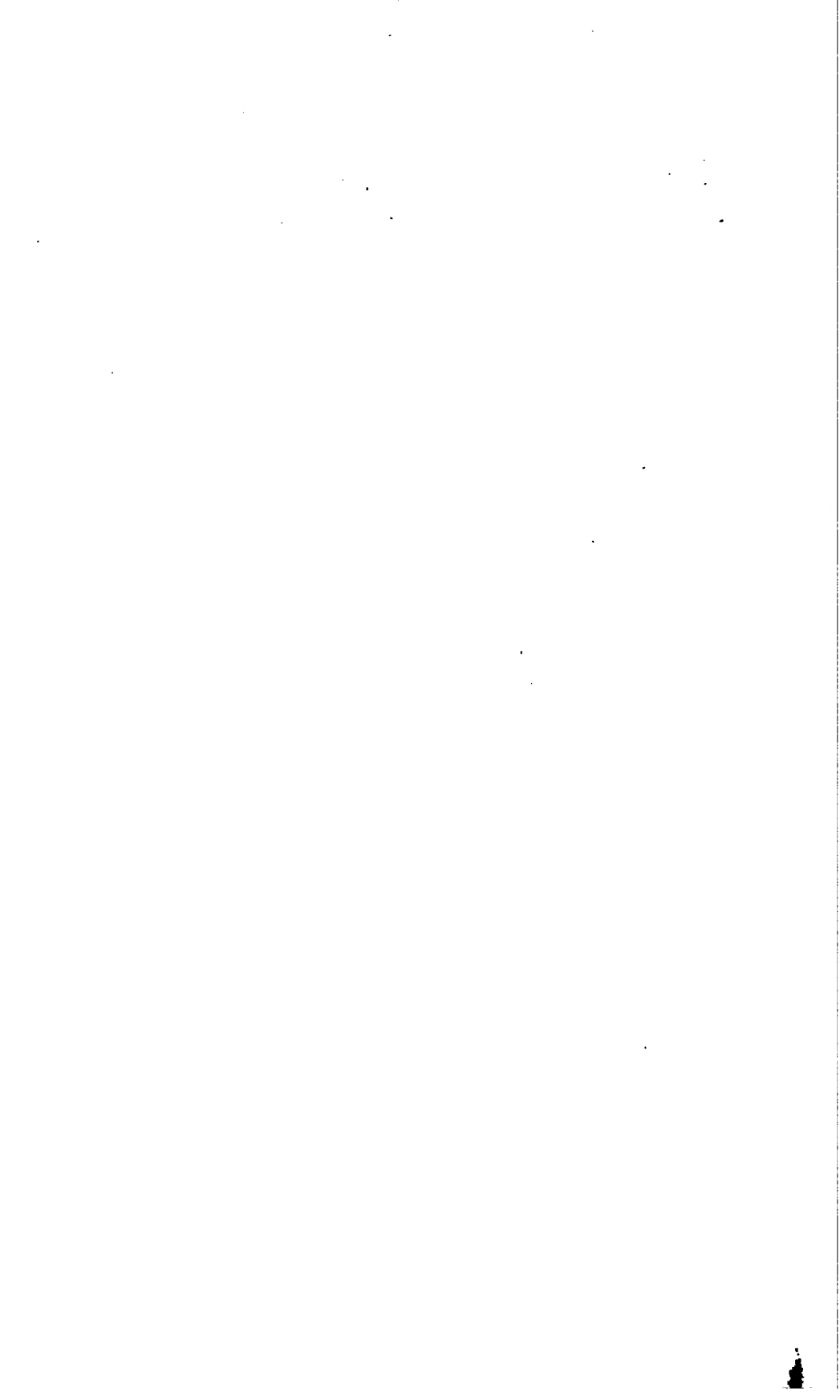
— OAKFORD continues to occupy a large share of public attention in our city. His hat store No. 158 is noted by all who pass up Chestnut street and is generally considered to be one of the most magnificent of the kind in the world.

— MAURICE at 123 Chestnut street, advertises more liberally than any one of our acquaintance. In other words, he sows well and reaps abundantly. His stationer's stock is a capital one, unsurpassed by that of any other dealer in the city.

— The entertainments at the Arch Street Theatre continue to be of a very high order, attracting nightly the most crowded and at the same time respectable houses. Messrs. Wheatley & Drew have raised the establishment up to a very high stand, as a dramatic temple; indeed it is now without a superior either here or elsewhere.

— PERHAM's grand gift enterprise is attracting much attention. We call attention to the advertisement which will be found in our paper.

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